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**METROPOLITAN.**



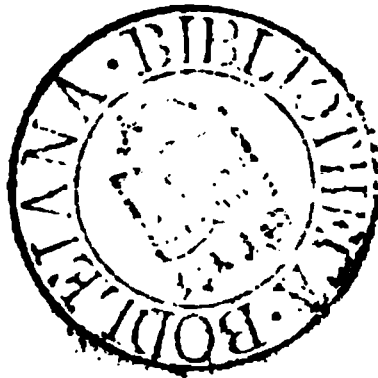


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# THE METROPOLITAN.

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## THE BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

AN ENLIGHTENED LADY, AND A BLUNDERING COACHMAN—THE NOTE-BOOK OF A  
WOMAN OF GENIUS—THE PARK.

It was on Sunday, in her way to Hyde Park, that Lady Dort suddenly bethought herself of the beautiful girl who had produced so much sensation at her last party, and whom she was therefore determined to secure for her next; and suddenly pulling the check-string, she thrust forward her plumed head from the window, and cried, "Drive to Mrs. Hartley's."

"Where does she live, my lady?" demanded the coachman.

"Heaven and earth, man, how should I know?" replied his energetic mistress. "You must find out, John!—you must indeed—I must positively go there."

"Directly, my lady?"

"Yes, John, directly."

The coachman attempted no remonstrance. He had lived two years with her ladyship, during which period he had learned to know that the ardours of blivism are not to be subjected to any of the vulgar laws which influence the doings of ordinary people. He therefore drew up to the side of the street, and making a signal to the footman to descend, desired him to go into the porter-house before which he had stationed himself, and inquire if they knew a family of the name of Hartley. "No," was the answer given to the footman, and "No," was the answer passed on to the coachman.

John tapped at the front window of the chariot, which was immediately let down. "Does your ladyship happen to know in what street, or in what square, or, maybe, near what square the lady lives?" said he, dipping his head, and pinching his hat.

"It is not like you, John, to ask me such a question as that," replied Lady Dort, in a voice that seemed as if she were going to weep.

"Should I not have told you at once, if I had known anything about

it? Now, don't be stupid, John, *pray* don't! She is a widow, and has a thousand daughters, I believe. Try Baker-street, if you will."

John drove to Baker-street, and carefully addressed himself, through the organs of his brother huntsman, the footman, to every porter-house that touched upon it—but in vain. The coachman shook his snow-white head, and sighed. Remonstrance he knew would be vain. He felt that he had nothing to trust to but his own genius, that of his lady being beyond all question occupied on much higher matters than discovering the position of a place to which she was determined to go. At length a bright thought struck him; he drove to the door of a stationer, and then once more venturing to solicit the attention and experiment upon the patience of his sublime mistress, he succeeded in making her again let down one of the front glasses, while he said,

"Could your ladyship be so kind as to tell me if the lady's name begins with a hay?"

"A what!" exclaimed Lady Dort, almost with a shriek.

"A *hay*, my lady; 'cause, if we know the first letter, I'm thinking that our best course would be to get open this here shop-door, though it be Sunday, and beg, as a favour to your ladyship, that we might take a look at the Guide—the Directory, my lady."

"Gracious heaven! and so bring the Suppression people upon me for a breach of the sabbath! John, you certainly are determined to drive me mad. Home! home! thou *Jehu* most profane!—I know I have her on the list."

These words sufficed to settle the coachman again in a proper professional attitude upon his box; and lightly touching the netting which enveloped the right ear of her ladyship's off-courser, he seemed determined, by the pace at which he drove back to Curzon-street, to atone, by prompt obedience to an intelligible command, for the sin of hesitation respecting its incomprehensible predecessors.

Lady Dort settled herself also in her wonted corner, and thrusting the uncut volume she was perusing into the front pocket, her mother-of-pearl paper-knife marking the page to which she had reached, she drew forth from the same receptacle an ample note-book, in which she inscribed the following words, with as much steadiness as the rapid movement of her equipage would permit.

"HAY? 'Does her name begin with a hay, my lady?' Exquisite John! how do I honour thee! What are all the commentaries of all the critics compared to thine? Immortal bard!" Here her ladyship paused, and after a moment's meditation drew her patent pencil across the word *bard*, muttering as she did so, "No, not *bard*. Should I chance to read this note *en petit comité* to those who love to learn my thoughts on all things, some critic ear might likely find amiss such use of the all-sacred name for ever wedded to immortal verse! Not *bard*, great STAR! I must not call thee bard, albeit thy new-born fame—new-born in every sense—may match itself with the loudest of our day. Yes, STAR is the fitting word;" and hereupon her ladyship wrote "Star," but having done so, paused again; for Lady Dort was essentially a woman of genius, and never thought it necessary to continue a flight of fancy in one direction, if anything "beckoned her soul," as she called it, to another. Thus, having written STAR, she

looked at the word, and idly dropped her pencil hand that she might muse upon it. Then with a sort of smile which was very usual with her, and which she always thought must be exactly such a smile as *Jaques* was wont to smile in the forest of Arden, she resumed her mutterings and said, "Yes, truly, *STAR* thou art; and though thy rising, probably, was in the East, thy light has reached unto the West, young man—yea, even to May Fair! But deem not this a sign that thou art near thy setting. Say rather thou hast reached the culminating point; for is not May Fair, *West end* though it be, the zenith to which all literary luminaries seek to climb?" But this thought, being too good to lose, was immediately jotted down, being scribbled transversely on the page, as was the habit of her ladyship, who was wont to declare that in her moments of *intellectual indulgence* the trick and manner of the "paper-saving Pope" were exactly her own. Nothing certainly could be more strongly indicative of the charmingly erratic nature of Lady Dort's faculties than the aspect of the Sibylline leaves of her note-book, nor was she altogether unconscious of the *prestige* which ever accompanies effusions so evidently spontaneous; for not unfrequently did she indulge her friends with a peep into her "Museum of Ideas," (it was thus the book was lettered,) and when she did so, there was something peculiarly fantastic, and very prettily playful, in her manner of turning the page, and turning her head, and twisting her neck, and raising her eyebrows in wonder at her own wild wanderings. Willingly, indeed, if the printer's types permitted, would I endeavour to give a page of these precious tablets, so as to suggest to all, who like Lady Dort are full and running over with thought, how to

"Catch it ere it fall to ground."

But to proceed. Lady Dort having written down her mystical meditations concerning the zenith of stars "visible at London," pursued, both with thought and pencil, the subject of her coachman's practical commentary on the writings of the person she had apostrophized, and proved most completely to her own satisfaction that John's having asked "if Mrs. Hartley's name began with *a hay*," was evidence unanswerable of the exquisite truth to nature of his delineations. "This, this," she wrote, with the rapid penmanship of genuine enthusiasm, "this establishes, and for ever, his close resemblance, and close approximation too, to our immortal Shakspeare. For wherein lies the strength of Avon's swan? Is it not in his power of delineating *NATURE*? And is it not the same with our new star? Does not he, too, copy Nature? Who dares receive it other?—Yes, great —"

But here the carriage stopped with a sudden jerk at her own door; the information required was immediately obtained, the equipage again set in motion, and ere the ideas of her ladyship could again settle themselves sufficiently for her to resume her pencil, she found herself before that of Mrs. Hartley.

"Who am I to ask for, my lady?" demanded the footman, touching his hat with one hand, while the other was raised to take the cards he expected to receive.

"Ask for—Miss Ridley," she had almost said; but feeling that this would be *un peu trop fort*, she amended her speech, prefacing the name of the fair novelty who was the real object of her pursuit, by that of the lady of the mansion.

Greatly contrary to custom amidst morning visitors in general, Lady Dort was exceedingly pleased at being admitted. She had not employed so many years of her existence in seeking to render her mansion attractive to those who, being either born to greatness, or having achieved it, feel themselves privileged to wander only among the most flowery paths of human life; she had not so long directed all her attention to this one object, without having learned the value of a lovely face during the period which precedes its becoming as well known as those of the bright beauties who receive company in Trafalgar Square. It was therefore quite in the way of business that she was so steadfastly determined to run down Miss Ridley, and catch her without delay; for it so happened that "*Lady Dort's beautiful young friend*," *par excellence*, had married at the end of the last season, and that her place was still vacant.

Now those who have the happiness of knowing Lady Dort well, know also that splendid as are the "gatherings" of which the fastidious Mrs. Gardener Stewart spoke so hardly, it is not to those alone that she trusts for her renown. Despite the immensity of quizzing which falls to her lot, in common with all who *will* place themselves on high, pre-eminent and apart, (whether in a pillory or a palace, whatever is conspicuous will be hit,) despite of this, there is probably no one who has ever dined with Lady Dort who will have the hardihood to deny that her dinner-table is "a place of pleasure." Excepting now and then an inconceivable cousin, from whom it is impossible to escape, her guests are almost always distinguished either for station, beauty, or talent; and as the dead stock found there is, upon the whole, very well deserving the honour of being sepulchred among the honourable clay which surrounds it, no one who has dined with her ladyship once but is exceedingly well pleased when an opportunity occurs for dining with her again. But success such as this can be obtained by no one who has not some talent for the business, and some industry to exert it. Beauties will marry—wits will often be pre-engaged; and great men, and great women too, will sometimes make themselves *uncatchable*. Therefore is it that the gilded niche in society occupied by Lady Dort can be filled only by women who, like herself, are all energy, whose animal spirits are made of iron, which can neither rust by damp, nor break by a blow, and whose vanity acts with the force of a spring, for ever elastic, and ever in the most perfect repair.

Thus much is necessary to explain the manner of her ladyship's *entrée* into Mrs. Hartley's drawing-room.

The name of "Lady Dort!" loudly and distinctly pronounced by the servant who threw open the door before her, caused considerable sensation there, and a family look passed round, in which there was a good deal of congratulation, and a little surprise.

Having made up her mind to endure a certain portion of Hartleyan mediocrity, Lady Dort wisely determined that the sacrifice of a little

of her precious time, if made, should be made effectually, and therefore passed by Constance, though her experienced eye perceived with half a glance that she was looking splendidly beautiful in the elegant carriage costume prepared for the Park, and approaching Mrs. Hartley with extended hand, and a cordiality of mien nicely proportioned to the *rude* neglect which was intended to follow, she paid her compliments with an energy of civility that seemed almost affectionate.

Though Mrs. Hartley understood her ladyship's game indifferently well, and was but little if at all deceived by the flattering appearance of this unexpected greeting, she was herself too skilful a player to lose the possible advantages which might arise from it, and became as silvery smooth as a lake in sunshine, preparing herself to utter exactly as many agreeable things as her visiter would be so obliging as to listen to.

But these were not many. Having endured the waste of a minute and a half in listening to something about having "seen her from Sir James Ridley's box at the Opera, looking so remarkably well," during which, however, she found time to perform as much bowing as she deemed needful towards the Misses Hartley, Lady Dort rose from the seat assigned to her by Mrs. Hartley, and, in her usual energetic style of doing and saying, darted across the room to Constance, and seizing her hand, exclaimed, "My sweet new friend! the eye not dimmed yet by the fatigue of meeting thousands of admiring glances! But how you will hate me for coming at such a moment! I see inscribed on every flower and on every plume the Park! the Park!" and she looked round upon the party, who were all, in fact, except Penelope, prepared for a drive.

"But how is this?" she cried, looking from one to the other, and counting them all upon her fingers; "one, two, three, four! Four bonnets for one carriage! My dearest Mrs. Hartley, what an angelic being you must be! But it is absolutely impossible that any one possessing a carriage, and *not* possessing a heart composed of flint, marble, and adamant, can witness such a sacrifice of yourself for the gratification of others, without stepping forward to prevent it. Wherefore I, not being of a nature so detestable, do forthwith offer myself to aid and assist in putting a stop to proceedings which must end in a total discomfiture of patience and best bonnets. You shall come with me, love," she added, taking the arm of Constance, and placing it within her own; "and perhaps, some other *beau jour*, Mrs. Hartley, if I bring you back to her safely, will entrust one of her own charming daughters to my care. *Chi sa?*"

Did not Lady Dort understand well what she was about? O yes! she did. That final stroke was masterly. Mrs. Hartley was very decidedly of those *qui ne donne rien pour rien*; and as she was vastly well inclined to show off Constance in the Park herself, there could not be a shadow of doubt that she would have found means to prevent Lady Dort's purpose taking effect, had not this sugar-plum of an invitation to one of her daughters been held out to her. It was, in fact, irresistible; her prophetic eye at once saw the possibility of bitching the circumstance into a paragraph for the *Morning Post*, and in an instant the arrangement was concluded by her saying, in her



most light and lively manner, "An immense improvement certainly, dear Lady Dort, to our order of march; and my lasses, I assure you, will live upon the hope of some day or other enjoying the same delightful privilege you are now going to bestow upon their friend Constance. But must your ladyship go directly?"

"O yes, instantly, dear lady!" replied the bluest of England's belles, and without further ceremony nodded a farewell to the rest of the party, hurried Constance out of the room, called for "Lady Dort's carriage" with her own sublime lungs, and considerably before Mrs. Hartley and her daughters had recovered from the startling effect of her sudden entrance and more sudden exit, she was composedly rolling along with Constance by her side, complimenting herself both upon her dexterity and the value of the prize she had won.

"Obtain the *chariot* for a day,  
And set the town on fire!"

she exclaimed, laughing. "How very barbarous it would have been, my dearest Miss Ridley, to let you make your first appearance in the Park in that most detestable envelopement a double close carriage, and surrounded too with a whole forest of feathers and flowers! Are you not very much obliged to me?"

For a country girl, Constance was not dull. She remembered that, despite all Penelope's croaking, she *might*, under the auspices of Lady Dort, be permitted to see the golden gates of Apollo's temple thrown open, and listen from the porch to the inspired voices within; so, without a moment's hesitation, she gracefully bent her very beautiful head, and replied, with much unction, "I am indeed!"

"Charming!" cried Lady Dort. "O, we shall be the very dearest of friends! I read it in the stars—that is, in your eyes, bellissima! And now tell me all about it—all about everything, I mean. Have you been long intimate with this family?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Hartley's family?" said Constance, smiling.

"Yes, my dear, I believe so. But why do you throw yourself so much into the corner? Do, pray, my love, look about you a little. It is a lovely day. Everybody that is not hideous is looking beautiful. But though I never fail to appear at the proper time and season, it is impossible to deny that a fine face is sadly thrown away here. I believe we are all apt to think a little of what we ourselves possess, and I do sometimes feel that it is rather provoking to be placed so exactly upon an equality with all the humpy-dumpys. But in this misfortune we are equal, my dear Miss Ridley. You have a very fine form, really a very fine form—that is, considering you are so very young a person—just a *little* too much *en bon point*, perhaps, about the bust, but it is possible this may mend as you grow older. Mercy on me! look how that unruly beast rears! By the gracious moon I swear, Miss Ridley, that if that fine young man is killed, his untimely death must rest upon your head, for all these capers and curvetings—ces cabrioles et ces courbettes questi salti e corvette—all and every of them are caused by you, and you alone! Saw you not how his eyes were fixed upon you as he thoughtlessly drew up his rein, and buried his spur in the foaming flank of his *destriero*? O ciel! what a plunge!"

During this series of exclamations, the plumed head of Lady Dort was protruded for the most part from the side-window, so that it was only at intervals, as she drew it back again to rehearse her agonies from time to time to her companion, that Constance received the alarming intelligence they conveyed. At length, however, her ladyship fell back, apparently exhausted both in mind and body by her exertions, and, drawing a long breath, exclaimed, "There! now he is talking to Lady Elizabeth Peveril, so I suppose that for the moment he is safe; but for mercy's sake, my fair friend, have a care, should he again address himself towards our lurking-place, not so to ensconce yourself as to hazard the loss of life and limb to one so comely, by making it necessary that his steed should stand on tip-toe in order that he may get a sight of you."

Constance laughed and said, "The gentleman seems to be a skilful rider, Lady Dort; I do not think his life would be endangered, even if we were half to draw down the blinds."

"Ah, c'est ça—Tu est moqueuse, ma belle?—J'en suis enchantée. It is such a relief, my dear love, to find a few delicate thorns among the roses that *nous autres* take so much delight in selecting from the nursery-beds, placing in a golden vase, and setting on high to be bowed to by all beholders! Henceforth let the peevish almanac say what it may, the day that brought you to me shall be a red letter day in my calendar. O, I am so thankful that you are satirical!"

"I shall be sorry to disappoint you, Lady Dort," replied Constance, shaking her head and looking greatly ashamed of herself, "but I do not believe that I am in the least degree satirical."

"Bah! Laissez-moi faire, carissima! I intend to be immensely intimate with you; and therefore, if you will just sit easily and gracefully forward, so as to be seen, but with your charming eyes fixed on me, instead of on that rabble rout of noble cavaliers, who would each one give a golden spur to catch a glance from them—if you will just do this, and listen to me, I will put you a little *au fait* as to myself, and then we shall start fair; for no character, whether male or female, however ingeniously enveloped in the tortuous drapery of disguise, can escape my piercing discernment—I was born with it, pretty one, and may not throw it aside, if I would. In telling you this, observe, I am only fulfilling my promise; I am only permitting you to know me as I know you; there will be no vain boasting in what I shall say of myself, for, in honest truth, I do believe that I am the most unegotistical soul alive! I do know, indeed, that there be things accounted graces in me, for the which I thank not the gods. But why seek to change what is inevitable in me, and that, too, when there is so fair reason to believe that my fellow-wanderers in this world of whim approve it? I allude, fair friend, to such peculiarities of thought or phrase as in some sort place me apart and separate me from the herd. All this was born with me, and I do but submit to the decree of Heaven when I seek not to change it."

"I hope she is not absolutely mad," thought Constance, looking at her with a glance that had, perhaps, something of fear in it.

"Charming creature!" exclaimed Lady Dort, in answer to this look. "How well I read all that is passing in your mind! I think

you feel disposed to love me, indeed I feel certain of it; but, at the same time, there is a pretty mixture of timidity in the sensations with which you contemplate a being so greatly unlike all you have known before! But fear nothing, carina. Use lessens marvel—you will get accustomed to me; and, besides, perfect love, you know, casteth out fear. I intend that you shall love me perfectly, and then all that is wild and wondrous in me will seem to your fertile eyes but as a charm *de plus*. Au reste, ma belle, it is but fair that I should tell you, sans façon et sans detour, that I am unique and alone in the power I possess of bringing you acquainted with all that is best worth knowing in London. What say you then—shall we swear an eternal friendship?”

That her new acquaintance was “wild and wondrous,” Constance was quite as fully convinced as the lady herself could be; but she remembered with undiminished interest the personages by whom she had seen her surrounded, and felt that the last boast uttered was no vain one. Penelope was too much in love, she thought, to judge fairly as to what did and what did not constitute the chief charm of society; and with the same fresh feelings of eager longing to approach what was celebrated that she had brought to London with her, she replied, “It is impossible, Lady Dort, to thank you enough for your kindness; your acquaintance must be equally an honour and a pleasure to me.”

“Bon! That little affair is settled then, and most entirely to my satisfaction, I assure you. Will you dine with me to-day, my dear? My Sunday dinners are never large, *ma scelti scelti*.”

For half an instant Constance doubted whether Mrs. Hartley might not be offended by her accepting this invitation without consulting her; but she recollected, in time to utter a very gracious and graceful affirmative, first, that her answer at the moment must be definitive; secondly, that she had reached the blessed age of independence; and, thirdly, that her hostess had most happily permitted her to take out the freedom of her mansion for the sum of three hundred pounds, the having paid which had already been a matter of considerable satisfaction on more occasions than one, but was now felt to be a greater comfort than ever.

“And now then, ‘chiefly that I may set it in my prayers,’ tell me your name,” said Lady Dort, adding, with an affectionate squeeze of the hand, “I detest having for ever to call a lovely young friend *Miss* anything.”

“*Constance*,” replied the young lady, smiling; “and fortunately I ‘break no hest to say so.’”

“O, what a comfort!” cried her ladyship, assuming with both eyes and hands an attitude of thanksgiving. “You have no idea what a persecution it is when people stare as if they thought one mad, because they know not where one’s words and phrases come from. But behold! here comes a knight worthy of a glance from those bright eyes, my Constance.”

As she spoke, a gentleman reined up his horse by the side of the carriage, and, resting his hand on the frame of the window which was let down on the side next Lady Dort, said, in a voice unknown to Constance, “I hope I see Lady Dort and Miss Ridley well?”

On hearing her own name, Constance turned her eyes for a moment on the speaker, and bowed in reply to his salutation, and as she did so, a dim sort of recollection came across her that she had seen him before, but where or when she knew not. Yet neither the figure nor the features of the young man were such as are usually looked at only to be forgotten. Had Constance at that moment been fancy-free, she must perforce have confessed that he was not only the handsomest man she had ever seen, but beyond all comparison the most graceful, both in person and manner. But instead of making any such avowal to herself, her restive thoughts perversely turned to Henry Mortimer; for she remembered that it was while *he* had been still beside her that Lady Dort had presented this gentleman to her as Mr. something or other—she knew not what, for then, as now, she would have gladly banished him to the antipodes for ever, could she thereby have ensured the vicinity of Mortimer for five minutes.

As this thought occurred, her eyes naturally turned away from the young man with that absent look which eyes assume when the object upon which our thoughts are occupied is within, and then it was that the observant Lady Dort, perceiving that there was a shadow of chagrin on the fine features of the horseman, and thinking that she could put her new-formed friendship to no better purpose than that of propitiating the distinguished individual at her side, exclaimed, with her usual animated earnestness,

“Mr. Fitzosborne! Dine with me to-day. You shall not say me nay—positively you shall not. I can hardly call it a dinner-party, however, that I ask you to join; my friend, Miss Ridley, and half a dozen more perhaps, make up our host. You know the strict laws of attic dining—the number must neither be less than the graces, nor more than the muses. I never transgress this law on a Sunday; I think it is wrong not to pay some attention to the convenience of one’s servants on that day. A little knot of friends may dine together without any great fuss; and as I never name an hour later than eight on Sunday, I flatter myself that, either before or after, all my people, or very nearly all, may be able to attend divine worship. *C’est une affaire fixée, n’est pas?* I may expect you at eight?”

Mr. Fitzosborne replied that he should have much pleasure in waiting upon her, and rode on.

“Eh bien, ma chère, what do you think of him? Mr. Fitzosborne is not only the handsomest man in London, but unquestionably the first *parti* as yet unappropriated. He has been three years abroad, and this is the first season since his return. What do you think of him?”

“Why, as I am not quite sure that I ever saw him before, Lady Dort, I hardly feel competent to pass judgment on him. He is certainly very handsome,” replied Constance.

“It needs no ghost to tell us that, my dear. Mr. Fitzosborne is perfect—O, perfect! with a palace of a place, a perfect Eden in Monmouthshire, and, à ce qu’on dit, twenty thousand a year.”

But Lady Dort addressed herself to ears more deaf than those of any adder that ever crawled; for directly before the eyes of Constance

was a low deep cab, slowly making its way through an intricate entanglement of horsemen, *au fond* of which cab her eye discovered the recumbent form of Henry Mortimer.

Though it would have been nearly impossible for him, consistently with his ideas of refinement, to have sat in such a carriage in any other attitude than that in which he now reposed, and which as nearly as possible prevented him from seeing any object either to the right or left, it was still evident to Constance that his eyes rolled anxiously in all directions, as if in search of some particular carriage that he was expecting to see.

"Is it possible that he is looking out for Mrs. Hartley?" was the question that she asked herself, and "O, why does he not look this way?" was the thought that followed. In a moment after Lady Dort also descried him, and exclaimed,

"Here comes Mortimer! How bewitching he is with that beautiful wild stare! Isn't he, Constance? O, you must adore my Mortimer, or I shall decidedly leave off adoring you. Lord Dalton has got him to-day, you see. How the charming creature is devoured!"

By this time the impediments to the progress of Lord Dalton's carriage had withdrawn themselves, and in the next moment it was in the act of slowly passing that of Lady Dort. The eye of the poet at this moment recognized the face upon which his entranced thoughts were fixed, and, throwing himself forward, so as to suggest to all beholders the idea that he was about to precipitate himself to the ground, he seized upon Lord Dalton's reins, and suddenly jerking the horse back almost upon its haunches, stopped the carriage, and then balanced himself upon its step while he paid his compliments, in his usual sotto voce tone, to the two ladies.

"Oh! stop, John! stop!" shrieked Lady Dort. "This is too perilous, Mr. Mortimer, indeed it is!" and all the line stopped too, in both directions. "No more, no more, I implore you!—remember eight!" And as these last words were accompanied with half a glance and a quarter of a nod towards her companion, the happy poet recovered his seat, restored the reins to the hands of his noble but scolding friend, and permitted himself to be driven onward with unresisting patience, while his heart remained behind at the feet of the beautiful vision who had passed from before his eyes.

As to Constance, as unhappily she had seen neither the glance nor the nod which had conveyed such ecstasy to her adorer, her state was one of the most pitiable uncertainty as to her fate during the hours of that most happy or most wretched evening. Did eight o'clock mean eight o'clock of that day, or of some future one? Gnawing as were the doubt and fear which this uncertainty produced, she dared not attempt to relieve herself from it by asking the simple question, "Does Mr. Mortimer dine with your ladyship to-day?"—no, not for worlds would she have attempted to pronounce it! So, pretending to listen to words which she did not hear, and to admire people whom she did not see, she continued to sit beside her new friend, exactly in the same condition as to pre-occupation in which Mr. Mortimer was sitting by his, each thinking wholly and solely of the other, with only

this difference, that he was revelling in the assured delight of knowing that he was to meet her, while her spirit was wafted to and fro between hope and fear, her heart at one moment fluttering with the consciousness that probability was in her favour, and at another standing still as the fear of being disappointed returned.

"Time and the hour," however, released them both from the restraint they were enduring, and it would be difficult to say which of them was the most rejoiced thereby.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

A SELECT DINNER-PARTY—A PORT AND A PORTESS, A PERR AND A PAINTER A-LA-MODE—AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN AND AN ENGLISH YOUNG LADY, AND THEIR HOSTESS—GREAT RESULTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

The first object of Constance, on entering the house, was to seek Mrs. Hartley, for the purpose of communicating her engagement; but that lady was not yet returned; and as this disagreeable part of the business was of necessity postponed, she enjoyed the pleasure of half an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Penelope, while her spirits were still in that delightful state of agitation which makes the unreserved relation of the adventures which produced it a luxury.

"Already returned, dear Constance!" said Penelope, raising her eyes from an immeasurably long letter of Markham's, which he had himself contrived to deliver, and which, being very nearly the only one she had ever received, had been read and re-read about a dozen times without having yet lost the zest of novelty.

"Already!" repeated Constance. "I thought I had been gone an immense time."

"I might suspect, from your saying so, that the interval since we parted has been more tedious than long," said Miss Hartley, "but that your smiling aspect and sparkling eyes forbid me to think so."

"My aspect and my eyes would be horribly false," returned Constance, laughing, "did they tell you that I had found the drive tedious, excepting just the last bit of it, perhaps, when I longed to get home and tell you how delighted I had been."

"Then you have been greatly charmed by your companion, I presume. I know very little personally of Lady Dort beyond her appearance, and that is not captivating; but I suppose she is very entertaining?"

"Exceedingly entertaining," said Constance, as gravely as she could, and concealing the lower part of her face, forgetting how heartily her eyes were laughing the while.

"You saucy rustic!" cried Penelope. "Your amusement, I suspect, has been furnished by her ladyship's absurdities."

"O, tempt me not!" replied Constance; "I do assure you she is the most obliging person I ever met in my life, and knows not only how to will, but to do, the most agreeable things in the world. I must and will feel grateful to her; so I entreat you, dearest Penelope, not to seduce me into the baseness of laughing at her. I dare say we are all of us ridiculous in our different ways, only you know we never take notice of what we are used to."



"Thank you a thousand times, my dear old friend, for my share of that generous effusion. But now let us descend to particulars. What has Lady Dort done to bewitch you into a fit of such self-denying philosophy? Has she invited you to meet Mr. Mortimer at dinner?"

"Avaunt, witch!" cried Constance, turning from her; "I will have no more dealings with you."

"Then it positively is so. Upon my word, Miss Ridley, you are getting on at a prodigiously rapid rate. There must be some high pressure power at work, that is certain. Pray, my dear, do you imagine that the petted Mortimer made this a condition for yielding himself to her ladyship's invitation?"

"Good heaven! No. *Vous n'y est pas*, Penelope. I do not even know for certain that Mr. Mortimer is to be there to-day."

"To-day! Are you going to dine with Lady Dort to-day?" exclaimed Miss Hartley with very genuine surprise. "Why, Constance, this is the very crowning top and finish of intimacy. 'Dine with me to-day, my friend!' uttered all *improviso*, in London, is the *ne plus ultra* of affectionate familiarity."

"Then ought I not to be grateful?" demanded Constance, looking as grave as she could. "Such were, to all intents and purposes, the words addressed to me by this delightful Lady Dort to-day, and my joy and gratitude are equal, both being past expression great. But what will your mother say to it, Penelope? I am terrified at the idea of her making me a speech, beginning 'My dear Miss Ridley, I am really afraid,'—and so on, up, or rather down, to the heart-breaking assurance that I had better not go."

"You have nothing of the kind to fear, I am certain," replied Miss Hartley; "I am sure my mother will be pleased by your making so desirable an acquaintance—unless, indeed," she added, colouring, "there should be any difficulty about the carriage."

"That rock, thank Heaven, is not in the way, Penelope. Lady Dort offered to send her carriage for me, and as I know your mother is going out, I accepted it. Now, tell me, do not you think that if my new friend were actually a skeleton, and embroidered her English with Dutch instead of Italian, that I ought to dote upon her?"

"She certainly appears to be doing everything she can to win your heart. But here comes mamma. Had you not better run up stairs at once, and begin dressing? See—it is past seven. I will undertake to announce your engagement."

Penelope held open the drawing-room door as she spoke, and Constance, feeling more grateful for the offer than she thought it proper to express, passed hastily through it, only saying, "Come to me while I am dressing," and ran up the stairs with a light step and a light heart, just in time to escape the cross-examination which she would have had to undergo, had she lingered a moment longer.

As Constance never made a very long business of dressing, she indulged herself, before she rang for her maid, in a few moments of very delightful solitary meditation upon the new delights that seemed opening before her. Could she, amidst the most highly-wrought hopes and wishes in which she had sometimes indulged when wandering



alone in the shady recesses of Appleby, have ever painted to herself anything one half so delightful as a very small select dinner-party at Lady Dort's? And then, too, she knew not that the world contained—she guessed not that the world *could* contain, a being so every way enchanting as Mortimer. O, she was too, too happy! Yes, he would be there, she felt sure he would be there. Eight o'clock must mean eight o'clock to-day; and then, could she forget the eager action with which he had stopped Lord Dalton's carriage? Did she not know, did she not feel in her heart of hearts, that it was for her?

When Penelope entered, she found her still alone, and enjoying a reverie which would have been cheaply purchased by the sacrifice of many a day of ordinary existence.

"What! no dressing begun yet?" said her friend. "Constance! Constance! this looks very suspicious indeed. I could forgive you, perhaps, if 'with him conversing you forget all time;' but the merely thinking of him is hardly an excuse, is it, for keeping Lady Dort's carriage and dinner both waiting for you?"

"I shall keep nobody waiting, Penelope," replied the happy girl, gaily throwing aside her paille de riz bonnet in one direction, and her embroidered mantelet in another; "nobody ever waits for me, you know. But, tell me," she continued, as she proceeded to prepare herself for the business of the toilet—"tell me, what said mamma to this proposed escapade? Does she seem to think it wrong that I should go?"

"Wrong! O no, certainly not. She only says you are a very lucky girl to have got on so rapidly."

"Lucky!" repeated Constance; "I have no words to express what I think of my own good fortune; and I am so glad she did not blame me. I know I am very wilful, but yet I do not like to displease anybody if I can help it. How glad I am, my dearest Penelope, that you are in love!"

"And, pray, why so?" demanded Miss Hartley, laughing. "That I may keep you in countenance, I suppose."

"No, indeed. As I could not love anybody till somebody loves me, I should be vastly too proud of the thing, if ever it *did* happen, to want any one to give me countenance. No, no; the reason I rejoice in your love, is because I know that it occupies you too entirely to leave you any time to wish for me. Were it otherwise, I should not like to leave you, dear Penelope."

"Yet, were it otherwise, I should rejoice too sincerely at seeing you occupied so exactly as I know you wished to be, to have any room left in my heart for selfish regrets. But positively I must ring for Susan. I will not be aiding and abetting to a careless and hurried toilet on such an occasion as this."

But Constance was neither ill-dressed nor waited for, and moreover found time, before Lady Dort's carriage was announced, to show herself in the drawing-room, and receive the first burst of unmitigated curiosity, and half-approving, half-reproaching wonder from her brother, who, as usual, was stationed there preparatory to the dinner which he almost daily condescended to eat at Mrs. Hartley's. She answered all his questions and all his remarks with such an air of smiling good-

humoured indifference, that he could hitch neither reproofs nor reproaches upon her proceeding, and she set off to keep her somewhat envied and completely unexpected engagement, with spirits as bright as her own lustrous eyes.

She found Lady Dort alone in the smallest of her two handsome drawing-rooms, surrounded with books, busts, cameos, fossils, and learned litter of all sorts; but all disarranged with excellent judgment, all provocative of remark and conversation, and only making part of an immense collection, which being brought to view by very skilfully-managed instalments, and in combinations as various as those of the gamut, promised to furnish themes eternally new, even to those who encountered them the most frequently.

“*Ben venuta, bellissima!*” said her ladyship, rising to meet her, and then standing still to await her approach, as if transfixed by admiration. “Miss Ridley, I delight in you. You are positively formed expressly to be the load-star of such a fastidious little party as I expect to-day. My charming Constance, how can I thank you enough for such sweet pliancy? Had you refused me this day, I never could—no, nor I never would—have summoned courage to entreat again. But now, my love, before my pets arrive, I must sketch for your use a little *carte du pays*. Know, then, that I expect Lady Georgina Grayton, and four men. *Voilà tout*. Her ladyship is a prodigious verse-writer, wonderful! and, on the whole, much less of a bore than one might expect. Besides, she is exceedingly graceful, though decidedly a little too large. But there is no use in quarrelling with people on that account. Everybody one sees is too large! I really believe that a bust and torso, of classic form, and sufficiently *svelte* for perfect beauty, is the rarest gift of Heaven. But to return to Lady Georgina: the surest way to win her heart—I do not mean in an amatory sense—her loves, I believe, are chiefly confined to her verses—but as a friend, a partisan, a *devouée*, is by alluding to her *latinity*. Remember this, my dear, if for any reason you wish to get on with her. And now then for my men! First in place is my Lord Willoughby. His novels show what he could do, if he chose to address himself in earnest to the achieving a first-rate literary reputation! O, he is a most extraordinary man! Such wit, such fascination—and then his letters! But after all, sweet Constance, I do but waste my praise, for he has arrived at too shady a part of human existence to have any rational hope of enjoying the sunshine of your smiles. Next in station, and far before him, both in fortune and antiquity of race, is Frederic Fitzosborne, the graceful cavalier you saw to-day—the admired of all beholders; and then the poet, the delicious poet, Mortimer. It always seems to me, my dear Miss Ridley, that this charming man must be the natural son of Apollo. Were he legitimately descended from the godhead, he would probably appear on earth with more of those vulgar gifts that are held so precious here. But our Mortimer is neither rich nor noble, excepting in those gifts of soul which lead us to look amidst the aristocracy of heaven for his progenitors. Yet mistake me not; he is not of the mob, even in this, having an independence sufficient for all his wants, and a privileged *entrée* into every house of

fashion which pleases him, to say the least of it, is on an equality with the highest. My fourth darling is Bradley—Bradley the inspired ! Who has not heard of Bradley ? If Mortimer, my Constance, be the natural son of Apollo, Bradley stands in the same near relation to Apelles. O ! he is dear to me as is the light of heaven. Nay, charming Constance, look not so dismayed, I would not speak in strains so rapturous, even to you, did not all the ladies in the land deem themselves warranted to do the like. He has a patent privilege, Miss Ridley, for falling in love with every face he paints, and every face he paints smiles on him in return with safe impunity ; for what all do, none need fear to do. Such is the social moral of our code, and such the law we own."

Of all this, which both in manner and matter was intended by Lady Dort as a sort of initiatory sample of herself and her friends, displayed for the use of the young novice—of all this, Constance neither heeded nor heard anything, save the words which related to Mortimer. The instant his name was mentioned, every sense seemed merged and absorbed in that of hearing, and not a syllable that concerned him was pronounced which did not rest engraven on her heart. Whether it were that the assurance now received that she should indeed meet him, had put her into a state of spirits which disposed her to be pleased with everything, or whether the account thus given of him really was exactly what she wished to hear, may be doubtful ; but it is certain that as Lady Dort's eloquence rolled on, the mind of Constance remained fixed with the most entire satisfaction on what she had now learned concerning him. Not rich—then if he asked her love, he would receive with the avowal of it the dear conviction that it was disinterested. Having an independence—then none could reproach her with imprudence, for in this were they not precisely equal ?

Lady Dort was in the act of rounding off another period expressive of her rapturous devotion to the son of Apelles, when the gentleman so designated was announced.

'That the eyes of Constance, all meditative as she was, should turn towards the door when it opened, was quite natural ; for how could she be sure that the only object in the whole wide world that she desired to behold might not enter ere it closed again ? But it would have been equally so, perhaps, that, not seeing him, they should have turned away again, had any figure less surprising than that of Mr. Bradley appeared at it.

As she looked at him, an indistinct but yet positive recollection of the high-sounding epithets of admiration bestowed upon him by Lady Dort recurred to her, and she contemplated his diminutive figure with considerable surprise. Had it not been for a sort of faded look that fatally contradicted the supposition, Mr. Bradley might have been taken for a lad of sixteen ; and, but for that same faded look, he would have been a pretty lad too ; for there was, at the first glance, a marvellously sweet harmony in his features, the charm of which only wore off when the look of unrest, that sundry stormy feelings had left upon them, became perceptible, and then, to the impartial and uninterested observer, there was something vexatiously and

disagreeably incongruous in his aspect and his demeanour—in his features, and the expression of them.

Nevertheless it was difficult not to notice him—difficult even not to watch and follow him with a degree of attention so disproportioned to the value of the result, as to be a perfect stumbling-block to the speculative lookers-on upon society. Constance, like the rest of the world, continued to remark him, even after the more dignified personages, Lady Georgina Grayton and Lord Willoughby, had made their appearance; and, like the rest of the world, had she been asked the reason for it, she would have found it exceedingly difficult to give a reasonable answer. Her first tangible observation perhaps was upon his extraordinary familiarity of address. At his entrance he had rather bounded than walked into the room, having something (apparently facetious) to say to the functionary who announced him, which caused him to turn his back for a moment upon her expectant ladyship, which want of observance was to be atoned for by the celerity of the movement with which he afterwards approached her. His salutation then consisted of dropping upon one knee, and kissing the finger tips of her gloves, after which he “recovered feet” with a movement as startling in its suddenness as that with which the soldier “recovers arms” on parade. He then placed himself midway between Lady Dort and Constance, standing with his heels together, one hand within his embroidered waistcoat of white and gold, and the other still holding his hat, looking, in very speaking pantomime, his wish to be presented to the young lady, and his perfect readiness to make her a bow.

“Bradley! Bradley all over!” cried her ladyship laughing. “Miss Ridley, permit me to introduce my friend Mr. Bradley to you. THE Bradley, Miss Ridley, no less. When you have had the pleasure of his acquaintancc a little longer, you will know that his will is law.”

Constance returned his bow rather slightly, for there was something within her that seemed rising to resist this sort of usurping despotism; but it mattered not; Mr. Bradley placing himself on the rug, with his back towards the *soupc on* of fire which still retained its place in the grate, addressed her with the most encouraging amiability of manner.

“I am quite sure I saw you at the Opera last night, Miss Ridley. That beautiful creature Penelope Hartley was with you. But tell her from me, will you, that she must positively never wear that cold-looking lavender silk again. Married or single, she must wear black velvet till the sun is in Cancer. Be so kind as to tell her this, will you?”

“Certainly,” replied Constance, smiling.

“Do you know the Hartleys, Bradley?” said Lady Dort, yawning.

“Never spoke to either of them in my life,” he replied. “But that eldest girl is beautiful. I took a sketch of her profile on my thumb-nail, one night last winter, and I have had it in half a dozen groups since.”

“But she is too round, Bradley,” groaned forth Lady Dort. “How can you talk of sketching a woman with such a bust as that?”

The grimace with which this remonstrance was received was too much for the gravity of Constance, and she would have been sadly

embarrassed how to conceal the irrepressible smile it produced, had not her handkerchief been in her hand. Had she wished for a practical illustration of the degree in which this remarkable gentleman was permitted to transgress all the ordinary restraints of society, the present occasion might have sufficed to content her.

"O you wretch! you mean to insinuate that I am too slight—too fragile—I know you do. Monster!"

Mr. Bradley burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Do I think you too slight, too fragile?" he exclaimed. "Heaven and earth! do I? Why, my beloved lady, your unequalled form is fitted only for the shades below—Elysium shades I mean, of course. But here, here on this solid earth—O! you are a dream, Lady Dort—you are, upon my soul."

"Is he not matchless, dearest?" said Lady Dort, turning to Constance with a look of ecstasy. "Say not that I have called you into my charmed circle for nothing. It is not everywhere, nor always, that this bright vagary of creation, this frolic of nature, this masterpiece of delicious impertinence, shows to the advantage he does here. The creature is both inspired and licensed with me. Is it not so, you petted idol?"

"If it were not, I should hang myself," replied the elderly boy, with a flourish of melodramatic energy. "Behold the Willoughby!" he added, as the door again opened, and the elegant looking-nobleman he named appeared at it.

The address of Lord Willoughby was in the best possible style of high breeding; and for a minute or two even Lady Dort appeared less fantastic than usual, as she replied to what he said to her. Having done so, she waited not for any beseeching looks, as in the case of Mr. Bradley, but in sober form and phrase introduced Miss Ridley and his lordship to each other.

"In so very small a circle," she said, in a half whisper to Constance, "it is absolutely barbarous not to make every lady know everybody."

"Now look at yourself, milud," said the painter, stepping from before the chimney-glass, that no obstacle might impede the examination he commanded; though, sooth to speak, Lord Willoughby might have beheld, without the least inconvenience, a considerable portion of his own person over the head of Mr. Bradley. "Now look at yourself, milud, and tell me if you are not absolutely ashamed of having permitted your valet to leave that lock of hair so precisely where I told you, when you sat to me, that it never must be?"

"Forgive me, mighty master!" replied Lord Willoughby with great good-humour; "but I actually walked forth from my dressing-room without having given a single glance at the mirror. In the first place, I have unbounded confidence in my Scapin, and in the second, I knew not that I should enjoy the perilous pleasure of meeting you."

"Perilous!" reiterated the delicately formed Bradley, clenching his small fist, and standing on tiptoe to bring it within an inch or two of Lord Willoughby's nose. "Perilous! but for this fair presence it well might prove so. I scorn to display my athletic skill before ladies. So rest in peace, milud. But never more be hairdresser of mine!"

Ere this sally was well uttered, Lady Georgina Grayton entered the room, and, with the exception of the unknown Constance, every one in it stepped simultaneously forward to welcome her. She was a pale, delicate, pretty looking woman of about five-and-thirty, and though plethoric in comparison to Lady Dort, was little likely to be considered as too fat by any one but her ladyship. The two ladies saluted each other on both cheeks; Lord Willoughby accosted her with very friendly intimacy, but elicited a profound sigh from her fair bosom by inquiring for Mr. Grayton, while Mr. Bradley presented his arm to assist her progress to the chair in which he wished to place her, though the distance to it did not exceed three paces. This did not, however, prevent her rewarding his attention by a very grateful look, which lost none of its gentleness when, having assisted her to sink into the depths of a luxurious bergère, he seated himself on a footstool at her feet.

There was something so very new to Constance in this free and easy display of familiar intimacy, that she felt more embarrassed and more ill at ease than she had done since her change from the country to the town. Her own chair, too, was so placed as to give the petted painter a better opportunity for a professional study of her features than was at all agreeable to her, and by a movement that had more of impulse than reflection in it, she pushed her chair back so as to place herself at a considerably greater distance from the group.

Now it did sometimes happen to this strangely privileged individual, that persons not to his manner born, would occasionally show indications of thinking that the tricks in which he indulged himself, and in which he was so unaccountably indulged, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. But this never happened without inciting him to caricature, as it were, his own impertinence, in order to show any such starched and stately questioners of his acknowledged franchise, that he was not to be checked or controlled by any in the exercise of it. It was probably in pursuance of this system that he now, giving a very saucy side-glance towards Constance, proceeded very audaciously to draw off the glove of Lady Georgina, in order to examine her rings, which operation he had previously commenced by a most unceremonious manipulation through her glove. To all this the lady submitted with extraordinary resignation, conversing mean time with Lady Dort and Lord Willoughby, as if no such person as Mr. Bradley existed, as if her footstool were unencumbered, and her fingers permitted to remain in peaceful possession of her rings.

“Forbear to judge!” is an admirable injunction, and may be applied to great advantage on occasions less solemn than that whereon it stands recorded. Had it been whispered, for example, in the ear of Constance at the present moment, she might have paused ere in her heart she decided that Lady Georgina Grayton was a woman of manners so lightly indiscreet, as to argue very unfavourably of her character. Now in point of fact there was no lady in London of character more perfectly irreproachable. Not even her incessant, and not very wise lamentations, on the uncongenial nature of her husband's disposition and pursuits, could put it into the head of any one to doubt the correctness of her conduct; and her unresisting sub-



mission to the little painter's impertinence was only a proof of her being too much *au fait* of one of the fashionable whims of the day and the set in which she lived, for her to find anything extraordinary or objectionable in it. Rumour, indeed, who dearly loves to pick up a bit of scandal as she goes, had not suffered all the fine ladies who thus amused themselves to escape so well—but this is in nowise germane to the matter.

Mr. Fitzosborne was the next person who appeared. When manners are faultless, there is little to be said of them; and this, doubtless, is the reason why nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine volumes out of every million, written to illustrate the phenomenon of social life, are devoted to setting forth the folly instead of the wisdom of mankind. Moreover, such men as Mr. Fitzosborne do not wear their characters outside. If accident or choice places them during some portion of their existence within the vortex of fashionable life, they rarely exhibit any Quixotic struggles to separate the chaff from the corn, or labour to prove, by any outward symbols, that though in the herd, they are not of them. It required something beyond either a drawing or a dining room acquaintance with Frederic Fitzosborne, in order to form a correct estimate of what he was.

Eccentric as genius is ever declared to be, there was one point on which Henry Mortimer was as steadfast and unvarying as the sun. No one living, probably, had ever met him at a dinner-party whereat he was not the last guest who arrived. How he managed it, was perfectly unaccountable; for although the punctuality of his tardiness was unvaried, it was so nicely managed as never greatly to irritate the cook; in fact, no man less liked to see a turbot in fragments than the poetic Mortimer.

"He comes! he comes!" exclaimed Lady Dort. "Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, you heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure? You cannot come to dine? Why, Mortimer, it is not yet three minutes by the finger of my alabaster Time yonder, since Mr. Fitzosborne entered; and who does not know that Mortimer ever requires five to elapse ere his foot follows that of the penultimate guest?"

"Shall I go away again?" said the young man, his countenance brightly lighted up by the sight of the perhaps only half-expected Constance.

"Nay, nay, my friend! 'Come I too late?' is a pregnant phrase that might sometimes suit you well—but come I too early? never!"

On the entrance of Fitzosborne, Bradley had very quickly risen from his footstool, and claimed his acquaintance by a sober bow, which was returned exactly in the same manner; whereupon the artist knit his brows, and felt through every fibre of his animated frame that the man who could so bow to him was unblessed by a single ray of genius—a being wholly formed of clay, without a particle of that redeeming quicksilver which was the better part of man, and then he for a moment set himself seriously to study how he should escape, in case the proud young commoner applied to him for his portrait.



But when Mortimer entered, his air and manner suddenly changed again into a sort of exaggerated animation, which, when compared to that of other people, seemed like vivacity seen through a magnifying glass. He crossed his arms upon his breast, and performed a succession of salams that nearly brought his handsome forehead to the ground, and then, in defiance of the greetings passing between the poet and his friends, he placed his arm upon his shoulder, and absolutely insisted upon whispering a few words in his ear, before he suffered him either to hear or reply to any one else.

As it was ever the custom at Lady Dort's to announce dinner as soon as possible after the arrival of Mr. Mortimer, but little time was given to the enamoured young man to profit by the unspeakable happiness of finding himself near Constance; but that little he used without ceremony, placing himself beside her with an air of authorized appropriation; and when the expected sound of "dinner" was heard, waiting for no permission but his own to present his arm, in order to conduct her down stairs.

"Can you forgive me, Bradley," said Lady Dort, as she herself took the arm of Lord Willoughby, "for not having invited your last elected little Hebe to attend upon you?" This was answered by a shrug. Mr. Fitzosborne presented his arm to Lady Georgina, and the party descended to the dining-room.

Those only who watch the varying signs of the social and moral world, as a shepherd does the clouds, their lights, their shades, their colourings, and their distances, will learn, like him, to understand the atmosphere in which they live. Without such study, the surface of society is an almost monotonous hemisphere, having indeed its horizon and its zenith, but with little intermediate *relief* to attract the eye, or occupy the understanding. But when it is studied with attention, the result is very different; and even things intended to be the same differ almost as widely as the skull of a German from that of a Frenchman. To follow such study, to explain the points it ought to fix upon, and the seemingly slight indications which lead to important results, would fill a volume instead of a page—not to mention that such a volume, however ingenious, would be utterly useless; inasmuch as the power of observing is very nearly as much an intuitive faculty as that of invention, and neither will nor can be taught, despite all the modern manuals so assiduously offered for the purpose. Those who do observe, may indeed often find very intelligent listeners among those who do not; and it not unfrequently happens that the dreamy eye that passes from scene to scene, with little consciousness how widely different are the phenomena to be found in each, kindles into higher and deeper speculation, when pregnant themes are pointed out to it, than the mere observer ever fell into.

The excellent dinners of Lady Dort, notwithstanding the identity of many of its elements, (even among the guests themselves,) were no more like the excellent dinners of Mrs. Gardener Stewart, than the scudding before a fluttering gale is to floating down the current of a tranquil stream.

Lady Dort would have felt her renown blighted and withered almost past recovery, had she suffered any one subject to drop with-

out taking care that another sprang out of it, like the beguiling continuity of the Arabian nights. Tradespeople would have been changed, and servants dismissed, had she seen reason to suspect that anything was defective in the *positif* of her entertainments; but, comparatively speaking, this would have appeared to her as a matter of utter indifference, if placed before her in competition with any defect in the feast of reason and the flow of soul with which it was the principal object of her life to regale her guests.

Mrs. Gardener Stewart, on the contrary, having, as a matter of course, taken care that her guests were all very delightful people, neither old nor ugly, with well-tuned voices and irreproachable *bon ton*, permitted the flow of soul to go on pretty much as chance directed; but never suffering a shade from her *pocourante* system to fall upon the perfection of her banquet, or the studied refinement of its accompaniments. With a mind of much smaller proportions than that of Lady Dort, there was less of absurdity, as well as less of cleverness; and if she often suffered wit to repose itself behind a quiet smile, instead of insisting that it should be for ever in active exercise, she at least took care that it should find nothing to carry away with it to furnish sport for its more active moods. All she asked of Heaven for herself was an eternal *entourage* of everything that was soothing to the senses, and all her elegant ambition sought was to obtain a sensitive circle of adoring friends, worthy to share with her in the enjoyment of it. She wished not to inspire any feelings warmer or stronger than what were likely to arise from being the source from whence such gentle hours flowed, and would rather have closed her eyes in endless night, than have been quoted as one of those who expected that the luxuries of her mansion should be repaid by the conversational efforts of her guests. Such men as the sentimental Mortimer preferred Mrs. Gardener Stewart; such as the animated Lord Willoughby most affected Lady Dort. Fitzosborne, though he greatly admired neither, permitted himself for a season to find amusement from both; while Mr. Bradley, and everything in the slightest degree resembling him, whether belonging to art or to science, and though deriving fame from all the reputation that either could bestow, was so completely an abomination to Mrs. Gardener Stewart, that her name was never heard from any such, while that of Lady Dort was very affectionately familiar to them all.

This *episode parallel* has been resorted to as the shortest way of bringing the reader acquainted with the rival patronesses of Constance, and may save time hereafter.

Of this, her first London dinner-party, Miss Ridley was, in truth, no very fair judge; Mortimer was seated at her right hand, and, when doing her very best to describe the party on the following day to Penelope, she was perfectly unable to tell who it was that was seated at her left. The conversation was exceedingly lively;—Lady Dort was whimsical, and superabundantly animated; Lady Georgina was prettily plaintive, and most amusingly learned; Lord Willoughby abounding in witty anecdote; Mr. Fitzosborne aiding and abetting the display of each by a few well-timed words, which might have proved, to any one at leisure to think about it, that he rather sought to hear

others than to be heard himself; while the inspired artist, whenever he could find leisure from his assiduous combinations of half a dozen sauces into one, to contribute the proportion expected from him towards the amusement of the hour, did it by such wild and whimsical bursts of mingled folly and cleverness, that Lady Dort declared him, at least half a dozen times before the dinner ended, to be, without exception, the most enchanting animal, and the most delightful wretch that nature ever produced.

And Mortimer—the sought-for and admired Mortimer—what did he do to redeem the pledge which every one thought that they received when told they were about to meet him? O, he did much. True it is that no syllable he uttered was heard by any other ear than that of Constance. But Mr. Mortimer was of so much importance, that everything he did was of importance too. His love-affairs, in particular, were always public property, and he never fell out of one, and into another, without furnishing a world of discussion of the most deep and delightful interest to all the pretty single women in town—and happy was the man who had the first tale to tell, and the first anecdote to give, of such events.

No one felt disappointed, therefore, when, instead of the acute remark, the delicate irony, and the gentle vivacity of Henry Mortimer, they perceived only the beau ideal of a poet dissolving in love. Nothing really having existence can be so light, so slight, so intangible, so like a volatile essence that fades before it is fully exhaled, as the signs of *sous-intelligence* exchanged between well-bred persons *à l'instar* of their object; yet, nevertheless, looks were given, received, and understood on the present occasion, which put Lord Willoughby perfectly *au fait* of Lady Georgina's suspicions, and Lady Dort's convictions, respecting the poet's unborn love, and Mr. Fitzosborne respecting Mr. Bradley's unmitigated impertinence.

It was not the custom at Lady Dort's for the gentlemen to remain long in the dining-room after the ladies had left it; and, little as her accomplished ladyship suspected it, there were elements in the *partie carrée* she left behind her there on the present occasion sufficiently discordant to render this usually short period shorter still. Nevertheless, Mr. Mortimer, who was the first to make his way back to the drawing-room, did not arrive there before Lady Dort had full time to cross-examine Constance a little respecting her previous acquaintance with him. During the whole time this lasted, Lady Georgina Grayton kept her handsome eyes immovably and very unceremoniously fixed upon the party under examination, making various active preparations the while for her own permanent accommodation on the sofa—such as arranging the cushions, approaching a footstool, and placing a screen, but yet never for an instant withdrawing her eyes, or relaxing her scrutiny.

It is no very easy matter for a conscious and enamoured girl to endure all this gracefully, and without so losing her self-possession as to betray exactly the species of interesting agitation expected. But there was a sturdiness of self-respect about Constance which, despite the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, enabled her to reply quietly, distinctly, and correctly to Lady Dort, while she sustained the steady

eyebrow of Lady Georgina with an admirable appearance of unconsciousness.

This effort was simply the effect of a sort of innate maiden dignity, resisting, almost by instinct, the attempt to dive into the hidden treasures that her heart concealed, and had no reference whatever to the impression which her words or manner might make on either of their curious ladyships; but had Constance studied her companions with all the sagacity of a Machiavelli, she could have pursued no line of conduct so likely to bring them to her feet. Lady Dort felt persuaded that she had caught a "*personage*," a "*character*," a thing to wonder at, as well as to admire—a creature, in short, who could stand the admiration of Henry Mortimer, without having her head turned or her heart excoriated by it; while Lady Georgina at once saw in her a heroine to whom she could indite sonnets and elegies—in whose honour she could paraphrase Horace, quote Ovid, and invoke Janus, and for whom she could immediately form one of those devoted friendships which led to picturesque groupings, piquant whisperings, and the power of opening her entire heart on the subject of her still dear but most uncongenial Grayton!

Urged by feelings so powerful, the polished and delicately-transparent barrier of drawing-room incognito was thrown aside, and Lady Georgina, begging "to be named" to Miss Ridley, declared herself exceedingly desirous of making her acquaintance.

It was immediately after this ceremony had been performed that the poet entered, upon which Lady Georgina, who had actually abandoned all the comforts of cushions, footstool, and screen, for the purpose of placing herself near the friend to whom she was determined to devote herself for the next two months, rose from the chair she had just taken, and, looking from it to the face of Mortimer, and from the face of Mortimer to it, with an expression equally elegant and intelligible, returned to her former position, conscious that she bore with her the gratitude of two devoted hearts.

This was a species of *offrande* by no means new to Mr. Mortimer. Neither his devoted attachments nor his desolating disappointments were ever kept secret from that elegant portion of society to which he belonged, and there was scarcely a pretty married woman, who made one of it, who did not eagerly seize upon every occasion of showing her gentle sympathy; so he dropped into the vacant chair with one rapid glance of acknowledgment to the charming friend who had resigned it, and prepared to give himself up again, wholly and solely, to the gentle converse of his new divinity.

But although this avowed preparation for love-making was not new to him, it was to Miss Ridley, and not all her inclination to listen to him for ever could make it agreeable to her. "As soon," thought she, "would I perform the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* with him, before a select and judicious audience, as endure this! Oh! what would he think of me if I could!" Nevertheless, it required some little consideration in order to decide upon the best and fittest mode of avoiding it. She could not fly from his side at the very moment he was speaking to her, and that with no ostensible object whatever for the movement; such marked avoidance would be as *scenic*

and as objectionable as remaining. No! she must "bide the time," and watch for an opportunity.

It was not, however, very easy to find it; for when it was Mr. Mortimer's will to talk, his words flowed on with the delicious harmony of a gentle rippling stream, as sweet, and as incessant too.

Lady Dort had placed herself beside Lady Georgina, and their two heads, whisperingly close together, showed no hope of her being able civilly to introduce her own between them, and, ere she had achieved the movement she meditated, the door again opened, and the other three gentlemen entered together.

By a habit too inveterate for the most genial spring weather to alter as long as an atom of fire is permitted to glimmer on an English hearth, they all walked up to the hearth-rug, and awaited there the arrival of the steaming vase, whose fragrant exhalations had already greeted them as they ascended the stairs.

While thus standing, the group formed by Miss Ridley, Mr. Mortimer, and the young lady's nosegay, was precisely in front of them all, and certainly was not overlooked by either. The six eyes thus fixed upon her were more than Constance could bear, and, suddenly rising, as if to set her own coffee-cup upon the table, she remained stationary beside it long enough to select from its multitudinous treasures a volume which seemed to promise wherewithal to give her the comfort of an occupation better suited to the place and time than listening to Mr. Mortimer's interpretation of the flowers of which her bouquet was composed.

Constance had asked herself what Mortimer would think of her should she continue to sit beside him, as if expressly to receive his homage before the eyes of all beholders. Had she made this inquiry of one capable of giving her a true answer, she would have been told, that in no way could she have more effectually riveted the poet's chains, than by making him feel that when he was near her she was unconscious of all else the world contained; for nothing could be much less similar than this gentleman's estimate of young ladies during the periods when his loves were crescent, and that which followed when they were waning.

But had the same question been asked and answered concerning the judgment of Mr. Fitzosborne on the same subject, she would have learned that nothing could be in nicer harmony than his opinions and her own. Never, either in his native land or out of it, had Fitzosborne seen a woman whom he thought comparable in attractive loveliness to Constance Ridley; and though it was already very acutely painful to him to witness the unreserved devotion of the ever-privileged Mortimer to her, his incipient, and, as yet, almost unconscious attachment, was in no degree shaken thereby; for he felt it natural that every man of taste should admire her; nor could he feel at all surprised that the chartered laureat of beauty, the acknowledged adorer of the fairest faces which each successive season produced, should not suffer hers to pass without its meed of worship.

He saw, too, that the fair divinity was neither unconscious of, nor averse to, the offering; and that this, too, gave him pain, was very certain. Nevertheless, he had a deep conviction at his heart, that no

pain from this source could be permanent. His tranquil but deeply-observing eye had gone too far beyond the dazzling surface of Mortimer's character to leave him in any doubt as to its genuine value; and he knew that the love of a woman who could long persist in fancying she loved Mortimer could be of little worth to him. He clearly saw that Constance was struck and dazzled both by the talents and the reputation of his rival, but he had a strong conviction that this would pass away, and that Constance would discover, before her peace of mind was in any real danger,

"It were all one  
That she should love some bright particular star,  
And think to wed it,"—*he was so much below her.*

People are apt, as Lady Dort said of her slender waist, to think of what they themselves possess; and so it was, perhaps, with Mr. Fitzosborne. He saw in Constance somewhat of the healthful, vigorous judgment that he felt within himself, and to this he trusted. Had she, however, while the trial was going on, given any indication of being capable of enduring the sort of public display to which Mr. Mortimer seemed inclined to expose her, the case would have been widely different, and all his interest in her brought to a conclusion, by his confessing to himself that he had been mistaken in her.

As she rose from her place in the manner that has been described, the philosophic observer turned towards the fire to hide a smile. "No! I have not mistaken her!" thought he, "and should I ever find that I have, I will never more trust to my reading of a woman's face."

Having secured an occupation, Constance wanted to seat herself near the two ladies, now no longer occupied in a *tête-à-tête*, as Mr. Bradley had placed himself astride upon a chair behind the sofa, so as to bring his head very conveniently between theirs, and exactly on a level with both.

"What have you there, Miss Ridley?" demanded Lady Georgina.

"Oh! that dear book of noble children! Does not Nature show herself to be most decidedly an aristocrat there? Such admirable likenesses!—and oh! so heavenly lovely!"

Lady Dort seized upon the theme skilfully enough, setting Lord Willoughby, and Fitzosborne, and Mortimer all upon it; and many clever things were said, all of which were saucily travestied by Bradley, and laughter succeeded to philosophy, till recalled again by the plaintive sensibility of Lady Georgina, or the sublime enthusiasm of Lady Dort.

And then a movement was made towards a distant table, for the purpose of examining some precious new acquisition obtained from some unknown region, or from some new-born science; and again the conversation sparkled brightly, and Constance listened with delight. While the party were yet standing, some object on the table particularly attracting the attention of the novice, she bent her person slightly and very gracefully forward to examine it.

"So stands the statue that enchants the world!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, suddenly drawing a small sketch-book with its pencil from his pocket.



"Stand still for one moment, I entreat you, Miss Ridley," he added, hastily turning over the pages of the book till he found a blank one. "That attitude is exquisite!—for pity's sake let me take it."

"Oh, *do*!" exclaimed Mortimer. "For heaven's sake move not!"

"Delightful!" cried Lady Dort.

"Enchanting!" said Lady Georgina.

"She will not," murmured Fitzosborne inaudibly.

Constance smiled slightly, and changed her attitude, but so quietly as hardly to indicate a refusal, and then taking up some object from the table, addressed a few words of observation upon it to Lady Georgina.

"Barbarous girl!" ejaculated Lady Dort. "How can you annihilate hope with that tranquil aspect, as if you knew not that our wishes lay palpitating at your feet?—Cruel Constance!"

"I thought that you were only jesting," replied Constance, replacing the little bronze she had been examining.

"Jesting, my charming Constance!—when did mortals ever prefer a more earnest prayer? Replace yourself, I implore you. Bradley! one touch from your masterly finger upon that fair form will suffice to restore it to the attitude so worthy of becoming immortal.—For my sake, sweet love, you must indeed!"

"O no!" said Constance, shrinking exactly enough to avoid the painter's extended hand, and smiling in return for Lady Dort's rhapsody with an air of perfect good-humour; "you must be jesting—I cannot have my picture taken;" and then quietly resuming her seat near the fire, she let the subject drop "for lack of argument."

Mr. Bradley was angry, Mr. Mortimer disappointed, and Lady Georgina vowed it was a sin.

Mr. Fitzosborne said nothing, but that hour was one of no light importance to him.

## HOPE, THE UNDYING.

(Addressed to a desponding Friend, whose views of the Future were clouded by a gloomy Present.)

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

HOPE will not die, but in some fashion new  
Springs in our path, and shakes its healthful dew  
Upon the spirit's season-faded leaves,  
What time the world about us thickly weaves,  
The darkest meshes of its dismal web!  
Hope will not die, though crushed till e'en the ebb  
Of very life upon us seems to creep,  
Hushing all sorrow to a senseless sleep;  
As piercing sleets and snows on some lone way  
Drowse up the faculties of men, that stray

Bewildered in the Winter's night, and knit  
In endless slumber up the cares that sit  
Heavily on the breast ! Hope will not die,  
Nor Reason quell the luminous lights that fly  
Around her track, when, to beguile us, she  
Whispers of verdure to the blighted tree,  
Of youth and vigour to the ails of age—  
Of primrose paths throughout life's pilgrimage—  
Of softnesses and gladnesses still,  
For such as long have known no change save ill,  
Whose many changes are unchanging, each  
Differing from each, yet speaking the same speech  
Of dissonant complaint ! Then, let us woo  
Hope, as the only key which can undo  
The desperate doors that shut up in the mind  
Thoughts that would wean us from our Adam-kind.

Let, then, no more upon thy spirit sit  
A cloud, to cumber and o'ershadow it  
With dark forebodings ; mayst thou sweetly see  
In Hope a lawful guest, whose visits we  
Should take unto our breasts, as mothers do  
Their first-borns, welcomed, wept o'er, smiled o'er too !  
Oh ! mind not those who tell thee all is sin  
That doth not public adulation win.  
Crime is not crime because men call it so,  
Nor acts condemned above, because below  
The ban of prejudice is on them poured !  
Too long the crowd have followed and adored  
The god, OPINION, voicing, as it stands,  
A creed of error, cutting off men's hands,  
And maiming limbs—if limbs and hands deny  
Subservient homage to its bigotry !

“ Sorrow (they say) is born of Sin ! ”—Not so !  
Sin brings, but is not always sire of, Woe !  
It is not crime that makes *all* spirits sad,  
But bodily corruption : and the mad  
(That long have raved, cooped in a dungeon dark,  
Afar from kindly men and song of lark,)   
Are not less free from guilt in wildest mood,  
Than many a wretch within whose sickly blood  
Disease hath mingled poison,—making all  
Earth's choicest pleasures taste of rue and gall.  
There is no sin in many a pleasant thing  
On which the tyrant Custom spits—while bring  
Deluded hypocrites and bigots fierce  
Their branding implements to sear and pierce  
The fame of such as—following Nature's laws—  
Heed not the fallacies of any cause  
That is not Truth's and Love's ! O, still to me  
Have both been dear ! And man's desires should be  
Controll'd, not crushed ; directed, not subdued ;  
Nor hating evil, though still loving good.  
Hate dwells not with the angels ; pity throws  
Its alms where'er the plant of sorrow grows !



*Hope, the Undying.*

But love is only found in breasts that woo  
 The natural, the beautiful, the true ;  
 Nor aught unbeautiful, nor aught untrue,  
 Is there in much the loud-voiced wrangling crew  
 Would stigmatize as such !

For me there is  
 A rapturous innocence in every kiss  
 The summer wind at midnight gives the flower,  
 The wintry wave at morning gives the shore,  
 In every tender impulse, which the soul  
 Feels, and would war against, if we the dole  
 Of prejudice receive ! O ! think not ill,  
 Where no ill is, in hearts that show how thrill  
 Their fervencies of love,—their craving needs  
 Of flowers to cherish—it may be, of weeds !—  
 O think no ill of such ! no ill can be  
 In tender feelings ; bend not thou the knee  
 At blind Opinion's shrine ; at best 'tis built  
 Of ice, at which libations rich are spilt  
 Of the heart's heat ! Sinless, be sure, is all  
 That prompts the willing tongue to musical  
 And truthful utterance of love,—or bids  
 The glowing heart shine through the joyous lids !  
 Sinless is love—as sinless as we deem  
 That deepest mystery—an infant's dream !

Then cherish Hope, which will not be cast down  
 By circumstance, or fortune, or the frown  
 Of fell disease, save for a fleeting space,  
 But through the darkness shows its smiling face ;—  
 A star at midnight—breeze in heat of day,  
 When fervid summer drives the blood to play  
 At fever i' the veins ;—warmth in the cold  
 Of frosty nights ;—rich ore of sunny gold  
 In the hard iron rock ;—rose in the waste,  
 And gushing fount in arid desert placed ;—  
 A young child, fresh from God, and smiling sweet,—  
 Like angel robbed of wings, yet faint of feet  
 From touching earth.—So Hope amidst us comes,  
 Deceiving oft, yet lending to life's glooms  
 A sunshine and repose, that hold us back  
 From whirlpool-deaths that lurk within the track  
 Where Suicide, with many a subtle lure,  
 Bids Care pursue, if Care would find a cure !  
 Heed not such temptings, dearest friend ; be thou  
 Bold in thy love of duty—and thy brow  
 Bear honestly, and with a humble pride,  
 Amid the mouthing fools that would deride  
 All fealty to truth ! Take Hope to be  
 Not thy sole staff, but thy companion free !

*London, 1841.*

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## THE PRIZE MASTER.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

THE powerful and very graceful frigate, the *Belinda*, was lying-to about sixty miles to the eastward of the southernmost of the Bahama Islands. She had neither handed her topgallant sails, hauled up her foresail, or brailed her spanker. It was evident that she was kept ready for a fresh start. Though her maintopsail was lying to the mast, she continued to forge rapidly ahead. There was a staggering topgallant breeze, with very apparent indications of a fresh hand at the bellows, as Jack says, in the shifting of a quid.

The cause of this ill-brooked delay in the noble ship's course was seen pitching its lubberly-looking nose up and down against the bobbing sea, about a quarter of a mile to leeward. If called anything of the shipshape class, it might be named a topsail schooner, although for rig and build it seemed a very mockery of a sea-going vessel. It was a Yankee prize to the *Belinda*. An apology for the American ensign still streamed out at the gaff end, half its stars obliterated by age and filth—take care, uncle Jonathan, both of age and dirt, or your stars, like those on a worn flag, will go out one after the other, and nothing but stripes be left to you. The stripes of this ensign, however, were nearly as faint as the stars upon it, but, as an indemnity for this, the fly of it was frayed out into a few whips of unequal length. It was a sad symbol of America in its decadence, should any one be so ungenerous as to imagine her in the imbecility and decrepitude of dotage.

This flag was indeed so shabby a concern, that the officer who had boarded and taken possession of the vessel would not permit the English union jack, which he had brought with him in the boat, to be placed near such a filthy rag, even though above it. Therefore, one of the cutter's crew, a sort of a droll in his way, had, without orders, toggled a swab on to the halyards, and there it continued jeeringly over the American colours, now streaming out audaciously with the sharp breeze, now dropping its tails, and whipping the miserable piece of bunting beneath it.

We will shortly describe this nondescript of a vessel. "That is a bull," exclaims the sagacious critic. Upon that point we will join issue when we have time, and until then content ourselves by asserting that it is nothing more than a very elegant figure of speech known by the imposing title of "catachresis." Then this nondescript may be described as being very broad across the beam, heavily and strongly built, and of burthen about three hundred tons. Her bows were as bluff as those of an alderman should be, who has fairly eaten his way up to his civic dignity. Her masts were low and stout; her foretopsail very large, whilst her fore and aft foresail was scanty to a

ridiculous degree. Her standing rigging was, out of all proportion, thick and whitened by time and exposure to the weather.

She was deep-waisted and low in the water. Her principal peculiarity being a high and most capacious poop, over which swept the boom of her mainsail within four or five inches of her deck. She was steered by a tiller, and the man at the helm was let into a sort of box, which box was itself let into the deck, but still, whenever the boom gided, the head and shoulders of the poor steersman were in great jeopardy.

The whole affair was of a most primitive description, a bundle of expedients, some of them clever, more of them awkward. The sails were old, and might be compared to Joseph's coat badly imitated, their colours being manifold, and much more distinguished for their variety than their brilliancy.

The cargo of this lovely craft consisted of fine American barrelled flour in the hold, and cask-staves and shingle boards on deck, the latter of which was piled so high that the lower reef of the foresail was obliged to be taken in.

With her high poop, and her cumbrous stowage upon deck, this vessel could not be supposed to be a very weatherly craft; and yet, when arrested in her course, she had everything braced sharp up on the larboard tack, making the best of her way to the eastward, across the trade winds.

At this particular time we were attempting to wrest from imperial France the few remaining West India colonies that yet belonged to her; and the city and harbour of St. Domingo, in the island of Hayti, were rigidly blockaded by a squadron of our frigates, and by General Carmichael and a white and black army on shore, and the place was daily expected to surrender. In addition to this, our relations with America were in the most unsatisfactory state, and it was believed at Jamaica that war had already been declared between her and England, though official information of the fact was still wanting.

We speak from personal experience. At that crisis the Yankees hated the English with an intensity more than barbarian, and if the English did not fully reciprocate this feeling, it was merely because their aversion was a little tempered by the most withering contempt. It was revolting to humanity to see two of the most gallant nations on the earth mutually so much in the wrong.

It was to this sentiment of detestation that we must attribute the strange conduct of those on board the Yankee schooner. Of course the English frigate, the *Belinda*, came up with her as a royal mail would a donkey-cart, and shot after shot was fired at her, now just before her bows, now through her rotten sails; one ball even went and made a glorious clattering among her staves and shingles, but she would neither heave-to nor shorten sail—no, not a single tack or sheet would she start. The few people she carried went below, and nothing living was descried on board of her from the deck of the *Belinda*, but the black woolly head of a negro let into the steering-box which we have before described, now and then poked up, and showing its capacious rows of white teeth, and a gaunt, bony, lean black pig, that raced wildly fore-and-aft the vessel as the shot whistled over her.

The sudden apparition and disappearance of the black head was an inscrutable wonder to those on board the frigate, as it seemed to them to pop up miraculously through the deck, now here and now there.

Now, the captain of the *Belinda*, Sir Francis Fortescue, was a proud and an austere man, and, at first, he had determined to sink the contumacious chase, and thus have done with her; but nothing living appearing on board of her but a sort of a magical head without a body hopping about the deck of the poop, he was curious to have the mystery solved. Old Christopher Crosstrees, the quartermaster on duty, gave another reason for the captain's sudden impulse of humanity. Criss had eyed the racing pig intently and hungrily for some time, (the ship's company had been a whole week six upon four,) and he delivered it as his opinion, oracularly, to the not unwilling ears of a lazy midshipman, that Sir Francis longed for a leg of fresh roast pork for dinner.

We cannot settle this nice point as to motives. The fact will serve our purpose better. The captain ordered the gunner, who was doing the hostile with one of the main-deck guns, to cease firing, and to house it, a half dozen pistols to be handed into the cutter, the cutter's crew to gird on their cutlasses, and then the sails of the frigate to be filled. Having forereached sufficiently on the *Yankee*, the cutter was lowered and sent with her crew and the third lieutenant to take possession of the chase, and bring her master and her supercargo, if she carried the latter, on board the *Belinda*.

Things are done quickly in the navy. Though the lumbering schooner still continued her course unchecked, the cutter was soon alongside of her, and the active young lieutenant, followed by four of the men, was seen springing over the low bulwark. The gallant young officer did not, however, take possession of the prize either peaceably, pleasantly, or very triumphantly. As he sprang upon the greasy deck, the racing anatomy of the black pig, which looked like two flitches of bacon built together, rushed between his legs and flung him down with so much violence that his sword entangling itself with his shins bruised them severely, and snapped itself in two in its pliant leathern sheath.

Of course the brave officer was considerably picked up by his boat's crew, who, with respect on one side of their mouths, and a merry grin upon the other, anxiously inquired if he was hurt. The dodging black head on the deck became at last stationary; its merry ebony jaws opened, and a laugh, a little louder than the bray of a jackass, grated on the ears of the mortified lieutenant.

"Handspike that ghost of a pig!" shouted Mr. Mildmay; "haul the headsheets to windward, and back the foretopsail. I verily believe my shins are scraped as bare as a beef-bone in a mess of ten with about enough for four. Back the foretopsail, I say."

"I says ye sha'n't; and I says tarnation seize your imperance, swaggering infarnal Britishers."

"Knock that rascal down before the pig," said the incensed lieutenant. This amiable preference was meant for a fierce-looking, red-faced young man of about thirty years of age, his features adumbrated by a straw hat with an immensity of brim. He was otherwise dressed

in a light monkey-jacket, clean striped red and white trousers, a very white shirt open at the collar, no stockings, but particularly neat and jaunty shoes set off his feet. He made his sudden and angry appearance from the door that opened from the deck into the lofty cabin beneath the poop.

"Come, come, British stranger, I guess you'll just walk out of my schooner—it's a trespass, I tell ye—and sink me but I'll go for damages in one of your own courts of laar—stigger me!"

"Insolent scoundrel! here, Williamson, pinion the blackguard's arms behind him, and if he says another word, gag him with a marling spike, or fill his rotten jaws with oakum."

To this order of Mr. Mildmay there was rendered man of war's obedience, that is to say, it was fully obeyed before it was well pronounced, and the surprised Yankee felt his two elbows jammed tightly together behind his back, and with one strong hand at the rear of his trousers, and another at the collar of his jacket, he was off his legs in a moment, and thus found himself *in transitu* over the side of his own vessel into the man-of-war's boat. Bawling "murder!" and "thieves!" he held on tightly to the top of the bulwark, when the ejection was suddenly suspended by a venerable man of the age of sixty, at least, emerging from the cabin.

We must be a little particular in the delineation of this character, as we suppose that his race must now be extinct, or nearly so, in the go-ahead United States. He wore a black beaver hat, the globular crown of which fitted closely to his skull, although in breadth of brim it fully equalled the hat of the younger American. Silvery and flowing locks hung profusely about his shoulders, and the whole of the sockets of his eyes were covered with the huge circular glasses of a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles. We imagine that these aids for the sight were a pair of veritable barnacles. His features were rounded, full and mild, and principally characterized by a funny solemnity, as if the man himself enjoyed his own gravity as an excellent joke. His collarless coat was cut quaker-wise, of a deep brown and coarse cloth, and decorated with immense white metal buttons. His flapped waistcoat of the same materials nearly reached his knees, and his continuations were fastened above his well-shaped calves with huge silver buckles. White cotton stockings of an unexceptionable purity were terminated by large high-heeled shoes adorned also with silver buckles. We must add to this a white linen cravat, with the two ends of the tie hanging down nearly to his waist, and the man stands before you.

So respectable, indeed, so imposing was the whole figure, that the haughty young English lieutenant, as the old man stepped forth upon the deck, involuntarily lifted his hat to him. This courtesy he of the large hat did not return.

"A quaker, I presume?" said Mr. Mildmay.

"No, I baint. I am a Mister-Snuggleonian. I never deny my faith."

Then turning to the young American, who was grinding through his teeth all manner of contorted curses, he said authoritatively, "Son Zachariah Simpkins, blaspheme not."

"What schooner is this?" said the lieutenant, taking out his tablets to note down the answer.

"Mine," was the concise reply. "And as it is mine, I charge you, Mr. Stranger Englisher, to quit my premises, or I'll make it a Congress affair in an eternity less than no time."

"Come, no nonsense, sir; I respect your age, and there is something in your appearance that makes it very unpleasant to me to imagine I should be compelled to use personal force. Let us at least be civil to each other."

"As civil as you please, islander. Take Zachariah into the treaty."

"With all my heart, if he will hold his tongue, or even leave off his abuse."

"Be quiet, Zachariah, or I'll larrup ye," said the old man. His son was as mute as a fish. At a motion from the lieutenant, the youth was released from the vice-like grasp of the English seamen, and he then came and placed himself before the young officer, looking rattlesnakes.

"Where do you come from?"

"No business of yours, Mr. Officer."

"Where bound to?"

"Can't rightly say; that's my business."

"Well, we will make short work of it. It seems that you are determined to give me no satisfactory answers, so you and your son must get your papers and come on board the frigate. We will then see what Sir Francis Fortescue says to this contumacy. You are a good prize, no doubt."

"A prize!—yes," said the old man, waxing warm, "if you are a pirate—not else. Papers! I tell ye, Mr. Youngster, I have got none; and aboard of your frigate I won't go, unless by force; and if by force, I'll make a state affair of it. Why, here am I peaceably following my lawful avocations on my own waters, and I have just as much right to send for your captain and first officer, and for his papers, as your captain has to send for me and my son. If that bain't logic, there's no snakes in Virginia."

"Well, sir," said the officer, "you'll step into the boat alongside, and go and chop your logic with the captain."

"Not unless you use force, and under protest. This is as good as a declaration of war, I calculate. Use force, I beseech you!"

"With all possible pleasure, sir," said Mr. Mildmay, taking him gently by the arm, and handing him to the coxswain of the cutter alongside. "Here, Watkins, place this old gentleman nicely in the stern-sheets, and make him comfortable. You may wrap my boat-cloak about him." So he was handed into the boat as tenderly as if he had been a young lady, all the time making protest against the violence in every inapplicable legal term that he could remember, very civilly requesting the names of the boat's crew, as he intended to have them up before Congress as witnesses.

It was highly amusing to remark with what grave impudence each of the blue jackets handed in a purser's name as long as the maintop bowling, all of which the old Yankee repeated several times to himself in order to fix them in his memory.



"Now, sirrah!" said the lieutenant to Zachariah, who was showing fight by his looks, and spreading over his red countenance a mixture of toadstools and cayenne, "get into the boat with the old gentleman."

His father being now not near him, he was beginning to open the port-holes of his abuse-battery. "Varmint slave of a tyrant, use force, I say."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Mildmay, cutting the dialogue very short by twisting the Yankee round, and giving him a tremendous kick in the rear. He reeled over to leeward, and was there bundled into the boat neck and heels. But he had pluck in him, and was soon seen on his legs on one of the thwarts, apostrophizing the miserable stars and stripes that still hung at the peak of his schooner, and in their name he then and there solemnly declared war, on the part of the United States, against George the Third, King of Great Britain, and the univarsal tyrant and enslaver of the free seas.

Mr. Mildmay ordered the coxswain and three men to pull on board the frigate with the prisoners, and to tell the captain that he, Mildmay, and the rest of the boat's crew, would stay on board the schooner, and subject her to a strict search.

In that which we are going to relate, we assure our friends that there is not the least exaggeration. Thirty—alas! we fear we must say forty years ago, notwithstanding it unveils too much of the secret of our age—we have met with scores of vessels similar to that which, in its internal arrangements, we are going to describe. They were the greatest puzzles in the world to the English cruisers. They knew not what to do with them. They never carried either manifest, charter, clearance, or any papers whatever, and yet they performed voyages of more than a thousand miles, and were always contravening some of England's navigation laws.

At times they would carry a whole family, and the women and children on board of them would more than triple the number of the crew. They always called themselves coasting vessels, and their modesty only claimed the whole of the western hemisphere as embraced in their right of sailing without charter-parties, bills of lading, or, in fact, with any other document.

The spacious cabin beneath the poop Mr. Mildmay found to be fitted up exactly like the kitchen of a farm-house. A large brick-built fire-place, with seats at each corner, was the first thing that astonished him. There were hams smoking near it, and shelves all about it well supplied with cheeses. But the climax of his wonder was, in seeing clothes-lines across the cabin, and two or three things, applicable only to children of a tender age, still hanging to dry. Why the fire of the cabin was preferred to the sun and wind on deck, the lieutenant was at a loss to surmise, unless it were for the convenience of suddenly snatching up the aforesaid little necessities for infancy. From this he concluded that there must be children, perhaps women, somewhere concealed on board.

The following were the results of the closest investigation:—two young negroes appeared to be all the crew; the live stock consisted only of the wild and not-to-be-approached black pig; the vessel was

laden with the finest American flour in the fore, and all manner of dry provisions in the after-hold. No papers of any description could be discovered. Neither were there any nautical almanac or ephemeris, or any nautical books whatever—no charts, no log-book, log-board, or log-line; the only thing visible at all appertaining to navigation was a huge, uncouth quadrant, much more like the old sun-staff, or the ancient astrolabe, than the modern instruments used for taking the altitude of the heavenly bodies.

On one side of the fire-place hung a silver watch, nearly as large as an iron ninepound shot, and on the other a tin skimmer, remarkably bright, and which spoke volumes for the good housewifery of some person unknown.

By the time that the cutter had returned, Mr. Mildmay had taken notes, and made an inventory of everything that he had observed. He then stepped into the boat, and, leaving two men in charge of the schooner, he repaired on board of his own ship in order to make his report.

It was the two men left in temporary charge of the prize who had hoisted the swab over the American ensign.

The scene on board the quarter-deck of the *Belinda* was now a very curious one. The admiral on the Jamaica station was all but confident that war had been already declared between England and America, and the *Belinda*, being the finest frigate in the West Indies, was sent forth to meet some of the immense ships, miscalled frigates also, who were eager to pounce upon John Bull. Three sickly seasons had played havoc with the English frigate's crew. Short as she was of her very short complement, very many even of those were debilitated. And how much depended upon the first encounter! What was Sir Francis Fortescue to do with his Yankee prize? Really he did not know.

The stern propriety and grim grandeur of the *Belinda's* warlike quarter-deck had considerably subdued the tone and the manner both of father and son. They were still independent, and loud against the injustice of their detention. They would give no information, and stoutly maintained that they had as much right to be where they were found as the frigate herself. Old Obadiah Simpkins maintained, firstly, that he was coasting in his own waters, and when shown the spot by observed latitude and longitude on the chart, he said, without conceding the point, that, at least, he was rightfully on the grand thoroughfare open to all nations.

When the English captain insisted on the right of search, Obadiah laughed at him on his own quarter-deck, and claimed it too, and very pompously proposed taking Sir Francis and his first lieutenant on board his own craft, as he could examine their papers in his own cabin much more pleasantly and conveniently.

"I am particularly considerable sure, Mister Sir Baronet, that what's good law for the Britisher is good law for the freeborn native of the glorious Union; so, if you lend me your boat, and tumble into it with your right hand man and the dockyments, I'll feel obleeged transcendently by that same."

To this speech of the old gentleman with the ample spectacles Sir



Francis muttered something about putting him in irons, to which threat the Yankee only smiled grimly, and said, that if he dared to do so, "Our president would whip the total earth from under the feet of King George in an unreckonable marvellous short minimum of time."

But when Mr. Mildmay came on board and made his report, Sir Francis did not hesitate to pronounce the schooner a good and lawful prize. The lieutenant had gathered from one of the negroes that the vessel's name was the "Ark of Bethel," that she had no papers on board, and, in fact, never carried any; that she came from a small fishing village south of Baltimore, and that she had started neither tack nor sheet since she commenced her voyage; that she never did so in those sort of runs, and that the vessel was so trimmed to sail on a wind, that the helm was seldom touched. The black added, that they generally fetched one of the weathermost West India islands, and then ran down them all, disposing of the cargo in the unfrequented parts, either French or English, without regard to the law of blockade, and, indeed, always doing a great deal of contraband business with the natives of either nation.

When Sir Francis had heard all this, and learned the nature of the cargo of the Ark of Bethel, he had not the least doubt that she intended to break the blockade either of the principal ports of Martinique or Guadaloupe, or, failing to fetch these, to relieve the famished garrison and inhabitants of St. Domingo, which were now known to be reduced to extremity.

Had Obadiah or his fiery son succeeded in either of these speculations, at the least two hundred per cent. upon the value of the cargo would have been their reward. The bitterness of their animosity against England may well be understood.

"Well, sir," said the captain of the frigate, turning sharply upon his ancient prisoner, "you see that we know enough to condemn your vessel as lawful prize in any admiralty court in the civilized world. In the first place, you are found on the high seas without any papers whatever, consequently you come under the designation of a pirate."

"A pirate!" said the old man, flashing with indignation. "You and me, Mr. Islander, had better change names. I am going quietly on my own natural waters, on a christian mission of charity, unarmed and in peace, to feed the hungry with good things, to save dear mothers and little innocent piccaninies, not a foot long, from having their entrails wasted to death by famine; you meet me, with swords and great cannon, and other huge instruments of war, and by violence baulk my humane purpose, and rob me and mine of the fruits of my toil of a long life;—who now is the pirate?—speak, man of rapine!"

"Ay, speak to that ere splendiferous gab of father's. I swamp and swear"—thus commenced the outbreak of Zachariah.

"Gag that Yankee hound with a monkey's tail if he dares again open his pestilent lips," said the captain. "Come, to end all this insolence, know that you are a prize in twenty shapes. But what to do with you I hardly can tell. I think that I had better sink you at once, and thus cut the matter short."

But this announcement gave such a sudden pang to both the prison-

ers, that their countenances changed to a deathly hue, and each of them started from their feet;—the anguish of both was uncontrollable.

“Spare the stout old craft,” said the elder, “it has long been my dwelling-place and my home.”

“No, no, captain,” said the now much-humbled Zachariah, “you never can be so cantankerous cruel as all that. Why, bless your honour,” (it was the first time in his life that he had used the term,) “I was born, and papped, and lapped in she.”

Sir Francis and his officers retired to the after part of the quarter-deck to consult upon this dilemma. In the first place, in the critical situation of the *Belinda* as regarded the strength of her crew, it was held that they could not afford so much as a couple of hands and an officer to take the prize into the nearest English port. Every officer, even to the youngest midshipman, dreaded to be appointed her prize-master, as they were all eager, or pretended to be so, not to be absent from the *Belinda* at the expected encounter with one of the crack American frigates.

During this discussion, the first lieutenant cast his eyes from time to time on old Christopher Crosstrees, who was standing at his station on the hammock-nettings, acting inattention, yet remarking and treasuring up every word of the conference. The sly quarter-master, when he found himself the object of the officer’s scrutiny, commenced with his technical admonitions to the man at the helm, being all very judicious and very needless, as the ship was lying to.

“Sir Francis,” said the first luff, most anxious neither to lose his share of the prize, nor a single man who had strength enough to bouse on the gun-tackles, “there is *old* Christopher Crosstree there—”

“Not three-and-fifty yet,” muttered the quarter-master; then, in his loudest tones, “Give her a couple of spokes to leeward, bo; you let her fall off too much.”

“A good seaman, but, as he says to the man at the wheel, falls off too much,” continued the lieutenant, “and he is quite weak in his left arm. They say that he has had a good education—”

“You may say that, old flinty face,” (in an under tone)—“very well, dice, dice,”\* (aloud.) These were the interlocutions of the quarter-man.

“And I have no doubt can keep a ship’s reckoning better than one at a public-house. Indeed, if he were not the damnedst impertinent old scoundrel when a little breezy, I must say this for him, not a better fellow, or a more trustworthy seaman, ever stepped from stem to stern than old Crosstrees. It is a pity that he will be getting a cloth or so in the wind whenever he can come within hail of the grog-bottle.”

“Give her weather helm,” said the old boy; “the leach of the fore-topsail is all of a shiver.” He then looked down like a penitent jade who had just been condemned for two months’ hard labour in the house of correction.

“Now, Sir Francis, I would propose this:—put him on board as prize-master, taking care first, by a sharp search, that there is nothing left on board the schooner with which he can possibly get drunk. Give him another hand, and that, with one of the negroes already on

\* The sea slang pronunciation of “thus.”

board of her, will be quite sufficient. Of course, Sir Francis, we will send the stiff old Yankee on board his craft again. There seems to be a good deal of hard work in him yet, and, when required, he could do good service at the tail end of a rope."

"Why, Mr. Chivers, the plan seems feasible enough. Crosstrees, his man, and the negro—for we will take care to let the black know that he shall have his freedom if he behave well—will surely be able to keep the vessel against the old preacher. So let it be, if upon examination we find that the quarter-master understands sufficient of navigation for the charge."

Not a single word of all this had escaped the wily old quarter-master; yet, when he was called to the knot of officers, he looked as unconscious as a lamb, as he seized one of the fore-locks of his iron-gray hairs in token of reverence to the presence in which he stood.

Christopher's answers were most satisfactory. He had the discretion not to appear too eager for the command, and yet he confessed that he resigned without reluctance his honourable chance of sharing in the glory of the anticipated action with the American frigate. The good sense, the somewhat superior language, and the nice tact of the ancient mariner, surprised Sir Francis Fortescue, and he became very desirous of knowing more of his history; so, when he was ordered to go down below and get his bag and hammock ready, the captain intimated this desire to the first lieutenant.

"Sir Francis," was the reply, "there is a great deal of mystery about that man. It is evident that he is not wanting in the advantages of a good education, and that he has moved in a higher rank than that in which he now appears. Drunkenness and insolence have been his ruin. It is, however, to his drunkenness that we owe the little information that we have of him. In his fits, he speaks of having high connexions, talks of his brother the baronet, of his having been an officer in the service, and having been broken for his intemperance. When sober, he is kindly hearted, though sullen and wayward in his manner, and is usually nicknamed by his messmates and shipmates Criscross. When intoxicated, nothing can exceed the swaggering of his insolence, and the vastness of his self-conceit."

"Well," said the captain, "I will see him alone, and form my own opinion. As to his predilection for the bottle, we will take care as to that. What is your opinion of his integrity?"

"True blue, to the heart's core."

Christopher Crosstrees soon reported himself ready. He was then ordered into the captain's cabin, where Sir Francis kindly, but most rigidly, inquired into his capabilities for his temporary command. He was surprised at the extent of his information; many a reefer had passed his examination for lieutenant who could not have answered the searching questions that were put to Crosstrees in seamanship, and navigation especially, with half the old man's sagacity.

"I had no idea that I had such a treasure on board," said the pleased commander. "I hardly know how to make up my mind to part with you. Christopher Crosstrees, you have seen better days."

"Assuredly, Sir Francis, and I trust to see see better still—that is, if—if—"

"If you can avoid the infirmity of much drink. Well, I'll do my best to reform you. Not a drop of anything intoxicating shall be left on board your command. This lengthened privation may break you off the detestable habit altogether."

"I am heartily—I am deeply grateful to you, Sir Francis," was the sincere and respectful reply.

The captain, well satisfied with the selection that he had made, proceeded to give Crosstrees his written order, and then his instructions in writing also. He was directed, when he got on board, to put the schooner on the starboard tack, and, keeping her full and by, to reach as far to the northward with the trade wind as he could, and then, when it failed him, and he had got into the variables, if his easting were good, to make at once for England. If he could not safely do this, to go for St John's, Newfoundland, or for Halifax.

"It is no use," continued the captain, "sending this Yankee to any of the admiralty courts in our islands. In the first place, everything is there done not to condemn these smuggling neutrals; and then, if we get them condemned, all the agents are Jews and rogues. Get to England as fast as you can, Crosstrees; and I trust that we shall be soon there after you, with a long wall-sided American frigate in tow."

"I hope your honour may, with all my heart and soul. If I might presume, Sir Francis, to offer my humble advice, and you should fall in with one of these seventy-fours, built frigate-wise to cheat old England of her glory, don't play with her at long bowls, but close with her, and board her at once. I know these Yankees well;—they don't like the look of an Englishman's eye when his blood's up. Clap Jonathan in the bush, behind a stone wall, or the stock of a tree, with a rifle in his hand, and who so brave as he! Or at the tail of his long two-and-thirty pounder, on his roomy maindeck, he ain't bad neither. Yet, after all, his courage is that of the wild cat—grip him by the throat, and he'll squeak small. I have found it, Sir Francis, and I humbly beg your pardon for my boldness, but I couldn't help it."

"Well," thought the captain, "Mr. Chivers is right as to the fellow's impudence. I won't be angry with him, however, and the advice of the old should not be despised."

Though Sir Francis thus remonstrated with himself, his manner unconsciously became more cold and haughty, for who likes to be counselled by one held to be an inferior? The first lieutenant was then sent for, and orders given to him that a strict search should be made for everything in the shape of liquid alcohol on board the prize, and if any were found, to be taken away. These orders were scrupulously obeyed, and sundry bottles of rum, and four casks of good hard cider, were consequently conveyed on board the frigate.

"And now," said the captain to Christopher, "you may choose any one man, not a petty officer, from the frigate, to form your ship's company."

"Why, please your honour, as I am to have the old gentleman and the stoutest of the negroes, and as a rig of that sort's easily managed,

if you'll give me Knockity Nick, the foolish lad, I'm content. The poor idiot loves me, and I can do what I like with him. And now I think of it, he would mope and die if I left him behind. Sir Francis, he is of no mortal use in the frigate without me."

"And Christopher is in the right," said Mr. Chivers, happy to exchange an active black for a moon-struck youth. "We are in the finest season of the year, and I have no doubt that Crosstrees will find his way to England, Halifax, or St. John's, without difficulty."

A quadrant, two or three charts, an old glass, and a John Hamilton More being supplied to the prize-master, and the happy innocent, Crosstrees' ship's company, placed with his bag and hammock in the boat alongside, nothing now remained to be done but to part the American father and son, who were by turns chafing with anger, and shivering with dread on the frigate's gangway.

Their dismay was unbounded when they heard the sentence of their separation. Both of them now, in the humblest tones, with anguish in their countenances, and with tears streaming down their faces, begged to be permitted to return to their home, their only home, their old-fashioned schooner. They tendered the most solemn oaths that they would not only be obedient to the authority of the prize-master, but assist him with all their powers in the navigation of the vessel, and do their best to aid him to bring her safely and speedily to an English port.

But, from prudential motives, Sir Francis Fortescue was inexorable. Then the old man, seeing that there was no hope of being permitted to return with his son on board the schooner, would have gone on his knees to the captain had he not been prevented, as he implored him, if they must be separated, that he, the father, might remain the prisoner in the hands of his enemies, and that his son might return *home*.

Though dreadfully affected, the son appeared to suffer this sacrifice of his father's liberty without opposition, or even remonstrance, and more than one of the English officers expressed aloud their disgust at the flinted-hearted young cub.

Lieutenant Mildmay, who had boarded and searched the Ark of Bethel, spoke with Sir Francis aside, and told him that he suspected there were children somewhere concealed on the vessel, from certain indications that he had observed in the cabin.

Sir Francis, a little moved at this family distress, thus addressed the Americans: "My friends, I pity your misfortune, but I must do my duty. There is every reason to suppose that hostilities have already commenced, and neither you are, nor I am, answerable for the miseries that war must inevitably entail upon the unoffending of both nations. I cannot afford to weaken my crew by sending on board the prize so many hands as would make it prudent to let both of you sail in a vessel that I know you believe to be rightfully your own, and of which you would possess yourself on the first opportunity that offered itself. The same argument holds good in a less degree against permitting this wild, active, young fellow to repair on board the schooner, instead of his weaker, more prudent, and more quiet father. But the prize-master shall himself decide the question.

Come hither, Crosstrees. You have heard all that has taken place. Now look this saucy American full in the face, and tell me what you think of him. Armed as you will be, and keeping him away from all arms, do you think you would be afraid of him?"

There was much of contempt in the old quarter-master's look, but the tone of his voice was quiet. He said, "I have no doubt but that he is a spirited young chap, and, for his own safety, not for mine, it would be as well to put him on his parole, for, he may depend upon it, that at the least sign of mutiny that he should show, I should pistol him with as little remorse as I would shoot a mad dog."

"Well, I will take his solemn pledge and word of honour, if his father will join in it, not to offer any molestation or impediment to the prize-master, and then suffer him to go on board, and where he likes afterwards, when he has been examined before the public authorities, so as to secure the condemnation of the vessel. Will you give me your solemn pledges?"

"Most heartily, most eagerly," exclaimed the father.

"Upon the honour of a true-blooded American," said the son.

"Well," said Sir Francis, "we'll merely have it drawn up in writing, and signed. Here, Mr. Scatterink," turning to his clerk, "just draw up the pledge in the strongest terms you can; and now," continued the captain, addressing Zachariah, "tell me frankly if there be any people concealed on board?"

Zachariah looked remarkably foolish, and the corners of his mouth quivered up and down between a smile and a cry.

"Ah, honoured captain," said the old American, "you have in that craft stronger hostages for Zacchy's good behaviour, than all the pledges and words of honour that were ever given."

"That's a lie, father—a true born American's word——"

"In a wife, and two of the beautifullest babbies."

"And yet you tell me you have searched this vessel thoroughly," said the captain reproachfully to Mr. Mildmay.

"Not the least in fault in the varsal world," said Obadiah Simpkins. "The stow-hole was built on purpose to deceive the prying Britishers."

"This will never do, Crosstrees—this will never do. There may be puncheons of rum and rivers of whisky hid in the same place," observed Sir Francis.

"I give you my solemn assurance, sir," said the father, "that every drop of strong drink has been brought on board here."

"Ay, is it so? then we must think of the lady. Tell my steward to put into the boat one dozen of port, one of sherry, and one of Lisbon, all of the best sort; and Crosstrees, you dog, do you mark? if ever it comes to my knowledge that you touch a drop of it, why, you will have deceived me like a base scoundrel." Then turning to Zachariah, "Give my compliments to your wife, sir, and beg her acceptance of this wine, and tell her, and you will tell her as true a thing as ever you uttered, that I am grieved to the very heart to be compelled to afflict her so much in the execution of my duty."

"You are a shear-steel gentleman to the back bone," said the



younger Yankee," and I am proud to come of the same stock—mightily !"

"A strange sail two points on the lee bow !" sang out the man from the maintopgallant mast head."

"What does she look like ?" hailed the captain.

"Looms very large, your honour."

"Where's the young gentleman of the watch ?"

"Here, Sir Francis."

"Sling your glass—away aloft—and do your best to make her out."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the midgy, scudding up the rattlins a great deal quicker than a London lamplighter shindies up his ladder.

"We have no time to lose—not an instant to lose," said Sir Francis impatiently. "Into the boat with you all. Let the old gentleman go and take leave of his daughter-in-law and grandchildren. We must find time for that. I'm a family man myself. You will return on board, sir, and bring with you your traps, and all that is necessary to your comfort. But, God bless you, be expeditious. Away with you !"

Crosstrees took possession of the schooner. The parting of the family with its venerable head was distressing ; but everything was hurried, for the cutter was hardly on board the schooner before the frigate hoisted a whiff for her return, and five minutes after the signal was enforced by a gun. The cutter returned with one of the negroes and Obadiah Simpkins : no sooner was she alongside than she was hoisted up to the quarter, the mainsail filled, and all possible sail made.

Hostilities *had* commenced with America.

The Belinda, with her gallant but incomplete and enfeebled crew, was hastening to her destiny. It was a sad one—one, though not of victory, yet not without glory.

Christopher Crosstrees is now fully installed in his command. He is a PRIZE-MASTER. We assure our readers that in all that we have related there is but little fiction. We have not only described the true thing, but the manner in which it was conducted. In a future paper we may detail in what fashion the old quarter-master commanded his prize, to what fate he led her, how he treated his strange crew and his prisoners, and finally we may give the biography of the idiot sailor lad.

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COME, DRINK TO THE KING OF THE LYRE.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, drink to the King of the Lyre,  
Come, bow to his magical sway,  
For his is the true attic fire,  
That can only with Nature's decay.  
He has won all the gems from the mine ;  
Earth and ocean have yielded their store,  
Till his brow is as bright as the shrine  
That the worshipping pilgrims adore.

When he comes in the pride of his song,  
To wake all the echoes of earth,  
He sweeps like a meteor along  
From the cloud of its mystical birth.  
O, *he* is the wizard to weave  
The spell of the magical tone :  
He speaks, and we hardly believe  
That he breathes the same tongue as our own.

In the web his bright fancy has spun,  
He has mingled the hues of the skies,  
And his metaphors glow like the sun,  
In the depth of their beautiful dyes :  
Like the strains of his own lovely isle,  
He mixes the sad with the gay ;  
He can rainbow our hearts with a smile,  
Or melt them in softness away.

Some with beautiful language delight,  
Some with pathos our feelings enthrall,  
Some with reason, or fancy more bright—  
But *he* has the gift of them all !  
Come, drink to the King of the Lyre,  
Come, bow to his magical sway,  
For his is the true attic fire,  
That can only with Nature's decay.

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## THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XX.

## LORD PLUNKETT.

LORD PLUNKETT remained long insensible to the importunities of his friends, who were anxious to see him in parliament. They knew the certainty of his success, but he either thought differently, or did not wish to hazard a reputation which was fully rewarded and appreciated in his own country. Curran called him the "Irish Gylippus," and was of opinion that in the British senate his eloquence and argumentative powers would distance all competition. Being at length prevailed on to try his fortunes in that perilous field, where it had long been supposed so sickly a plant as Irish oratory could take no root, he was returned for the University of Dublin in 1812, which he continued to represent while he was a member of the House of Commons. His fame had preceded him; but in proportion to the high opinions entertained of his powers was the danger he incurred. He was now on a strange theatre, where some of the most eminent men that Ireland produced had failed to command the "applause of listening senates," and he had the modesty to doubt the effect of his unrivalled powers on the fastidious taste of an audience whose boast is, that it is more swayed by reason than susceptibility, and that the orator who aspires to vanquish it must use the weapons of argumentative rather than of impassioned speaking. Irish eloquence was deemed little better than unthinking declamation, and of course unfitted for this high court of reason. Such Irishmen as had the power to force parliamentary admiration were curiously enough set down as no Irishmen at all, though the unequivocal genuineness of their racy brogue at once proved the land of their nativity; or, what is equally curious, and just as satisfactory to common sense, all their prodigious success was attributed to the extraordinary influences of an English atmosphere, which corrected all the grosser impurities, and brought out the bullion in its pure and shining state. These men were not "mere Irish," they passed under the more refined name of Anglo-Irish, and their splendid triumphs were ascribed to the high degree of polish they acquired from their connexion with English society, just as if a few years' residence could alter the constitution of the human mind, and substitute a new set of intellectual qualities for those derived from early training and education. Mr. Plunkett proved in himself the absolute unsoundness of this strange heresy. It could not be well said of him that his rough angles were rubbed off by constant intercourse with English society, and that he had cast aside the old slough to appear in a new and un-Irish form. He was a pure unmixed specimen of native power, fresh from the Liffey, unacquainted with the arts and artifices of statesmanship, and trusting for success solely to the influence of eloquence and argument. The result was not for a moment doubtful. His surpassing merits took the senate

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xxx. p. 383.

completely by surprise. They expected to hear from him much that was forcible, fanciful, and passionate—profusion of imagery and exaggeration of sentiment, but very little of the clear, sober, and practical. He astonished them by the thorough purity of his style, although he had learned in a school in which, to quote a critical canon prevalent with our neighbours, “all the fresh and rude virtues flourished which mark the transition from savage life to comparative refinement.” Mr. Plunkett soon convinced them that an Irish orator was somewhat in advance of a Chippewa chief, or of children who are ever mistaking finery for elegance, and flowers for fruit—that he could be, in fact, a man of business and practice, exhibiting sound and solid attainments. He threw on the adversaries of Irish eloquence the burthen of proving in what respects an English differed from an Irish speaker, and whether the style of the one country was not characterized by as much true and healthy thought, by as much chasteness of sentiment, and strength and propriety of expression, by as much weight of argumentation, and as much practical knowledge of the common affairs of life, as that of the most favoured orators on the other side of the Channel.

His first experiment in the British parliament was on Mr. Grattan's motion for Catholic relief, which placed his reputation as an orator among the most exalted of the age. Before his appearance, the merits of that important question had been comparatively unknown. It had often been discussed by energetic advocates on both sides, but it remained for him to place it in a moral, social, and political light, through which it had never before been contemplated. He paralyzed the House by his stupendous powers of logic and eloquence. “The fire of his magnificent mind,” said Grattan with noble enthusiasm, “was lighted by coals from ancient altars, in the delivery of that unrivalled speech.” It was from beginning to end a stream of the closest argument. It would be difficult to select any one passage for extraction, for its power consists more in the fine proportions and consummate unity of the whole than in separate bursts; but we take the following, which, as a specimen of unanswerable logic, is unequalled.

“The topic that toleration admits of one consideration, and political power of another, has little application to this case, even if it were true; for here it must be contended that rank and station and honour are not the proper appendages of wealth and knowledge and education, and of everything which constitutes moral and political strength. In every system of human policy the few must govern the many, but their legitimate government must arise from their superiority in wealth and knowledge; if, therefore, you exclude the wealthy and educated, you throw into the scale of the many the only weight which could have preserved the balance of the state itself. This is universally true; but when you reject the opulent and the educated on account of a condition which they have in common with the many, you add the attraction of politics and party to the operation of general and moral causes; and if the principle of exclusion be a religious one, you organize the principles of furious and interminable revolution. Put the policy of the separation of political rank from property and education in the extreme case of their total division, or in any intermediate degree, the conclusion is equally true, that the attempt to separate establishes a principle, not of government, but of the

dissolution of all government. So sensible of this truth were our ancestors, that when they saw, or thought they saw, a necessity for dishonouring the Roman Catholic, they adopted as a necessary consequence the policy of impoverishing and barbarizing him. That policy was consistent—the means had a diabolical fitness for the end. What have we done? We have trod back their steps, we have rescued the Catholics from the code which formed at once their servitude and our safety, and we fancy we can continue the exclusion from civil station which superinduced that code. Theirs was not a real or fancied necessity, but a consistent system; we pretend no necessity, we have voluntarily abdicated the means of safety, and we wilfully and uselessly continue the causes of danger. The time to have paused was before we heaved from those sons of earth the mountains which the wisdom or terrors of our ancestors had heaped upon them, but we have raised them up, and placed them erect; are we prepared to hurl them down and bury them again?"

The instances in the British senate are very rare where eloquence has triumphed over the prejudices of party, where the most powerful arguments have had the effect of gaining over a single vote. It has been truly remarked, that if Demosthenes were to speak in the House of Commons, his oratory would go for nothing, so far as its influence on the division were taken as a test of success. Every member having predetermined to pursue a certain line of policy, all the oratory of Greece or Rome would be lost on his stubborn prejudices or passions. Parties might as well divide without any discussion, for debates seem to have no direct power, and are only useful in the formation or correction of public opinion. Mr. Plunkett's speech was an exception; for he gained over some Scotch members who were systematically adverse to the Catholic claims, and confirmed some of his own party who were wavering in their allegiance. Of this speech Sir James Mackintosh said, "Plunkett's has made a deeper impression than any speech since Sheridan's, in 1783, on the charge against Hastings respecting the Begum of Oude. It is, I believe, the only speech which has been known to determine the votes of several individuals. For the honour of Scotch conscience I am happy to say that it was the direct and sure cause of two Scotchmen, Mr. A. and Mr. F. The last is enthusiastic in his admiration of Plunkett. The members of the House of Commons were more influenced by his speech than any other in modern times." Such was the opinion of a very high authority on the effects of Mr. Plunkett's eloquence, which was allowed by all to be of the most elevated character, and that at a time when the Commons boasted of a Wyndham, a Wilberforce, a Canning, Horner, Brougham, and Romilly. One of the great secrets of his parliamentary success was, that he rarely took part in debates except on subjects connected with Ireland, with which he had a most extensive acquaintance, and on which he could never be taken by surprise. The principal instance in which he deviated from this safe and prudent course was a memorable one—the debate on the Manchester riots—where he acted a conspicuous part. For his conduct on that occasion he has been much blamed. He has been charged with abandoning his popular principles with a view to advance his own interests, and sanctioning a violation of constitutional liberty to gratify his own ambition. His famous speech was no doubt a powerful support to the

ministry, but in justice to Mr. Plunkett it should be borne in mind that some of the most influential of the Whig party, among them Lord Grenville, adopted the same line of policy. When the public liberty or safety is in peril, it is the duty of every honest citizen to say with the Roman, "*Non me impediunt publicæ lites vel privatæ offensiones, quo minus pro respublicæ salute etiam cum inimicissimo consentiam,*"—and it would be absurd to deny that the crisis was a menacing one, and required the application of an instant remedy. The government erred on the side of despotism—all the guarantees of freedom were put in abeyance; but why accuse Mr. Plunkett for an excess which he could not correct or control? We are happily removed from those times, and we hope the period will never again arrive, when a meeting of the people to petition for redress will be dispersed by shot or sabre; but great discontent, not unmingled with strong revolutionary feelings, then pervaded the working classes in England; and Mr. Plunkett, knowing the contagious character of insurrection and the influence which the example of England in disorder was likely to produce on the inflammable Irish mind, stung by the repeated refusals of parliament, took his stand not so much to assist the government in its arbitrary violence, as to keep in check the swelling indignation at home.

We now bring him back to Ireland. While Saurin was Attorney-general, the celebrated case of O'Grady and the Crown was heard, to which we alluded in our notice of Chief Justice Bushe. The Chief Baron was the early friend and patron of Mr. Plunkett, and he retained him with an ample fee of five hundred pounds, knowing well that money is the greatest stimulant to exertion. The Attorney-general stated the case with that calm and simple clearness which characterized him, and he was replied to by Mr. Plunkett. The cord of friendship had of late years been rather lax between the two great lawyers, for Mr. Plunkett felt, though he did not openly express it, that Saurin was a sort of usurper in the high office he held. He meditated revenge, and he had it. His speech was a torrent of burning invective; he fiercely attacked the unbecoming conduct of the law advisers of the crown, and menaced them with impeachment. Saurin bitterly felt the personalities,—his rival apologized, but the wound had been inflicted, and their ancient friendship was never, we believe, fully restored. A change of administration, in 1822, renewed the official fortunes of Mr. Plunkett. Saurin was displaced from the attorney-generalship after a tenure of fifteen years; he was offered the chief-justiceship, but he aspired to the seals, and he dallied with the offer, until Bushe at last secured it as the just reward of his genius and his services. Mr. P. was at once named Attorney, with Joy as Solicitor-general.

The union in office of the representatives of such opposite principles was strange enough, but political compounding was a vast favourite with the Marquis of Wellesley, who sought the amalgamation of parties, and endeavoured to work out the true theory of Irish administration from the crucible in which liberalism and Toryism were oddly mixed together. The process, however, was unsuccessful; the famous Bottle Riot soon occurred, and the prosecution of the upper gallery conspirators followed.

The accused were indicted for "conspiring to raise a riot and disturbance in the theatre while the Lord Lieutenant was present therein, and wickedly, unlawfully, riotously and *routously*, to insult and assault the said Lord Lieutenant in said theatre; and for that they, for the purposes and in pursuance of such conspiracy, did print and prepare divers papers on which were written the words 'No Popery,' and others on which were written the words 'The Protestants want Talbot, and the Protestants have got all but !! and Fleming, though he has the mace, will find it hard to keep his place;' and others in which were written the following of and concerning the most noble the Marquis of Wellesley, that is to say, 'Ex-Governor of the Bantams will change his Morning—tone,' with intent to disperse said papers in said theatre," &c. &c. Joy's situation was a very novel one: all his life was devoted to that very cause which he was now called on to impugn. He was very reluctant to compromise his old character, and he would cheerfully bolt, had he the power. But his colleague pinned him to his new faith, by stating in the commencement that the high talents, enlightened information, and extensive knowledge of his brother Solicitor assisted him in every step of the prosecution, and that to his cordial zeal and co-operation no terms could be sufficiently strong to render justice, and express his gratitude! Joy was too old a gudgeon to be caught with such a bait; he laughed in his heart at the nailing process so dexterously attempted by the Attorney-general; but as the disagreeable burden was imposed, he assumed an air of sincerity. He analyzed the evidence with great skill, and commented on it with consummate coldness. He kept his own feelings altogether in the background; he reasoned for Lord Wellesley; and in the course of his speech he took care to neutralize the effects of his colleague's insidious compliments on his zeal and co-operation.

Far different was Mr. Plunkett's display; it was a magnificent specimen of forensic eloquence, the finest perhaps he ever delivered. His, too, was a delicate task, but arising from very different causes; his soul was set on a verdict, for he desperately hated Orangeism, a feeling which was amply reciprocated; for, like the object of Priam's animosity, they would "devour him raw without salt." He knew well that the jury was compounded of the most unfavourable materials for justice, and he sought to flatter their pride as Protestants, by identifying their principles with those of William the Third and the Revolution. In all that has been written of that monarch there is nothing which approximates in grandeur to the description of his personal character, his policy, and the difficulties he had to encounter, drawn by the Attorney-general. Perhaps the colouring is excessive, but the occasion required some sacrifice to real truth in order to produce the desired effect.

"There is not, my lords, perhaps to be found in the annals of history a character more truly great than that of William the Third. Perhaps no person has ever appeared in the theatre of the world who has conferred more essential and more lasting benefits on mankind: on these countries, certainly none. When I look at the abstract merits of his character, I contemplate them with admiration and reverence. Lord of a petty principality, destitute of all resources but those with which nature had en-



dowed him, regarded with jealousy and envy by those whose battles he fought, thwarted in all his counsels, embarrassed in all his movements, deserted in his most critical enterprizes, he continued to mould all these discordant materials, to govern all these warring interests, and merely by the force of his genius, the ascendancy of his integrity, and the immovable firmness and constancy of his nature, to combine them in an indissoluble alliance against the schemes of despotism, and the universal dominion of the most powerful monarch of Europe, seconded by the ablest generals, at the head of the bravest and best disciplined armies in the world, and wielding without check or control the unlimited resources of his empire. He was not a consummate general. Military men will point out his errors; in that respect fortune did not favour him, save by throwing the lustre of adversity over all his virtues. He sustained defeat after defeat, but always rose, *adversâ rerum immersibilis unda*. Looking merely at his shining qualities and achievements, I admire him as I do a Scipio, a Regulus, a Fabius—a model of tranquil courage, undeviating probity, and armed with a resoluteness and constancy in the cause of truth and freedom, which rendered him superior to the accidents which control the fate of ordinary men. But this is not all—I feel that to him, under God, I am at this moment indebted for the rights I enjoy as a subject of these free countries—to him I owe the blessings of a civil and religious liberty, and I venerate his memory with a fervour of devotion suited to his illustrious qualities and his godlike acts.”

The following piece of exquisite adulation must have been very grateful to the royal ears for which it was intended. The artifice of the construction is only equalled by the eloquence.

“ In the history of royal lives there seldom has occurred an instance affording a more gratifying subject for the historian to dwell on than the royal visit to Ireland. The statement of splendid victories, the development of profound schemes of policy, the application of able counsels, and of powerful resources, the defence of the liberties of the world, all these are the subjects of historic detail, and may be the fair subjects of political controversy. But here, by the mere impulse of his own feelings, the heartiness of his nature, a moment was created, in which, without calling on any of the common-places of royalty, without the aid of fear, or force, or flattery, without arms, or power, or patronage, by the mere indulgence of his kind and generous nature, he gained to himself the most exalted privileges which a human being can exercise, that of bestowing happiness, and sharing it with millions of his fellow-creatures. The promptness with which the moment was seized—the gracious and condescending manner by which it was improved—the thousand and ten thousand blessings which are to be derived from it, all these may be subjects of just applause and of sober criticism. But here the true value of the act is its simplicity. To enter into the hearts and become master of the enthusiastic affections of an entire people, merely by showing himself the friend and father of them all, was a felicity to him and them unparalleled in the eventful history of this nation. It was worthy the successor of the great monarch whose talents and virtues he emulated, and whose memory he rescued from the disgraceful orgies by which it had been tarnished. Equal in the motive and the feeling, happier in this, that the hard fortune of William the Third compelled him to visit this country as a conqueror, but it was reserved for the peculiar felicity of George the Fourth that he was the first British king who ever placed a friendly step on the Irish soil.”

We will give one more passage from this splendid oration. The advocate having done all in his power to flatter the loyalty of the im-

panelled partisans whom he addressed, and to distinguish their principles from those of the accused, bears down, with all the force of angry and indignant eloquence, on the disloyal conduct of the offenders. After having painted in the most glowing colours the atrocity of the act, he proceeds to say—

“ But, my lords, daring and unexampled as is the crime, I hesitate not to say that the enormity of the deed is lost in the boldness of the motives. I fairly tell you I come not here on the part of the Marquis of Wellesley to ask for personal redress, or even to call for public justice, so far as he is personally concerned ; not even on the part of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to seek atonement for the outrage committed against the King’s representative, but on behalf of the country and its laws, on behalf of its hopes of peace and safety, to claim your aid, backed by all the authority of opinion, in putting down a desperate and insolent attempt to overawe the King’s government in Ireland, and to compel his representative, by the arm of personal violence, and by the demonstration of a force above the law, to change the measures of his government. I call on you to put down the base conspiracy of a contemptible gang who have associated to put down the laws, and to overbear the King’s representative because he has presumed to execute the King’s commands. I think I know the feelings of the illustrious personage against whom this villany has been directed. With respect to his own personal safety, much as it has been endangered, the attack only served to arouse his gallant mettle ; indignant as he must have felt to be ‘ hawked at by such mousing owls’ as these, their base attempt excited no terror, left no resentment. That there should have been in this land persons capable of conceiving and hands capable of executing such an outrage against their countryman must have excited sensations of regret and pain, but in this respect the national character has been redeemed by the universal expression of indignation which has issued from the hearts of the Irish people.”

The issue of this memorable trial is well known ; the principles of the Ascendency triumphed for a season, but the Marquis of Wellesley did not change his “ Morning-tone,” and the foundation of a system was laid which has continued to operate up to the present day. The prosecution of Mr. O’Connell for the Bolivar speech, as it was called, was one of the most unpopular acts of Mr. Plunkett, and the ignoring of the bills was to him a deep source of mortification. He should have made some allowance for language spoken in a high state of exasperation, when the Catholic Association was about to be suppressed, but on the principle of equal justice he considered that Catholic and Protestant, Daniel O’Connell and Sheriff Thorpe, should be treated alike. The proofs of “ damned treason” were not, however, forthcoming ; and more in hatred of the Attorney-general than love for O’Connell, the jury found, “ We are not informed.” It is unnecessary to dwell on the career of Lord Plunkett since that period. When Canning came into power he obtained the chief seat in the Common Pleas, from which he was soon after promoted to the high office of Chancellor. How long he may continue to hold the seals, is at present a much-agitated question. Every day we hear of the probable advent of Sir John Campbell on our shores, but Lord Plunkett still presides, and shows no inclination to surrender his authority. In one event he may be induced to spend the remainder of his honoured years in the tranquil shades of Old Connaught, if his old

friend Lord Manners, or any of the ex-chancellors, should make room for him on the retired list.

Ireland produced many great advocates, but taking advocacy in its most comprehensive sense, the greatest of all unquestionably was Lord Plunkett. Some were more distinguished as mere lawyers, as the citers of authorities and cases in point; some were better versed in the routine practice of the courts, some to wink at juries with greater effect, but he surpassed all in the strong and sterling qualities that constitute a man of all work. That he had not browsed to any considerable extent in the rank marshes of the law, or refreshed his mind with cheering draughts of Norman French or black letter, is very apparent, for at the present day, unless on compulsion, he rarely refers to authority, trusting rather to general principles of equity than frittering away justice in deciding technical distinctions between shadows. He was superior to all in intellectual depth, though inferior to many in book lore. When a case was laid before him, he saw, as it were instinctively, the main question to be discussed, and, by a similar instinctive process, the great and leading principles which were applicable to its investigation. Having duly arranged them in his mind, marshalling them in the array of an army preparing to do battle,—van, wings, centre and reserve,—mutually supporting and assisting each other, he calmly waited the onset of his adversary. That being successfully repelled, he now showed his whole force, and bore down on the key of his adversary's position. He was always prepared, and always prompt to attack or repel with vigour; for the resources of his mind were of so vast a nature as to supply him on the most unexpected emergencies. When he was in the right, his reasoning was irresistible; he leavened the whole argument with a weighty, manly logic which penetrated the mass of details, and pressed them forward in a compact body to reach the conclusions he required. When he was in the wrong, his powers of sophistry were so great as to leave the court betimes in a dismal state of perplexity, and to astonish the bar by his logical subtlety, and the extraordinary readiness with which he could take advantage of the least weakness in an adversary's argument. No person could discover what part was studied and what thrown off in the heat of discussion, for the most involved processes of thought were exhibited by him on principles and cases which were now broached for the first time, and could not be anticipated. Few are gifted with this first and most valuable quality of advocacy. In most advocates the transition is so marked that the least critical taste can discover the line of demarcation which separates prepared reasoning from the suggestions of the moment. In him the change was wholly imperceptible. Mr. Sheil very felicitously describes the triumphs of his understanding as an equity lawyer. "I look on Mr. Plunkett's going through a long and important argument in the Court of Chancery to be a most extraordinary exhibition of human intellect. For hours he will go on with increased rapidity, arguing, defining, illustrating, separating intricate facts, laying down subtle distinctions, prostrating an objection here, pouncing upon a fallacy there, then retracing his steps, and re-stating, in some original point of view, his general proposition, then flying off again to the outskirts of the question, and dealing his desul-



tory blows with merciless iteration, wherever an inch of ground remains to be cleared. And during the whole of this, not only does his vigour not flag for a single moment, but his mind does not even pause for a single second for a topic, an idea, or an impression. This velocity of creation, arrangement, and delivery, is quite astonishing: and what adds to your wonder is, that it seems to be achieved without an effort. Mass after mass of argument is thrown off, conveyed in phraseology vigorous, appropriate, and luminous, while the speaker, as if the minister and organ of some hidden power that saves him the cost of laborious exertion, appears solely anxious to impress on others his own reliance on the force of what seems to come unsought. This singular command over his great powers, coupled with his imposing exterior and masculine intonations, gives extraordinary weight to all he says. From his unsuspected earnestness of tone and manner, you would often imagine that his zeal for his client was only secondary to a deeper anxiety that the court should not violate the uniformity of its decisions by establishing a precedent fraught with anomaly and danger, while the authoritative ease and perspicuity with which he states and illustrates his opinions, give him the air, as it were, of some high legal functionary appearing on behalf of the public, not so much to debate the question before the court, as to testify the law that should decide it." There was one fault in the reasoning of Mr. Plunkett, arising from the fulness of that quality which he had in common with the great lawyer of Rome—"Non ut causam, sed ut testimonium dicere putares,"—which was, that he seemed to be less the advocate than the witness. His earnestness sometimes led him to substitute impressions for conclusions, to state as indisputable and irrefragable what all but himself perceived to be based on no solid foundation. This arose from the versatility of his mind, and the variety of his resources; for, before one topic was fully exhausted, he struck into a new argument, which the most trifling remark of an opponent was sufficient to supply. Had he confined himself to the main points, and sifted them through all their bearings, he could not have fallen into this error; but his intellectual abundance was so vast, that he cared not to seize on the most minute distinction, and lavish on it a portion of that power which, if confined to the material questions, would have been overwhelming. Burke had a similar fault, but his was the exuberance of multifarious learning and a discursive fancy—Plunkett's of superfluous logic and too rapid argument. Like him, too, he sometimes distracted by the velocity of his movements, and the variety of his missiles; he created a panic as if he had made a practicable breach, but after the confusion had subsided, and the smoke had cleared away, it was discovered that the fortress remained still untouched.

As an orator, he ranked in the very highest class. The eloquence which has long passed with our neighbours as peculiarly our own, has the same relation to legitimate Irish oratory as a transparency bears to a painting. There are no delicate touches, no hues imperceptibly fading into each other—the whole is lit up with one universal glare of swollen diction and exaggerated sentiment—outlines and tints are forgotten in the common blaze which illuminates all. The flowers and

fruits, it is said, of the intellect abound; but it is the profusion, not of a well-ordered garden, but an uncultivated jungle—unprofitable from its very plenty, rank from its very fragrance. Much of this we do not deny, but it applies with as much force to English as to Irish speakers. There is not in Ireland, and never has been, any school of which these faults are characteristic; on the contrary, our real eloquence was marked with as much sobriety, order, and practical power, as that of any other people. In a British parliament, to which everything savouring of Irish oratory was distasteful, Mr. Plunkett nobly supported the national character by his superiority over the most eloquent men of the day. The House of Commons was then a very trying assembly to an Irishman. Nothing good could come out of Galilee. Depreciating judgments were passed on our most distinguished orators;—Flood was a miserable failure—Grattan's manner was ridiculed as that of a harlequin—Curran was extravagantly luxuriant. It remained for Mr. Plunkett to master all these obstinate prejudices, and silence all objections by the commanding grandeur of his powers. What astonished the House of Commons beyond all measure, was how his argumentative power could be sustained. Its operation, observed a cotemporary, never for a moment ceases, but sweeps on without intermission from the commencement to the close. Profound reasoning is the breath of his mental existence, or rather the vital stream, into which all his other qualities as a speaker resolve themselves. And in all this there is no appearance of art or effort; the most perplexed and involved processes of reasoning are thrown off with the same degree of ease that others do the language of colloquial conversation.

He was eminent for his great clearness and compactness, for the dignified simplicity of his style and manner, and the general elevation of his views, and that, too, at a time remarkable for first-rate minds. His language was full of nerve and energy; it had the "*plus lacertorum, minus carnis*"—the *thew and sinew* of eloquence, with few of its rhetorical encumbrances. It had freedom, force, and facility; sometimes it was familiar, but that rather increased than diminished the effect. He was never oppressed with the weight of his matter, massive as that was. Marching forth to the field in that ponderous armour, he still moved with the agility of one who bears but a scrip and sling—now balancing the weighty spear of argumentation, and now scattering around him the galling arrows of irony and sarcasm. His dexterity was never impeded by his strength, nor was his strength impeded by the velocity of his movements, which were directed in succession to every view of the subject. All secondary ornaments he scrupulously rejected, or at least never sought for them. Those foreign lights which are brought forward for the purpose of shining and display, rather than naturally springing from the matter in discussion, were abandoned for the more solid parts of advocacy, which, though less captivating and popular, are more sure to facilitate conviction. When he did indulge in figures of speech, which was very rare, they never interfered with the substantial object, but were rather fused into and incorporated with it, than adventitious beauties that fascinated the ear while they obscured the sense, and interrupted his

march to the destined end. Let us take the following description of the Church :—

“ Religion is degraded when it is brandished as a political weapon, and there is no medium in the use of it. Either it is justified by holy zeal and fervent piety, or the appeal to it becomes liable to the most suspicious imputation. I consider the safety of the State as essentially interwoven with the integrity of the Establishment. The Established Religion is the child of freedom. The Reformation grew out of the free spirit of bold investigation ; in its turn it repaid the obligation with more than filial gratitude, and contributed with all its force to raise the fabric of our liberties. The Church need not be apprehensive. It is a plant of the growth of three hundred years. It has struck its roots into the centre of the State, and nothing but a political earthquake can overturn it. While the State is safe, it must be so ; but let it not be forgotten, that if the State is endangered, it cannot be secure. The Church is protected by the purity of its doctrines and its discipline ; the learning and piety of its ministers ; the exemplary discharge of every christian duty ; the dignity of its hierarchy ; the extent and lustre of its possessions ; and the reverence of the public for its ancient and unquestioned rights. If anything could endanger its safety, it would be the conduct of intemperate and officious men, who would erect the Church into a political arbiter, to prescribe rules of imperial policy to the throne and the legislature.”

If this be compared with Burke's famous panegyric, we think every lover of sound taste will consider it less florid and ambitious, and far more pure and correct, both in conception and language. But there were occasions when his severity of style relaxed, and he was seduced by a metaphor. Once commenting on the rule of law which raises a presumption that, after a long and undisturbed possession, the title was originally a good one where the conveyance had been lost under which the estate passed, and so could not be produced, he said, “ Time is the great destroyer of evidence, but he is also the great protector of titles. He comes with a scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our possession, while he holds an hour-glass in the other, from which he incessantly metes out the portions of duration that are to render the muniments no longer necessary.” Lord Brougham, in his speech on legal reform, noticed the apposite beauty of this metaphorical illustration. This deflection from the chaste and severe is not often found in Mr. Plunkett. He preferred rather to dive than soar—to search for profound arguments than brilliant images—for the sterling gold than the superficial glitter. He did not devote himself to dazzle, to study fine words as a substitute for things, or string together rhetorical flowers to delight for a moment and be forgotten.

Few ever possessed a sounder understanding, or were so seldom obstructed in the use of it by headlong enthusiasm on the one side, or a stubborn love of authority on the other. He studied perspicuity and simplicity, and always aimed at making an impression more by the surpassing force and clearness than the long and learned elaborateness of his reasoning. Without any ostentation of a more than ordinary reflection, the profoundest contempt for all kinds of declamatory beauty, with little of the tender and pathetic, it is extraordinary that he should have exhibited one of the finest models of

modern oratory. But this surprise will vanish when we contemplate his other merits. We have heard a good judge say that he rarely persuaded, because he had no passion. In the usual acceptation of the word, which is only another name for precipitancy, he was not passionate, for he was too cool and practical to be led away by what passes for the unrestrained enthusiasm of genius. He had passions, but, like well-trained troops, they were impetuous by rule, and in their boldest flights never forgot the discipline to which they had been accustomed. When he began to speak, a common observer would have thought him awkward, a trait which was also peculiar to Grattan; but after a short time he was changed into another being. Like a chariot-wheel that takes fire by the rapidity of its motion, he was borne along, forgetful of himself and of everything around him, and thinking only of the subject. But, amidst all this whirl and confusion, his judgment never forsook him; the noble dignity of a great mind was still there. He was impassioned, but never precipitate or imprudent. There was about him a native grandeur which excited the admiration even of his enemies; and, as a mind akin to his own once observed, "Every man must abandon the hope of resembling him in the flow of his masterly elocution, in the quickness and multiplicity of his conceptions, in the unartificial and diversified structure of his diction, in the alertness of his escapes from objections which almost seemed insuperable, in the fresh interest he infused into topics which seemed to be exhausted, and in the unexpected turn he gave to parliamentary conflicts which had already exercised the prowess of veteran combatants." At the bar, but particularly on jury trials, he and the Chief Justice were almost always opposed, and so was their eloquence. The Chief's was the very reverse of the Chancellor's. The style of the former had in it all that delight which is analogous to gracefulness in motion, to melody in a series of sounds, or to beauty in the most beautiful of all objects—the human form. He was the most perfect specimen of that fulness in oratory from which nothing could be taken without destroying its symmetry, and of which those who assist their mental operations by material helps will have the best idea by taking in their hand a sample of the finest grain. Unlike his rival, he was rich in the figures of the old rhetoricians; but his tropes and metaphors were gentle, and, like little graceful knolls in a fine champaign, served to relieve the driest details. Handling almost every branch of forensic eloquence, he brought into each such a felicity of performance, that, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, he always seemed to do best that which he was doing. We have elsewhere remarked on the qualities of the Chief Justice, so that it is unnecessary to extend our observations. He and Lord Plunkett are the two most accomplished men that ever sat on the Irish bench. They started in life together; their hostility to the Union made both equally conspicuous; throughout the vicissitudes of life they have maintained a strict and inviolable attachment, with which nothing has ever been supposed to interfere; and one never speaks of the other but with reverence for his genius and powers.

It remains to say a few words of Lord Plunkett as a public man. Impartiality, the greatest of all virtues in a public writer, we have endeavoured to bring to the consideration of his lordship's character. If

all political enemies were generous, or even just, and all political friends reasonable, our task might be less difficult, and the cotemporary who could rise above transient animosities, and anticipate the tone of history, might gain some credit from both. Ours, we fear, must be a less magnanimous reception. The irritable friends of his own party will at once ascribe such candour to the imperfect admissions of a partial witness. But, with all this discouragement, we shall not be deterred from fearlessly stating our opinions. Lord Plunkett exhibited a rare skill in playing that varied game of skill and hazard, the life of a public man. He had not, we fear, sufficient elevation of sentiment to merit the name of a very virtuous man, such as Romilly was. He did not betray or oppress his country; on the contrary, he rendered her many and important services; but he risked little for her. Nothing, we believe, could ever induce him to support arbitrary or despotic measures; but he was most careful never to give offence by strenuously opposing them. We now speak of his general conduct, for we remember with lively gratitude his zeal and courage on the Catholic question. He never put himself prominently forward before the public eye, except at conjunctures when he was sure to gain, and could not possibly lose. By judiciously availing himself of those rare moments, he established for himself a high character for patriotism. When the crisis was past, he never risked the reputation he had won. The falling off of a prudent man from such unprofitable virtues as patriotism is too common an occurrence to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation; but, on the other hand, the adherence of men through the various chances of life to the convictions of their earlier years deserves some praise, when a lax political morality seemed to be the golden rule of human conduct. With the great mass of mankind, the test of integrity in a public man is consistency. The test may be defective, but it is perhaps the best that any except a very acute or very near observer is capable of applying, and, on the whole, approximates to correctness. If these principles be applied to Lord Plunkett, the result must be in his favour. He undoubtedly was consistent, and at a time, too, when inconsistency had not only ceased to be a disgrace, but assumed the shape of a necessity, and men were no more taunted with it than being black at Timbuctoo. He steadily adhered to the Whig party when their fortunes were low, and there was no hope of change; and though he might have been more energetic, and taken a more active part in the great questions which they agitated from time to time to advance public liberty, yet he was not the less a firm and devoted Whig. Once did he deviate from his party, and that was on the Manchester riots, when he adopted the views and opinions of Lord Grenville, who ever seemed to him the perfection of political wisdom. We now take our leave of Lord Plunkett. His name will fill an ample page in Irish history, and his fame as an orator will stand high in the records of British eloquence. Ireland has just reason to be proud of him.

## THE EXILE'S DEPARTURE.

She shook her idle canvass free,  
And stretch'd it to the wind,  
For sunrise lit the emerald sea,  
And a fresh breeze sang behind.

Her captain scann'd the windward sky,  
His mates her slanting sail,  
The seamen watch'd the waves go by ;  
What cheer ? Grew dim no seaman's eye,  
No hardy cheek grew pale.

Yet one stood near, whose eye would brook  
Nor sky, nor sail, nor wave,  
And ever shoreward turn'd his look,  
The yearning look he gave.

A pale, health-seeking exile, he  
From all he loved has flown ;  
For long, long moons his rest must be  
Beneath a kinder zone.

No wonder if the mist of grief  
Before his eyes be shed,  
If hope's warm fire, a season brief,  
Within his heart be dead.

Thou leavest tearful faces, friend !  
Fair faces dimm'd with tears,  
And mournful manly hearts shall bend,  
Where no such pearl appears.

God yield thee helpful winds, thou ship !  
If prayers will aid thy speed ;  
And may thy prow full swiftly dip,  
Nor rock nor shoal impede.

May health-inspiring spirits bring  
Sweet incense round thy track,  
That lips may smile and glad hearts sing,  
To greet the wanderer back !

W. T.



## MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.

## CHAPTER X.

## The Guard-room.

“ Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,  
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira  
Voci alte e fioche e suon di manovelle.”

FOND as I have always been of a night ramble, I found the air of the streets exhilarating and cooling. It was past twelve o'clock, and the city of Parma lay as noiseless and tranquil as if the storms of revolutionary passions had never raged in its bosom. No living being was stirring about, and the dead stillness of the hour was only interrupted by the heavy tolling of the midnight bell from the Minster belfry, to which the chorus of the minor steeples responded in a monotonous and lingering chime around.

Yet, though “the very houses seemed asleep,” something there was to remind me of the warlike attitude that the enfranchised town had assumed. The sentinels, numerous even under the ancient *régime*, when, as under every other despotic government, the hated apparatus of armed force meets you wherever you turn, were now redoubled at every post. The young militiamen, who had been entrusted with the care of public tranquillity, seemed not a little proud of their functions, and strove to make up for their want of a gilt-buttoned jacket by the stately military step with which they strutted to and fro, by the fierce clash with which they tossed their muskets on their shoulders as the homeward-bound peaceable citizen drew near, and by the lusty voice with which they thundered forth their blustering “Chi va là?”

“Italia e liberta!” I shouted back with equal firmness, for such I had been made to understand was the war-cry, without which it would hardly have been safe to venture out of doors. And after having been thus challenged perhaps fifty times, and nearly as many been ordered in a blunt and growling accent, by those *amateur factionnaires*, to cross over the way, and not come near the sentinel; after having met, and been stopped, and reconnoitered by half a dozen patrols—petty inconveniences of newly-established liberty—I arrived without any other serious accident at the Town Hall.

Four glaring flambeaux lighted the entrance of that old Farnesian building, by the aid of which I was recognized by the sentinels, and enabled to gain a ready admittance. My first appearance on the threshold of the guard-room did not fail, as I expected, to create a certain sensation. A hundred perhaps of my juvenile acquaintance, and many more utter strangers, crowded around me; and what with the heat of the room, and the warmth of their welcome, and the eagerness of their embraces, I was well-nigh stifled on the spot. But the

rage of that first greeting being over in good time, I was helped to a lofty seat at the top of a long oaken table at which they were reclining, and allowed to take a wide, rapid survey of the party.

It was as strange and motley a group of odd countenances as it ever fell to my lot to behold.

Through the rolling clouds of a steaming atmosphere I descried, one by one, the faces of some of my college friends and playfellows. Their features were still the same; yet there was something so bold, so glaring, so ludicrously stern and savage in their looks, that I was at a loss to conceive how the interval of two short months could have operated so strange a metamorphosis. The dreaming, romantic poet, the sedate, laborious bookworm, the perfumed dandy, the reckless voluptuary—in fact, all those peculiar traits that develop themselves in that hotbed of the human character, the school—had now merged into one universal mould—they were all, or would be, soldiers.

The coats buttoned up to the chin, the total disappearance of shirt-collars, the tricolor scarfs, the broad-swords, pistols, and poniards with which, even among the joys of that friendly meeting, their childish fondness did not permit them to dispense with the cigar and the punch-bowl, under the influence of which some of the uninitiated were to be seen fainting and sickening, and, above all, the large crops of moustaches, whiskers, and beards—beards of every colour, shape, and description—a reaction against the mean jealousy of the late governments, who had declared against those useless, perhaps, but still harmless and natural appendages of a manly countenance, alarmed by the romantic republican appellations by which some of those fashions were usnered into the world, as emblems of national associations—everything, in short, about their look, garb, gesture, and mien, contributed to give my old schoolfellows a swaggering air, mighty fine, no doubt, and admirably fitting the warlike times we had so prosperously entered into, but which struck me, at the first glance, as supremely absurd.

But mingled with the well-known faces of my comrades there were others, either totally new, or ominously familiar to me; men whose addresses I would, only a few weeks before, have resented as a mortal affront, whose contact I would have shunned as contagion, and whom I now saw seated or standing side-by-side with the best of my friends, throwing their arms round each other's neck, and pledging each other's health in large bumpers, with a sort of bacchanalian intimacy.

"Huzza for republican equality!" thought I. I had yet to learn that, indifferent as those persons' reputation might have been before the thirteenth of February, they had redeemed their character either by rare exploits during the tumults of that memorable day, or by the extraordinary zeal which they had since evinced in the cause of the revolution, or otherwise owed their popularity to some act of flagrant injustice, by which they were held out as martyrs and victims of the ancient government, and acquired sacred titles to their countrymen's sympathy and gratitude.

In any, even in the best regulated communities, there is always a set of men which public economists have designated under the rather vague appellation of surplus population. In every country



that has been settled more than one hundred years, land is failing the inhabitants. Domestic and foreign quarrels, plagues, and famines, though more busy than ever, appear inefficient and slow. The stubborn human race, that "*durum humanum genus*," eludes all agents of destruction. The meanest wretch clings to the roof of his fathers, claims his right to the soil, and hangs on society. He looks upon himself as the victim of the injustice of fortune. He ascribes his failures to a general conspiracy of the whole community against him. Once fallen, he never hopes, never strives to recover. He curses the hard times in which he was born; he sinks into dejection and dissipation, waiting for sudden vicissitudes to come to his rescue; he expects the earth to be stricken out of its path for his sake. Placing thus his expectations in public changes and revolutions, no wonder if he does his best to hasten them. The number of individuals of this description is considerable in Europe; more so in all countries which, deprived of colonial commerce, obtain no relief from a system of periodical emigration. They are ruined noblemen, half-pay officers, bankrupt merchants, and other men of all descriptions, whose existence is a problem—a meddling, fretting, murmuring race, great haranguers, great alarmists, ominous prophets, seizing upon any pretext, real or apparent, of discontent, stirring, poking, and blowing, until they have kindled a few sparks into a general conflagration.

The sight of these individuals now converted into a class—into an active, numerous, powerful class, amazed me. I saw, at one glance, that the day had come when brute force and reckless daring were to assume at least a temporary ascendancy over all moral and intellectual advantage; that a revolution, however unimportant, has always the effect of bringing society back to its primitive level, of substituting natural for artificial distinctions, of throwing every individual into the scale, without any chance of outweighing his fellow-beings but by personal qualifications.

I soon consoled myself by the thought that such an anomalous state of things could not endure; that real valour can never be found unaccompanied by moral worth; that the first hour of danger would scare those vile braggarts from their nobler associates. In the meanwhile I mentally thanked my good father for the care he had taken of my physical education, for the field-sports and manly exercises in which my youth was spent, and in consequence of which I could fairly consider myself a match for any man at any trial of strength or dexterity.

Every man being thus valued in proportion to his fitness for military life, the soldiers of Maria Louisa's ex-regiments had become the heroes of the day. There they were to be seen mingled with our guests, rather as messmates than waiters at the table.

The volunteers of the national guard and the few remaining companies of what had been the ducal army were ordered to perform duty together. A *bourgeois* and soldier invariably mounted guard side by side, and the *corps-de-garde* was promiscuously tenanted by the military of both descriptions.

From the first moment that surprise or irresoluteness had given the citizen so easy and cheap a victory over the soldier, it had become

the fondest object of scheming minds to win the scattered remnant of those ducal forces over to the national cause, which their inactivity, not to say open defection, had so powerfully aided. The ardent patriots who had laid hold of the grenadiers' swords and muskets in the first heat of conflict, had been easily induced to return them to those same men who, from being the tyrant's satellites, had now become their country's defenders, and our young men were strongly recommended to associate, or, according to the republican phrase, to *fraternize* with them.

The hope and, in fact, the necessity of soon going to war with Austria, and the universally felt insufficiency of mere personal valour against disciplined troops, caused our politicians to set on the military skill of those few mercenaries a value which they had never before had in their eyes. These regulars were to be the first legion, the vanguard of the national army, and our main chance of success wholly depended on the activity and zeal with which every man should contrive to identify himself with the soldier.

From daybreak to sunset the *place d'armes* at the citadel swarmed with young students enlisted in the moveable column of the national guard who had forsaken their lecture and dissecting-rooms for the caserne, and were forgetting their Greek and Latin in their eagerness to be initiated in all the mysteries of the *pas ordinaire* and the *charge-en-douze-tems*. After dusk, pupils and teachers met in the guard-rooms at the town-hall, at the palace, at the town-gates, wherever in fact the veterans and their new comrades sat up for their country's weal, or otherwise repaired to the eating-houses and *messed* together. By such convivial offerings the vanquished were to be reconciled to their victors. By such genial bribes our raw recruits paid for their warlike apprenticeship.

The chairman (Capo di Tavola) of the fraternization banquet I had been rather unexpectedly ushered into, was no less important a personage than the head-sergeant of the drill, Sergeant Spavaldo himself—a man, as they said, “who had seen fire,” and had made mincemeat of Austrian flesh in many encounters.

He was a middle-sized, but thick-set, square-built, broad-shouldered gladiator-looking personage, with a grim scowling visage, and such a pair of black moustaches as might have scared a tribe of red Indians from the depth of their thickets. His head was bare and bald, and the swollen veins started on his forehead. He flourished his clenched fist as he spoke; he drank deep and swore awfully, and at every new oath he uttered—the oaths were generally in French, and many have been omitted in this translation as useless expletives—he let his red hand fall on the table with an energy that set every tumbler a-ringing merrily around.

“Well, youngster,” he began, addressing me; “well, youngster, here's to your health, and all the brave lads from Compiano.”

“Long live the prisoners of Compiano,” cried several voices around. “*Viva l'Italia!*” “*Viva l'Indipendenza Italiana!*” “*Viva la guardia nazionale!*” were the most audible sounds in the midst of the din of confused cries to which that first compliment paid to the rescued prisoner had given rise.

"Soh!" roared the sergeant, "that old fox, Captain Ridolfi, would not let you out without a written order, eh? I swear to G—d, a d—d capital fellow the old captain! *Sacrement, la discipline avant tout*, as we used to say in the *Cinquième*. Heard of the *Cinquième*, have you not? Why, man, it was the pet of Napoleon, and he gave orders that we should wear on our *shackos* 'UN CONTRE CINQ!'"

"Come, boys," cried one of the toast-masters, "a bumper to the brave veterans of the *Cinquième*!"

The veteran bowed thankfully. "Ay, I recollect Captain Ridolfi was in the Real Veliti. A set of rum fellows the real Veliti, I warrant you. Well, youngster, I am glad he let you out at last, anyhow. He has spared us a vast deal of trouble. We were all getting up *en masse*, and a d—d bad road it is, I am told, to Compiano."

"I say, Spavaldo," suggested a pale, slim, red-eyed law-student, a young *blasé* in all manner of depravity, whom his father had been obliged to shut up for several months in a house of correction for misdemeanour and filial rebellion. He was one of those bilious temperaments Cæsar stood so particularly in dread of. He had no weapons about him but his stiletto, which he held ostentatiously drawn on the table. "I say, had we not better start up, *en masse*, as you say, and a capital road we would have too, I promise you, all the way, and march to Placentia?"

"Ay, ay, De Ferrari," bawled out Count Berardi from the other end of the table. The count was one of the members of that fraternity of desperate characters for whom the revolution could not fail to be a blessing on many accounts. He was known as a bold desperate spirit, but also one of those evil geniuses whom nothing short of downright anarchy could satisfy. "Ay, ay, and knock that confounded renegade your father on the head by the way."

"With all my heart and soul," replied De Ferrari, with the smile of a hyena: "and hark ye, my fine fellow, if you determine upon hanging him for an example, by Heaven I am the man to take the bowstring to him."

I shuddered. "What! does your father side with our enemies?" I ventured to inquire.

"Does he?" retorted that dutiful son. "Why, where do you think you could find us, but in the opposite ranks? He has gathered around him at Fiovennola some fifty or sixty between gendarmes and excise-men, and is now enlisting brigands to attempt a counter-revolution."

"Death to the traitor!" vociferated the chorus.

"Down with the brigands! down with Maria Louisa! down with the Austrian harlot! To Vienna with her parrots and monkeys! To Vienna with her minions and bastards!"

I was at a loss to comprehend what new cause of offence the vanquished sovereign could have afforded to her rebellious subjects, who had in fact never evinced any personal ill-will against her, and had, even in their worst moments, looked upon her with no bitterer feelings than unmitigated contempt. I was soon informed that the exiled Duchess, after having parted with her enfranchised people at the Po, had taken a round through the Cremonese territory, and suddenly reappeared at Placentia, under shelter of the Austrian garrison, whence

her emissaries attempted what the thin law-student dignified with the name of counter-revolution.

"The traitor!" cried out Count Berardi, whose shrill sour voice was heard above the full chorus of the tumultuous assembly. "What traitor? Who or where is the traitor? and how many are the traitors? Down with Fuseli! I say, down with the commander of the national guard! Down with the provisional government. They all but sell us body and soul to the Austrian wretch whom we have just driven from our walls."

The whole company looked blank for a moment. There were present not a few that belonged to what was called the moderate party, men who were anxious to imitate the meekness and forbearance of the French heroes of *Juillet*, to preserve in its purity that bloodless revolution which had commenced under such peaceful auspices, and who considered the *juste-milieu* line of policy adopted by government as the only one likely to save the country in the difficult circumstances in which the insurgents had so rashly placed themselves.

One of them, in whom I easily recognized my old acquaintance Signor Brandi, the civil engineer, to whom some of my readers may, perhaps, remember to have been introduced, being seated near the titled demagogue, took hold of his left arm with a look both of reproof and deprecation, as if saying "for shame!"

"I say, a set of cowardly traitors," repeated the infuriated count. "Nay, do not pull my sleeve, Brandi, and let these deluded fools hear the truth once at least in their lives. Who is afraid? Have I not spoken my mind as freely when all of you wretches trembled to whisper? Think you I will be silent now, in what you call your day of liberty? a gang of traitors, I tell you—and if you would only listen to me, if you would only behave like men for an hour, we could do no better than run to the palace, and kick those trembling dotards down stairs."

"Ay," cried a voice from behind the crowd, "and create you, count, emperor or dictator in their stead."

"I tell you, count," remonstrated Signor Brandi.

"D—n the count," retorted the incorrigible count, who, as a stanch republican, hated his beggarly title.

"Well then, I tell you, Berardi," continued Brandi, not at all ruffled by his adversary's asperity, "I tell you that if we go on this way pulling to the right and left, all will soon go to the devil. Our provisional government—you call them cowards and traitors, but you do not mean, of course ——"

"By Heaven but I do, though."

"Allow me. No, you mean not what you say. Some of them are your personal friends, and you know them as well as I do. They are all honest, well-meaning patriots—of course they enter not into your views. They were not, like you, the authors of the revolution." (This was said somewhat ironically, because the count was not a little vain of the title of hero of the 13th of February). "Had it been in their power, they would rather have stayed it for a month or two, for a few weeks perhaps, till it was maturely prepared. The revolution, you have made it—I mean you and a few young enthusiasts who listened

rather to your ardour than to the dictates of prudence. But once the step being taken—and a daring glorious deed I will allow you it was—you felt that you had been led too far by your generous impulse, and you trusted your own work to the conduct of aged men, whose sounder judgment might counteract what there was of rash and inconsiderate in your premature attempt.”

“Long live our provisional government!” cried a few voices.

“I say, down with them and all their supporters,” retorted the count with passion. “Look you, Brandi, I am none of your advocates. I speak plainly and uncouthly. I am *ugly and sincere*, as our old women say. I am a man of deeds, not of words, and that, I trust, you will find out ere long. This, however, I tell you, that you can’t humbug me with your fine phrases, as easily as you do this flock of tame geese, that sit here crowing and cackling around you. Well! what does all you have said amount to, but simply this; that ~~we~~ we have made a revolution, and *you* will unmake it.”

“Down with the brigands!” shouted the count’s partisans. “Down with the *moderates*.”

“Huzza for Count Berardi,” cried the cachectic law-student. “Huzza for the children of the revolution.”

“He was the first to appear on the square with a cockade on his hat. He was hated at court, like the plague.”

“He has been a *sorvegliato* these last two years,” said many voices, enumerating the count’s titles to the public gratitude, after the fashion of ancient heralds when they ushered a strange knight into the lists.

“Come, my friends,” cried the popular count, “we have been bamboozled long enough by these *doctrinaires*. Ring the alarm-bell, call the people to arms, muster up our ten thousand national guards, and let us march in God’s name.”

“To Fiorenzola, to Fiorenzola!” cried the law-student. “We will flay the commissary De Ferrari alive.”

“Bravo,” retorted Brandi. “March ten thousand men against fifty or sixty paltry carabinieri, whom the first waving of the tricolor flag will blow all to atoms. But if you were so anxious for your father’s hide, De Ferrari, why did you not join Captain Pelosi’s detachment? By this time he is far on his way, and you have not a moment to lose.”

“Catch me joining that detachment under such a guide,” quoth our Catiline. “Why, Captain Pelosi is just the man to run blindfolded into the lion’s mouth.”

“There you are right, by J—s,” roared the drill-sergeant. “What in the name of all the devils is the use of eighty or ninety young chaps who know not how to turn to the right or left, or how to handle a gun? *La discipline avant tout*, I tell you. Captain Pelosi never was a soldier. He was a thieftaker in the *Gendarmerie Imperiale*, and what does he know about the charge-en-douze-tems? I saw that detachment going out last evening at sunset, looking, of all things in the world, most like a flock of sheep, and hang me if like sheep they don’t all get butchered to the last before we are three days older.”

“Now Heaven forbid!” I cried hastily. “Who are they? who sent them? are they truly in danger?”

“Who are they, De Negri?”—“I’ll tell you,” interposed my friend Brandi, ere the sergeant had time to reply. “They are only a few volunteers from our ranks, chiefly students, but likewise sportsmen, and as sure of their man on the battle-field as they are of their snipe on the rice-ground. I revere discipline,” he continued, turning beseechingly towards Spavaldo, “and the valiant sergeant knows it, for he gives me lessons twice a day. But what we are now engaged in is a sort of guerilla warfare, and a few scores of sharpshooters will do more execution than a whole host of grenadiers.”

“They will have hard work, I promise you, your sharpshooters, if they meet a company of Tyrolese riflemen. I remember our *tirailleurs du Po* —”

“Bah! the Tyrolese!” observed Brandi, with an air of incredulity. “What would become of our non-intervention? and if the non-intervention holds not, I ask you are we a match for Austria? What is the use of bragging about our ten thousand national guards? Think you all that are booked down are equally ready to fight? Are you aware of the dolorous fact, that we have got but three thousand guns to arm them?—and our artillery? upon my life a splendid park of artillery! for which forsooth we are envied by our neighbours of Romagna and Modena; four four-pounders and two carronades; fine forces to bring into the field against Austria! nay, to lay siege to Placentia! Why, man, it is garrisoned by three thousand Hungarians. It has got three hundred cannons on its ramparts. Do you think modern citadels are taken like the battlemented towers in the days of the ‘Rape of the Bucket?’”

“There you are, counting your enemies, you cold-blooded man of ciphers,” retorted the count. “But since you lay your faith in numbers, I ask you, are there not five-and-twenty thousand people in Placentia ready to blow up town and citadel at a moment’s bidding? Are they not Italians as we are, and more desperate fellows than we are? Did they not throw Pier Luigi Farnese from the windows of that very citadel you stand so greatly in dread of? As they treated the pope’s bastard, so will they the mother of bastards.”

“My poor count,” replied the engineer, with a woful countenance, “my poor count! either you have never seen Placentia, or are willing to blind yourself and others to the real state of things. That town, as well as all our miserable Italian cities, but especially those that have the misfortune of being also fortresses, lie utterly, helplessly, at the mercy of their garrison. Let the town only give signs of life, and it will be a heap of ruins in less than no time.”

“Very true,” echoed several voices.

“Ay, very true,” retorted the count sharply. “Strange that all this never occurred to any of you before you set about your silly farce of last Sunday. Well, then, give up, like a set of pusillanimous cravens. Tie a rope round your neck, and walk barefooted to Placentia to crave forgiveness from the profligate Austrian wanton, from whom you know what clemency you have a right to expect.”

“If I tie a rope round my neck,” observed Spavaldo, moodily, “it will only be to hang myself on a lamp-post.”

“Not so, please God,” rejoined Brandi. “There is no reason as



yet to fret or despond. If the Austrians attack us—I will never believe it till I see them at our gates—but suppose they attack us, why, we will just offer such resistance as is consistent with our means. Meanwhile we have leisure to prepare ourselves for the worst. We will make soldiers of our militiamen." Here the sergeant nodded gravely. "We will purchase arms from England and France. We will sound the higher powers by the means of dexterous agents. We will enter into a close, though secret, confederacy with the other revolutionized provinces. Meanwhile events will take their natural course. Rome will fall before the youthful band of Romagna. The pope will soon be got rid of. Can't you foresee the results of a tricolor standard waving from the height of the capitol? Are you not aware of the prestige attached to the name of our ancient metropolis? Naples and Tuscany will join us immediately. Charles Felix of Sardinia must die. Had he a hundred lives in his body, he must die. What next? The prince of Carignano ascends the throne ———"

"The prince of Carignano is a traitor," cried one.

"An apostate, a renegade, a cowardly traitor!" shouted another.

"Traitor or not," continued the orator, "he is an Italian."

"Hush! profane not that name," cried de Ferrari, quoting Alfieri; "tyrants have no country."

"The house of Savoy is from the other side of the Alps," added a young militiaman, who had been tutor of history and geography at the *Collegio dei Nobili*."

"True, true, true," said Brandi, answering all these charges; "he is an apostate, a renegade; he has abjured his principles, and betrayed his accomplices; but he is young, vain, and ambitious. Think you the title of King of Italy has lost all charms for his ears? Think you he has any reason to trust the cabinet of Vienna? that he suspects not the intrigues by which Austria contrives to defraud him of his succession—to substitute the Duke of Modena in his stead? Come, come! Piedmont is our right arm, our main strength. Till we have got that, we cannot throw off our mask, and come to hard knocks with Austria. Meanwhile Austria has to think twice ere it dare to meddle with us. I do not indeed give the French as much credit, neither do I rely on the pact of non-intervention as firmly as other people do, or did. But are not Belgians, and Poles, and Germans, fighting for us?"

"More the shame for us, that we are not fighting for them," interrupted the count.

"Who says so? To be sure we are not fighting. Why should we, if we are not attacked? How could we, if we have no means to attack? But meanwhile we keep the Austrians in check, and are getting ready for action."

"Nice preparations, upon my word," insisted the count; "nice preparations we see going on. Why do they not organize and discipline us? Why don't they pull down the big bells from the steeples, and send them to the foundries. We could have hundreds of cannons in less than a week, and plenty of spare rope to hang the traitors therewith."



"My dear friend," expostulated the engineer, "have patience yet awhile. Is it possible that a man of your sound sense can't see through the line of policy adopted by our national government? Come; though I know I should not reveal what is as yet a secret of state, yet we are here among friends, and a word in time may save us from some rash attempt, which will bring utter ruin on us all."

Here the company drew near, and prepared to listen with redoubled interest. The haranguer, made aware of the sensation his words had created, assumed a more solemn, mysterious air, lowered his voice, and uttered every word with a slow emphasis, as a man who felt that every syllable is big with the fate of the country.

"Look you!" he said; "either the non-intervention holds, or holds not. If it don't, we have no resource left but to entrench ourselves within our own old walls, and fight with the courage of despair. But if that pact is respected, our object must be not to violate it ourselves by affording the first pretext of hostility. We must gain ground slowly, silently, and so manage it as to have always reason on our side."

"Now mark well! In accordance with the treaty of 1815, Austria had a right to garrison Ferrara and Placentia, though those two places belong politically to the pope and the Duchess of Parma, and are, in consequence, nominally independent. Those garrisons had therefore no right whatever to interfere with the civil administration of the cities. Now, what happens? The commanding officer of Ferrara, so far from encroaching upon the municipal privileges of the city, so far from making himself the abettor of the papal authorities, ordered his troops to withdraw from town, shut himself up in his citadel, and looked down on the tricolor flags that waved from every chimney top in the city, making it look as gay and gaudy as a garden in spring. The city of Placentia behaved otherwise. They knocked down all cockaded hats, and the heads that wore them. They hushed all revolutionary cry; offered a refuge to our wandering mistress, whom in an evil hour we suffered to escape, and are now affording her means of regaining her territory."

"You see very well that such a conduct implies contradiction and inconsistency, and this naturally arises from the irresolution of those commanders who, placed in new and difficult circumstances, have adopted provisional measures, acting each of them in accordance with the first impulse, but who can really do nothing, because they are waiting for orders."

"Oh!" quoth Sergeant Spavaldo; "those d—d Austrians understand discipline admirably."

"So we ought too, sergeant," replied Brandi; "at least we have been at school under them long enough for it. Now then, what is our plan? Mind. To repel all aggression on the part of Maria Louisa's brigands—a task, God knows, easy enough—and drive them back to Placentia. To encompass that citadel with our insurrectional forces till the intentions of Austria are clearly defined, and either claim our inalienable right to our own good town of Placentia, if we continue at peace, or take it by assault or blockade on the first declaration of war."

"Hurra! Long live our provisional government!" cried the majority of its partizans.

"Stuff and nonsense," whispered a few of the opposition party.

"Friends and brothers," continued the orator, with heartfelt emotion, "Listen to me. Will you really serve your country like disinterested men, ready to sacrifice personal ambition for the sake of public good? Nothing in the present times can be done without a spirit of association and harmony. What good can come of our eternal fretting and wrangling? Do you think our government acts with irresoluteness and timidity? If so, is it so difficult for us to drive them onwards in spite of themselves? Are we not, God be praised, thoroughly free? Why should we wait for orders to arm and discipline ourselves? Have we not means for our equipment? Can't we open subscriptions for the purchase of arms? Believe me, to malign our government, to murmur or conspire against it, is beneath the dignity of freemen. In our inexperience we have submitted to their sounder judgment. But are we not completely masters of ourselves? Have we not our free press, our newspapers, our popular meetings in the square, affording a wide field for the discussion of the wildest opinions? What government dare not attempt, it is always in our power to accomplish. Government proposes, but it is for us alone to dispose."

"I will answer you for one," said I, upon whom that speech had, as on many there present, made a considerable impression. I had all the privileges of a newly-arrived guest, and had not yet spoken, so that I was entitled to the attention of the audience. "I, for one," said I, "intend to be the sole master of my own actions, and will prove it by riding out to-morrow at daybreak to join Captain Pelosi's detachment."

"So will I," cried de Ferrari; "give me time to saddle my horse, and I will be with you in a moment."

"So will I — so will I!" shouted a great many voices with youthful eagerness.

"And so we all will," repeated Brandi, solemnly. "Hear me! It is the intention of government to send out as large a force as it can well muster up, to give the invasion of the Placentine territory as great an extent and activity as may be consistent with the preservation of peace. But the whole matter must be carried on with the least possible noise or parade. We will set out in small detachments, and act in separate bodies, though with the best understanding. De Negri, I am one of the commissioners of this vast though unostentatious expedition. I am to join Captain Pelosi at Fiorenzola the day after to-morrow. Sure enough you can afford to tarry a couple of days till we are enabled to start in a body."

Instead of words, I answered by walking up to him, and shaking his hand heartily. Many of the party joined us; in a few seconds we had as many volunteers as could fairly be disposed of. Presently the watch was called out. The count, and some of his most obstreperous partizans were summoned to their duty; calm and silence were restored, and the morn dawned.

I called for a cup of coffee, once more shook hands with my friends,

and rose to depart. Those who were left reseated themselves at table. Shouting, hurraing, and jingling of glasses recommenced. Presently a voice shouted "La Romagnola! La Romagnola!" I stopped under the dark portico as the first notes of one of the many national songs of the day met my ear. It ran *à peu près* as follows:—

LA ROMAGNOLA.

To arms! to arms! The warlike sound  
Revives our hopes, confirms our trust;  
Our country's soil is hallowed ground,  
The land we tread is hero's dust.

Arise! arise! Our glorious land,  
Too long has been the land of woe.  
Arise, Italia, sword in hand,  
And strike against thy northern foe.

What though, like grass upon the glade,  
Death mow the phalanx of the brave!  
The laurel wreath doth never fade  
That rests upon the patriot's grave.

An hour of strife has power to turn  
A weary life to deathless fame,  
The tears that bathe the patriot's urn  
Wash off oblivion from his name.

To arms! to arms! . . . .

The rest was lost in the distance, as I walked slowly and reluctantly away.

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CHAPTER XI.

Preparing and equipping for war.

"Arm! Arm! It is—it is—the cannon's opening roar."

Arriving at last at my father's house, I found our good people plunged into their genial slumbers, to which they had abandoned themselves, after having sat up till late after midnight in the vain hope that I might sooner or later remember that I had a home. I crossed the courtyard, and paid my first visit to the stable.

My proud steed was the only being awake in the house; so I walked up to him, led him out of his stall, patted his long neck, saddled him with my own hands, not to trouble the groom, who must have been sleeping on the premises, and mounted.

The fine animal, none the worse for those few days of comparative inaction to which my imprisonment had condemned him, bounded gaily and wantonly under his well-known rider, and as, except in cases of particular business, there was a compact between man and horse that the latter should have his own way, the good creature would by

his instinct have been led to St. Martin; but the town gate being yet closed, I was compelled to thwart his intentions, reined him to the right, and rode down to the fine promenade which we call *to Stradone*.

There was not a soul to be seen. I was alone with my horse and the sun, that began to rise from the east in all the splendour and gorgeousness that could well befit the "dawn of Italian liberty." Alas! from the first insurrectional movement of Bologna to the final extinction of our hopes, the Italian sun alone was true to his charge. Never since time immemorial had such a set of bright, calm, balmy days been enjoyed in Lombardy, during the earliest spring months, as we beheld in February and March 1831. It seemed as if the laws that preside over the vicissitudes of the seasons had been providentially suspended, that the heavens might look undisturbed upon the noblest spectacle that the earth can offer to its Creator—the redemption and renovation of a fallen race.

Alone with God I was, and, penetrated with the solemnity of the hour, I lifted my voice towards the sky, and loudly and fervently, and with as much faith and ardour as all the faculties of my soul could inspire, prayed Him that my country's hope might be no illusion, and that it might please him, in his omnipotence, to say, "Let there be an Italy!" Alas! but his designs are inscrutable, and are not to be hastened or averted by human supplications.

Not many hours afterwards I was seated at breakfast with the few that constituted my family circle—my father, my three blooming sisters, and my little boy of a brother. The only stranger present was Pippo Galli, my stout-hearted armourer. The greetings and congratulations being over, and all having been told and retold respecting our style of living, and our sources of amusement in prison, I turned rather abruptly to my father, and asked him, "What had become of his sword?"

Seeing, however, that the old gentleman, though he did not openly refuse, still showed some repugnance to part with a weapon which he had honourably wielded for so many years under Napoleon, and entertained some trust of having still sufficient vigour left to unsheath it in a better cause; seeing, moreover, that the small-sword of infantry could ill answer my purpose, I abandoned the idea of bringing into the field my father's claymore, and went into Galli's workshop to look for my implements of war.

There, in the midst of a thousand specimens of ancient and modern, home and foreign manufacture, I made choice of an old-fashioned, rusty, ponderous falchion, which, for aught I knew to the contrary, might have belonged to some of the condottieri of the *Bracceschi* and *Sforzeschi* school. It was such an instrument as few men of the present day would choose to encumber themselves with. But my long practice of fencing, and a certain restless combativeness by which it seemed as if my very soul had settled in my right arm, had given it uncommon elasticity and strength, and steeled and inured it to the hardest exercises. Relying therefore on this bodily advantage, of which—notwithstanding the severe rebuke I had endured in my last duel—I was not a little vain, and accustomed, with the majority of

my countrymen, to attach an almost superstitious veneration to all that is ancient, I set my heart at once on the broad-hilted cimeter, and, drawing it fiercely, I flourished it about with so much ease and mastership, that my friend the armourer, himself a powerful man, and an admirer of manly feats, laid his hand on my shoulder with half a patronizing, half a sympathizing air, and exclaimed, "I think that will do, my good fellow."

The name of the artificer, Oderisi da Brescia, was engraven on the blade; and having, guided by the same instinct, selected a huge pair of pistols by Lazarino Cominazzo, I thought that nothing remained but to don one of the ancient corslets and helmets that hung round the shop to complete Cervantes' description of his hero's equipment, when the valiant knight let his trusty weapon fall on his pasteboard helmet, to prove both the temper of his armour and the weight and might of his arm. For it is just as well to observe, that between the character of that illustrious redresser of wrongs and myself there was more homogeneousness than I then cared to acknowledge, and the analogy was long afterwards pointed out to me by more than one of those fair critics, from whom the rebuke, however bitter, admitted of no retort or resentment.

Well—I met my sister Louisa on the threshold of our apartments as I exultingly brought home those spoils of bygone ages. The loving girl, who on my first mentioning sharp-edged tools at the breakfast-table had turned pale, stood now in my way with tears and remonstrances, wondering "how so severe a visitation as I had lately undergone had not yet brought me to my senses, and why I might not leave the warlike trade to the soldiers who were paid for it," with other similar nonsensical observations, amply demonstrating how deeply-rooted the selfishness of private affections can be, even in the most guileless bosom, and how greatly women, in Italy at least, stand in need of a Spartan education.

However, so great, and powerful, and manifold, are the resources of love, that it is oftentimes not difficult to win the heart by such arguments as would otherwise have no hold upon reason. Such was the ascendancy that affection gave me over that innocent soul, that not only I succeeded in drying her tears and laughing her out of her fears, but even induced her to look upon and to handle those formidable weapons, and to decorate the brown brass hilt of that rusty rapier with a true love knot of gay tricolor ribbons, which she wove with her own hands, and requested me to wear as her favour.

Thus equipped, and unconscious of all there might have been absurd and preposterous in my warlike accoutrement, I strode gallantly out of doors. The streets were considerably more crowded than I ever remembered to have seen them, both on account of the influx of strangers from the country and the neighbouring states, and of that vague curiosity and disquietude that allowed no man to rest tranquilly under his roof.

The revolution at Parma had taken the aspect of a universal holy-day. It was a general meeting, congratulating, visiting, and asking for news. The public curiosity being thus excited, there was no lack of charitable persons equally anxious to administer to it. The

strongest rumours were afloat. Piedmontese and Neapolitan insurrections, gigantic battles on the Vistula, descent of French and English squadrons on the coasts of Romagna, and a hundred announcements, portending good or evil to what many began to think a premature and precarious revolution, were received and circulated with the most indiscriminate alacrity. The biggest lies were sure to have the longest run. Every postchaise was arrested. French *commis voyageurs* and English tourists found themselves closely encompassed and questioned by active newsmongers. In those blessed days of equality every one was entitled to walk up to every one, take him by the hand, and ask for information. An eternal "What's the news?" had superseded the eternal "How d'ye do?" A crowd was stationed at each of the five gates, a crowd under the portico of the town-hall, a crowd before the vestibule of the palace. In the streets, in the squares, all over the town, there was a crowd; wherever two friends met and shook hands, the idlers clustered around them like bees, with staring eyes, with gaping mouths, with a "What betide?" at the tip of their tongues.

Then there was drumming, parading, and mustering. The stray companies of the first national battalions, the embryo of a horse regiment, the musicians of Maria Louisa's late troops, were ostentatiously *promenaded* about. Even the boys of the lowest classes, the *birichini*, as they are named in our part of the country, ranked themselves into a juvenile militia, and marched in good and steady order, with broomsticks instead of guns, rattles instead of drums, their colonels mounted on stilts, and a flag at their head, on which was written, "*Elèves of the National Guard.*"

To this inquisitive and military ardour was added a new benevolent spirit, which seemed to have invaded every rank of our newly-emancipated townsmen. Besides greeting and hallooing each other with what in former times would have been thought vulgar and impudent familiarity, another, to me, still more disgusting practice prevailed—they were all addicted to the abomination of kissing.

Kissing, if exclusively turned to the proper object for which it was originally instituted, is at once a sacred and a genial ceremony, a mystic magic language, of which the heart alone has the grammar and dictionary.

Young ladies, who are supposed not to know the full importance of its meaning, are apt to abuse it by saluting each other *à outrance*, especially at a dancing-party, when some of their gallant admirers are at hand, unaware, the poor things, of the tantalizing effect that their sportive billing may have on the susceptible breasts of coveting bachelors. However, if it is true that "handsome is that handsome does," it is not less certain that "all pretty looks that the pretty do;" and if we can manage to rein up our hearts so that they may not run wild at the sight, we must allow that kissing girls afford rather an amusing spectacle than otherwise.

But what shall we say of kissing men? Is it not astonishing that, after Judas Iscariot, men should still join lips—I should say moustaches—in token of friendship? that they ever should throw their arms round each other's neck, except for the purpose of wrestling? Can



they not testify their pleasure of meeting, after John Bull's own style, by wringing each other's hand to mortification, and shaking each other's arm to dislocation?

The act had always something degrading in my eyes, and I was glad to see that the custom, never truly indigenous in Italy, was dying off with all the other transalpine manners imported among the evils of the late French invasion. The French are eminently a kissing nation, and from the time that the famous war *des amourettes* was resolved into kisses, to the late startling *emeute* of July 1830, every political event has always been signalized in that country by a prodigious waste of hugging and bussing.

Our revolutionary heroes, whose main fault consisted in a blind imitation of the patriots of *Juillet*, and who, like all imitators, rather copied the follies than the true heroism of their models, put no end to their embraces, notwithstanding the frowns of severe censors, who openly discountenanced the silly practice, and very justly observed that it was "no time to tilt with lips."

Of those hated salutations, I, as one of the last arrived at that giddy festival, and one to whom persecution had attached peculiar interest, had more than my ample share, and certainly nothing could be more shocking to my feelings, or could more forcibly contribute to damp my revolutionary ardour, than that nauseous ordeal of unwelcome salutes, and as I shrank and writhed beneath the infliction of so many acts of endearment, and drew back and dried the moisture from my cheeks after the accolade, I felt that, had our independence continued, and had I appeared as a candidate for public suffrage, the ill grace with which I submitted to these nasty caresses would have proved fatal to my popularity, and precluded the way to my further promotion.

It would now be difficult to recollect how the rest of that and the following day were employed. I have a confused remembrance of having been introduced by my friend Brandi to the members of the provisional government, to have visited several clubs and cafés, the *Cabinetto Letterario*, and similar haunts of our most busy politicians, to have listened to endless harangues and disputations, to have dined at a public banquet on the first day, and to have had a headache on the next. On the first day I was duly enlisted in the registers of the national guard, and at my request engaged to take my round with the patrol on the following night. Little of importance took place during our watch. We had only the trouble to take two or three vagabonds to the station-house, and were compelled to break open the door, and violate the domicile of an honest cobbler, who was exercising the privilege of his free citizenship by beating his wife.

On the following evening, at sunset, the few volunteers who had received permission to join Captain Pelosi's detachment rendezvoused under the portico of the *Pilotta*. I called at the *Piazza del Duomo*, to take a hurried leave of Marina; I jumped on my war-horse, with my *Oderisi* dangling by my side, with my *Lazarine* in my holsters, and trotted to the place of our meeting. I found there about twenty *amateur men-at-arms* on horseback, nearly as many *tirailleurs* armed with double-barrelled guns, and half a company of Maria Louisa's late



fusileers. Colonel Fuseli, the commander-in-chief of the national guard, reviewed us. He mumbled a few words about discipline, order, and subordination, and dismissed us. Not a trumpet was flourished, not a drum rolled, not a standard unfolded; we departed in silence, like a procession of monks.

Has it ever occurred to you, reader, when engaged in the perusal of a chivalrous tale, to wonder how the hero could be made to roam so many days and weeks across mountains and deserts, without ever stopping at an inn to call for his supper, and without stabling his horse? If you have, I think you may now feel equally tempted to ask when and how I ever found leisure to sleep; for, if you had counted them right, you would find that this is the fourth night since my departure from the fortress of Compiano, in which I have hurried through novel and busy scenes without allowing myself an instant of rest. The first night was spent in that harum-scarum journey from Compiano to Bardi; the second was passed among the revels of the guard-room; on the third I was performing duty as a watchman; and here I am on the fourth, riding out for my first campaign.

Nature, however, could be defrauded no longer; and although I had, through juvenile caprice, inured my frame to the greatest privations, and, under circumstances of extraordinary excitement, I had, as I told you, fasted for four-and-eighty hours, and sat up studying or musing for four successive nights, I never before knew how dreadful it is to battle with sleep as I did through the march of that tremendous fourth night.

Between Parma and Borgo San Donnino there is a distance of fifteen miles, and as we started only at ten, we were expected to reach our destination not much before daylight.

Had I been permitted to give my horse the spur, and set on at full speed, I might have safely ridden all night, without being aware of my utter exhaustion; but as it was—as we were obliged to keep on with the toilsome, measured step of the infantry, and as our leaders had orders to spare us and our horses during the march, so as to arrive as fresh as we could contrive to the scene of action, we had no sooner crossed the drawbridge at the town-gate than I was overpowered. In vain I called to my aid all that, under other circumstances, proved most irresistibly exciting; in vain I thought of glory, of Italy, of Marina; in vain I strained my eyes till I nearly forced them from their sockets; in vain I goaded my good charger, in the hope that his bounds and capers could rouse me from my lethargic trance. I heard not, saw not, the three men-at-arms that were riding by my side. I saw not the road, the hedges, the horses—the rare and weary wayfarers we met on our progress—all objects went round and round my dizzy and throbbing head like a legion of shades. With slackened reins, with dangling head, with dropping jaws, I went on reeling and nodding to the right and left, literally drunken with sleep. The famous and splendid bridge on the Taro, nearly half a mile in length, the splendid ruins of Castel Guelfo, and other remarkable objects, were left behind, but I was utterly unconscious of having seen them. My three companions, whom the cool night air and the parting cups with which they had prepared themselves for their ride had raised to an unusual flow

of animal spirits, made sad sport of me and my horse. I was too far gone already to mind them, but the proud animal on which I was mounted could not so tamely submit to their taunting insolence: he reared up in his noble indignation, and threw his innocent rider on the dust, passive and helpless—as we say in Italy—“like a bag of rags.”

The fall awoke me. I looked up, and it seemed as if the starry vault of the firmament was following the unhorsed wight in his catastrophe. However, there is a providence, they say, for drunken people, and there must be one for sleeping riders also. I got up unscathed; I resigned my charger to one of the regulars, and obtained permission to continue my march among the *tirailleurs* on foot. Yet even walking I slept; and had it not been for the charity of my comrades, who pushed me along with them, I should have been left alone behind, standing like the statue of Lot's wife, till I had slept out the four nights in which I had so wantonly tampered with nature.

Thus I groped along to San Donnino; and when we finally arrived within sight of its old and ugly cathedral, when the blessed light of the new day dawned, I felt as refreshed and revived as if I had lain all night on a pillow of swandown.

Shortly before reaching the town, we met with a carriage drawn by four post-horses, which our vanguard deemed it expedient to arrest and reconnoitre.

An old lady, wrapped up in furs and shawls without number, peeped out at the window, and, with a very masculine voice, asked to speak to the commander of our detachment. The captain rode up, and the old lady, throwing back the thousand folds of her winter garb, “Gottardi,” she exclaimed, “how very glad to find you at the head of the foremost ranks of these brave youths! Do you not know me? I am your old friend, General Zucchi. I have just escaped from Milan, eluding the vigilance of the Austrian police. Brave young men!” continued the veteran, waving his hand wildly around, for his hoarse voice could not be well heard by the whole company, “march on boldly and cheerfully. Dismay and confusion reign among our Austrian tyrants! The day is our own.”

“Viva l'Italia!” cried our young men, and their cheers continued—a flagrant breach of discipline—till the old warrior of the kingdom of Italy, the best general of Eugene Beauharnois, and his clumsy conveyance, were out of sight.

We reached Borgo San Donnino, as I have said, where we found that Captain Pelosi was waiting for our reinforcement ere he ventured on his attack against Fiorenzola. We were allowed to restore our forces by a few hours of rest, and the most conspicuous townsmen stepped forward, and threw open their houses to receive the deliverers of the country. I ate a very good supper, or breakfast, and threw myself on my couch just as the first rays of the sun made their way through the window-shutters. Sleep, however, I never could; and after turning twice or thrice on my pillow, I ventured down stairs to the dining-room, where I found a young provincial beauty, whose rosy cheek and coal-black eyes had smitten me, while I was apparently all absorbed in the important business of swallowing my early meal. The

young damsel was "as kind as she was fair," and, forgetting—no, not forgetting, but thinking less of—the only woman that reigned immortal in my breast, I was already falling in love with all the impetuosity of a young soldier, when, in good time, the *générale* was rolled, and the national force summoned together in the square.

The young militiamen who had followed Captain Pelosi amounted to nearly one hundred, and these, joined to our own riflemen, to our regular infantry, and little body of cavalry, constituted an army of less than two hundred men. The fusileers alone were dressed in the ancient uniform of their sovereign. The national guard generally wore sportsmen's coats, *blouses*, caps, and other fancy dresses, which made the whole company resemble a troop of armed brigands. The cavalry were rather better equipped, and generally well mounted. Captain Pelosi was the commander-in-chief of the whole detachment: Captain Gottardi was master of the horse under his orders. Brandi and two other engineers followed in the rear-guard, under the title of commissaries—I never knew to what purpose.

Captain Gottardi and our lieutenant Modesti were two of Napoleon's veterans. The first, at the restoration, had been appointed captain of the body-guards (*guardie d'onore*) of Maria Louisa. Modesti had been less fortunate. He was a married man with children, and, deprived of his pension for his attachment to the sect of the Carbonari in 1820, he had gained his livelihood by exercising the profession of a fencing-master. He had been one of my teachers of that noble art, in which he possessed a skill not easily matched in Italy. He was, however, affable and polite, and had nothing of the swaggering air that characterizes men of his calling. But he was endowed with a stern though unassuming bravery, which could bear him through the most desperate trials.

My other comrades had generally served in the body-guards of our duchess, and were therefore better acquainted with the military management of a horse than I was. I knew them but slightly, and the tone of raillery with which they alluded to my unwarlike conduct and my mishaps of the preceding night was not calculated to promote our further intimacy. I rode, therefore, side by side with the lieutenant, and had on my left a sturdy-looking fellow, a farrier by trade, but known as the hero of many popular riots, and who went by the name of *Lione*. It was said that, in a nocturnal encounter, he had broken through twelve gendarmes who had been sent to arrest him, floored three of them, and badly wounded several others. He was mounted on a stupendous gray horse, and had certainly the mien of one of the stoutest warriors that either Roman or medieval Italy could boast.

I had a greater number of friends among the *voltigeurs* that marched after us. Besides Galli and some of the captives at Compiano, I met many of my boyish schoolfellows. Count Berardi and the young law-student, De Ferrari, marched side-by-side. This last seemed to exult at the idea of being on the eve of going to war with his father.

The eight miles that divide San Donnino from the town we were going to expugn were made in little more than two hours. Before we arrived in sight of Fiorenzola, the townspeople came to meet us

with the announcement that the commissary and his little band had withdrawn. We rode on at full speed to reconnoitre ;—we had conquered before we arrived.

The afternoon was spent in rejoicing and *fraternizing* with the good people in town. Berardi and De Ferrari, frustrated in their hope of finding the commissary hidden in some corner of the municipal palace, amused themselves by felling to the ground the ducal arms that hung on the door. Our flag was seen waving from the balcony at the Town-hall, and some of our eloquent demagogues addressed the people in the square.

Night came. The caserne at Fiorenzola was filled with our sixty fusileers ; Captain Pelosi was at a loss how to quarter the rest of his little army. He yielded to the entreaties of the good citizens of the place, and distributed his troops among them. A few were lodged in the inns about town ; the rest were allowed to accept such hospitality as it was in the power of those good burghesses to afford. Our horses and ourselves were quartered in the *osteria del sole*, nearly in the centre of the borough, opposite to the Town-hall.

About ten a young *commis-voyageur* put up at our inn. He came from Placentia, and announced that he had perceived a great stir and bustle among the troops of the garrison. He was brought before Captain Pelosi, who listened to him with contempt. In vain did the officers of his staff remonstrate against the imprudence of thus disbanding his forces, at the distance of only twelve miles from an Austrian citadel.

Nothing could be more comical than his final exhortation, as he called us around him at sunset, and dismissed us for the night. "Children," he said, "I hope you know me. My father was hanged as a Carbonaro ; my brother sent to the galleys. If they catch me, I'll give them leave to serve me in the same way. So now go to bed, like good lads. We have to deal with a pack of cowardly hinds. They did not wait for us—'cause why ? because they are afraid. The Austrians must look on and be silent. The blessed Virgin and the non-intervention guard you ! Go to sleep !"

Notwithstanding the warning of the French traveller, and the advice of his subalterns, he trusted his safety to the Virgin and the non-intervention. He sent every one, and went himself, to bed.

Captain Gottardi did not follow his example. He questioned and cross-examined the *commis*, whom he did not trust. Finally, he summoned us into the parlour, placed a sentinel at the door, ordered our horses to be saddled and bridled, and bade us not to undress or lay down our arms. Then he stretched himself on the floor, and, our supper being over, many of us followed his example.

None, perhaps, slept more soundly than myself. How long I lay plunged into death-like lethargy on the oaken floor I hardly can tell, but it was still dark, a pitch-dark night, when the report of several discharges of musketry suddenly roused us from our slumbers.

## CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A SOLICITOR.

## THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

**THERE** are some crimes the commission of which requires some virtues. A cold selfishness of character is a sort of plate armour, securing the wearer from many a dangerous assault, by which the generous and warmhearted are utterly destroyed. Want of feeling thus supplies the place of strength of principle, and the man goes right merely because he has no inducement to go wrong. It is undoubtedly true that public justice can never overlook a crime because the motive of the criminal was good. The wolf that ravages our flocks must be shot, though he does but follow his natural instinct; and the man who attacks the life or invades the property of others must be punished, however natural or even praiseworthy the motives which urged him on. Still, as a question of abstract right, it may perhaps admit of a doubt whether the coldly correct stand higher in the scale of morality than those whom strong affections and keen sympathies for others have hurried into serious errors.

In every place where there is a gaol, some professional man will generally be found exercising the high employment of gaol-attorney. The qualifications for this post are an acquaintance with criminal law, and some knowledge of the world, combined with acuteness of intellect and imperturbable assurance. If in addition to these qualities the gentleman is perfectly free from scruples of any kind, and can manage to make friends with the gaoler or even the inferior turnkeys, he is almost certain to obtain a monopoly in his particular line, as defender of thieves and vagabonds. It was therefore with some surprise that early in my professional career I found myself called upon to defend a man imprisoned on a charge of embezzlement in the county town where I had been keeping holiday towards the end of the long vacation. By a reference to my journal it appears that my retainer for the prisoner took place on the 4th of October 18—.

This evening, after a long walk, "my custom always in the afternoon," I found a card on my return from a Mr. John Brown, with an intimation written in pencil that he would call again at eight o'clock "on business." Now what business can it be? And who the deuce is John Brown? There is something very nervous to a beginner in the idea of a new client, and sundry fidgetty attempts to divine what he had come about quite spoiled my usual enjoyment of my sister's quiet tea-table. "O Hesperus," sings Lord Byron, imitating the Greek poet, "O Hesperus, thou bringest all good things,—home to the wretched, to the weary rest;" to which general

good character I beg leave to add my particular testimony in confirmation, since on this occasion Hesperus in due time brought Mr. John Brown.

I stepped into the library, and saw at a glance that my client was a young ruddy-faced impudent Irishman. "Some scrape at the police-office," thought I; and as I cordially detest all such matters, my reception was proportionably cool. Mr. Brown, however, advanced with open palm and a "How are you, Misther D—, how are you? Ah then I'm glad to see you, sir, at last. How are you, sir? how are you?" We shook hands, or rather he shook mine most vigorously; then laying down a thundering stick and a particularly broad-brimmed hat, he drew a chair close up to mine, thrust his face still closer, and began his story in the most familiar manner, as if we had been acquainted for a century. Now to me this sort of thing is peculiarly offensive; I like to have a table between me and a client, and to keep up a little decent formality in all intercourse with strangers, so that my visitor's manner quite disgusted me, and for some time I listened to his narrative in a very bad humour. He told me that he was come about a "frind in throuble," who wanted some one to back him up against his "inimies;" that I was the person selected for this honourable office, and that he with several others had clubbed together to raise the needful, his "frind" being much too poor to obtain legal assistance. Would I undertake to manage it? and if I would, would I promise, upon the honour of a gentleman, never to tell who had employed me? I replied very coldly that I could make no such promise, and that if his friend was under any criminal charge he had better go to Mr. ———, (the gaol-attorney,) whose experience in those matters was far beyond mine. "So we would in a minute," replied the Hibernian, "if he didn't live in the town and know us all as well as his own children. Besides he's not a gentleman, as Andy Murphy says, and may be he'd split upon us to the governors." I could not help looking at the speaker's vulgar face, long greasy hair, and enormous shirt-pin, when he thus criticized the plebeian attorney; but the fact is, that every Irishman above the degree of a bog-trotter considers himself a born gentleman.

"Maybe you've heard of poor Bill Lyon's misfortune?" he continued.

"Lyon," said I, "Lyon? you don't mean the young man from the Bank, who was brought up before the magistrates last week on a charge of embezzlement?"

"Faith and troth that's him, then," said Brown, with an expressive shake of the head.

"If I remember right, it was a melancholy case; something connected with his mother?"

"It was, sir."

"And the young man had previously borne a good character?"

"The best of *charakters*," said my friend, nodding despondingly.

"Well," said I, "if that be the case, we must see what can be done. The bankers, I suppose, are determined to prosecute?"

"There's small doubt of that," he replied bitterly. "It's but a trifle poor Bill took, and they'd never miss it, for they're rowling in



money ; but all's one for that. They'd kill a cat for *looking* at a herrin', I'm thinking, let alone eating it."

" You, I suppose, are merely a friend of his ?"

" I'm a clerk in the same banking-house, that's the truth of it. I and two more have clubbed together to help poor Billy out of his troubles, and if the governors knew it they'd be mad entirely. So you must keep all snug, you see ; and where's the harm ?"

He then inquired what sum would probably be requisite to get up Bill's case, and provide him with a " counsellor ?" On my naming five pounds, he snapped his fingers exultingly.

" Chut !" he exclaimed ; " haven't we tin pound ready ? and wouldn't we make it tin more in no time ? Will I leave it with you now, sir ?" he said, producing a little purse.

" No, no," I replied hastily ; " time enough for that. I will make inquiries to-morrow, and if you can call in the evening, I shall be able to give an opinion on the case ;" and so our conference ended. Really if John Brown would have his hair cut, and not be quite so familiar, he would be " very tolerable, and not to be endured."

October 5. Obtained a copy of the depositions against Lyon from the clerk of the peace. I fear there is little hope of escape ; the proof of embezzlement appears to be complete. (The evidence showed that the prisoner had been a clerk in the banking-house of Waters, Reynolds and Waters, for three years ; the witness to this being no other than Mr. John Brown. That it was prisoner's duty to receive money paid into the bank, to take up bills made payable there, and that on the 23rd of September last he had received from a man of the name of Sims, a small tradesman in the town, the sum of four pounds ten shillings, being the amount of a bill which Sims had accepted. For this sum he had not accounted at all to the bankers, but, on the contrary, had represented that the bill had not been paid. The fraud was not immediately discovered, because Lyon was the person in whose department such transactions lay ; and it was only by an accidental call on Sims by one of the partners, as he was passing the shop, that the truth had come out.)

In the evening Brown called again, bringing with him the prisoner's mother, Mrs. Mary Lyon. She was an infirm old woman, apparently between sixty and seventy ; but her deep-lined face and small weaselly eyes betokened a spirit which neither age nor infirmity could tame. The little black bonnet, closely pinned old shawl and faded gown, were still worn with an air that spoke of former respectability, and she made her curtsy, took her seat, and drew out her spectacles, with a staid and formal gravity evidently intended to show that she knew what " manners" were. While I was questioning Brown about the witnesses, and making notes as to several things he mentioned, Mrs. Lyon sat upright in her chair, seemingly wrapped up in her own reflections, and uttering occasionally such exclamations as " Ay me !" " God help us !" and the like ; but when I expressed my opinion that the prisoner had no defence, her attention was at once aroused.

" What's that ye say, sir ?" she inquired sharply ; " and why wouldn't he be defended, I'd like to know, when the money's *ped* for a counsellor ?"



I explained à la member of parliament, but the explanation, as usual, proved unsatisfactory.

"Misther D— doesn't know about the money, ma'am," suggested John Brown; "maybe that'll make a differ."

"It makes all the differ," replied the old lady; "but how could I tell it when ye've had all the talk to yourself? Ye see, sir, Billy's a clever boy, and could sack the schoolmasther; he got a sight of learnin' at ould Thrinity, though he didn't see the ind of it, because he couldn't in regard of misfortunes. Och! my heart's broke with them, and I'd be glad to be lying dead in my coffin this blessed minnit, God knows I would. Ay me! Well, sir, ye see, they druv us out of house and home, all along of Tom Brown the agent, who spoke again' me to his honour and the markis's agent too; and so atween him and Burg'yne I was ruinated intirely. Och! but they're great folks now thim two; but I mind the time when Tom Brown hadn't a shirt to his back, nor Burg'yne neither, the pair of vagabonds." Here a grim smile lit up her strongly-marked features as she recounted the low origin of her persecutors; for to be "come of dacent people" is an advantage as much valued by the Irish now as in the days of St. Patrick.

After a variety of episodes and digressions which tried my patience severely, the important matter which, according to Mrs. Lyon, was to "make all the differs" turned out to be this. Her son had contributed several articles to a London periodical, for which about five pounds were due to him. For this sum he had written to the editor two or three times, but no answer had been received until this morning, when a letter arrived containing the amount due. The old lady immediately posted off to the bankers, and the interview is too characteristic to be related in any words but her own. "'Good morning, sirr,' I said to ould Waters, when thim blaggards of futmen would let me by; 'and I'm come about the thrifle o' money my boy had the ill luck to borry o' you, instid of going to a better frind.' 'You're Mrs. Lyon, I suppose,' says he, quite grand like. 'O it's well you know me,' says I, 'and good reason me and mine has to know you for the throuble and worry you've been to us. There niver was a betther boy than Billy, nor couldn't be; and it's a black shame to see him druv about this way. I'll sit down, sirr,' says I, 'by your lave,' for he never had the manners to ask me. 'Raely, Mrs. Lyon,' says he, getting very red, 'this is quare behaviour.' 'Not at all, sirr,' says I, 'not at all; havn't I come to pay the money ye've made sich a 'ruction about? It's four pund tin, Billy tells me, and there's a fi' pun note; so I'll throuble you for the differ.' 'I'm very sorry,' says he, scratching his head like a hen on a dunghill, 'I'm very sorry—' 'Are ye?' says I, 'are ye? Good reason ye have, and plinty, but it's mighty little use now, I'm thinking. Ye'll just give me a recate, and I've done with you. 'It's too late,' says he. 'It isn't,' says I. 'I'm bound over,' says he, 'to appear again' him, and it's a folly to talk of paying the money now. I can't take it any way.' 'Thin the widdy's curse light on ye,' says I, 'ye wicked ould man. May your hearth be dark and your home childless for iver! May ye die cold and lonesome and desolate, and may your inimies spit upon your grave! Amin,

Amin ! ” And with this malediction the old lady had left the astonished banker, having done her best to render her son's case still more desperate than before. But it was of no use to tell her so, or to explain that repaying the money taken could not possibly do away with the offence of taking it ; so she went off with Mr. John Brown under the full persuasion that by offering the money back her son's misconduct had been entirely cleared.

October 7. This morning I had an interview with William Lyon at the gaol. Poor fellow ! he is terribly cast down, and but for the sake of his mother I have little doubt would confess all. That he fully intended to repay the money I feel certain, and nothing but extreme want could have induced him to take it for a moment. He seemed highly gratified at the exertions his friends in the office were making for him, but with no expectation of success. The chaplain, I find, visits him constantly, and I should not be much surprised if after all he were to plead guilty. Still even in that case there are many circumstances in extenuation, and with proof of these we must at all events be prepared.

October 15. The sessions begin to-day. William Lyon's defence is all ready, and the brief delivered to a Mr. Wilton, a young barrister who has lately joined. I know nothing of him, nor indeed of the other counsel who attend ; but a young lady, a friend of my sister's, made earnest solicitations on his behalf, under strict injunctions to secrecy. My sister, however, had the malice to tell me the truth while she was present, and she looked so prettily confused, and blushed so charmingly, that it was quite impossible to say no. Besides, there really will be very little to do, as we cannot hope for an acquittal.

Eleven A. M. The grand jury are charged, and counsel are taking their seats. The last in the row I hear is Mr. Wilton. A handsome young man, upon my word ! no wonder Miss ——— was so much interested about him. I got round to talk with him on Lyon's case, and see what he was like. He seems intelligent and ready enough, but nervous, I am afraid, rather nervous ; and I begin to wish I had not yielded to Miss ———'s bright eyes. However, there he is, and there's Mr. John Brown and Mrs. Lyon, I declare, just under the witness box, and the bankers in the seat above. Several ladies occupied the grand jury benches behind us, among whom I soon discovered my fair friend. I could not repress a half smile as I caught her eye, upon which she coloured up and turned her head away with an air of prodigious dignity. Bills were soon found, and the trials began. The common sessions offences are almost all thefts of some sort, more particularly I think for stealing ducks, bacon, and pigs, farmer's corn, washerwomen's linen, new shoes and old umbrellas. Several of these important cases had been disposed of when the grand jury came into court for the third time with a large batch of bills, among which the clerk of the peace read out, “ A true bill against William Lyon for a felony ; ” and great was the stir this announcement created among the parties interested. Mrs. Lyon uttered an “ Ay me ! ” and a succession of low groans ; John Brown ran his fingers briskly through his long hair, and glanced across at me ; the counsellor wrote

on his brief "bill found," reddened and fidgetted, and then squinted on each side to see if any one was observing him; while Miss ——— opened her large eyes, and looked as if she expected her favourite to go off at once in some unimaginable strain of the sublime and beautiful. But the clerk went on with the list in his usual routine; the stealers of ducks and umbrellas were tried and sentenced as before with official regularity, and four o'clock had arrived before William Lyon, with several others, was brought to the bar to be arraigned previous to his actual trial.

"William Lyon, hold up your hand," said the clerk of the peace; and, on the prisoner obeying, the nature of the indictment was shortly stated to him, and the usual question put, "How say you, guilty or not guilty?" After a moment's pause the prisoner replied in a low tone, "Guilty." Mrs. Lyon was up in an instant, struck her clenched hand on the table, and was about to give vent to some violent expression, when the chairman's voice, warning the prisoner of the consequences of his plea, arrested her attention. Lyon, however, without raising his head, again pleaded guilty, and the clerk recorded it accordingly.

"Is it mad ye are, Billy? is it stark staring mad ye are?" screamed the old lady at the top of her voice, but the constables immediately interfered to stop her, and John Brown whispered her not to mind what Billy said at all, for wasn't the counsellor discoursing him, and wouldn't he tell him the rights of it? In fact Mr. Wilton, while the clerk was arraigning the other prisoners, succeeded in changing Lyon's determination, and, on applying to the judge, his plea of Guilty was struck out, and Not Guilty inserted. He was immediately put upon his trial.

The counsel for the prosecution, a tall bulky man with a strong voice, and somewhat pompous manner, opened the case at greater length than usual, and Mr. Wilton made a little note every now and then, merely, I believe, to conceal a nervous red-hot flushing of the face, which threatened to set his wig on fire. The junior partner of the banking firm was then called to prove that the money had been paid into the bank for the use of the firm, and not accounted for, Mr. Wilton asking him a few questions as to the prisoner's character and general conduct with tolerable steadiness. Sims, the acceptor of the bill, stated that he had paid the money to the prisoner himself; and John Brown was then put into the box to prove the same fact, together with the time during which Lyon had been in the office, &c. The jaunty air with which the Irishman kissed the book, ran his fingers through his hair, and arranged an astounding red velvet waistcoat, evidently produced no favourable impression on the prosecuting counsel; and as Brown, according to the custom of Irish witnesses from time immemorial, considered himself called, not merely to speak the truth, but to have a battle-royal with the counsellor, and do his friend as little damage as possible, the aforesaid counsellor began to raise his voice, and thunder away in grand style at the refractory witness. John Brown, however, quibbled and prevaricated so glaringly that he did us considerable damage, without succeeding in keeping back anything material; and when Mr. Wilton examined him as to

the prisoner's poverty, the privations he endured, and so on, he persisted with true Irish feeling in asserting that Lyon was living in a decent creditable manner, though contrary to the fact, and though it told against the prisoner. "Call you this backing your friends? A plague of such backing," thought I, as Mr. John Brown left the box a little crestfallen, after having disgusted both counsel, besides receiving a peculiar glance from the chairman, and an ominous shake of the head from "ould Waters." When the case for the prosecution ended, and Mr. Wilton rose to address the jury, I was surprised at the easy smoothness with which he spoke. The facts had been decidedly proved, and he avowed at once that the prisoner had withdrawn the plea of guilty solely at his persuasion, and on condition that no defence should be made, but that counsel should merely speak to the extenuating circumstances. He then urged with much earnestness and feeling the extreme poverty to which Lyon had been reduced, principally by supporting his mother, and the evident intention on his part to replace the money, which the sum due from the magazine editor would have enabled him to do. He stated that proof would be given that the prisoner had pawned or sold everything but the clothes he wore to supply his mother's necessities, and had besides employed his time, after the bank closed, in writing for different periodicals, so that in fact he had been led into crime by no vicious indulgence or vain extravagance, but by strong filial affection for his aged mother, and she a widow. The young counsellor's address evidently made an impression on the court and jury, but as to Miss —, she cried at least two handkerchiefs full, astonishing those around her by such a display of liquid sensibility. The prisoner's landlord, a neighbouring pawnbroker, and two witnesses to character, supported the counsellor's statement, and last of all Mrs. Lyon herself was called. There was evidently a general sympathy with the old lady as she spoke, with tears in her eyes, of "Billy's" dutiful "behaviour," and what a comfort he was to her, but she too endeavoured, like Brown, to conceal the extent of their poverty. In spite of the opposite counsel's interruption, she related at full length her interview with the banker, and his refusal to receive the money, shaking her fist at "ould Waters," as she concluded; but on cross-examination, she spoiled all by admitting, or rather boasting, that she had invited friends to pass the evening twice within a fortnight of Billy's offence, and had treated them on each occasion with tea and muffins, and whisky punch in plenty. In vain Mr. Wilton tried to elicit the fact that she and her son had almost starved themselves for weeks to furnish forth those unlucky banquetings; the proud old lady evaded all such inquiries, and, as English people do not understand this sort of Irish pride, a very unfavourable impression was made, as though the prisoner had embezzled his employer's money in order to support an unprincipled extravagance. The jury, indeed, on returning a verdict of guilty, added a recommendation to mercy, but there was a considerable difference of opinion among the magistrates as to the punishment to be inflicted, and the chairman was obliged to take the votes seriatim. The majority were for the severer sentence, and the prisoner, to the surprise of most persons, was transported for

seven years. Mrs. Lyon dropped down as if she was shot, and was carried out of court senseless.

That same evening I accompanied my sister to an evening party, where Miss —— also was present. The high opinion I expressed of her favourite was rewarded by a most winning smile, and an invitation to play a game of chess, though I strongly suspect the cunning little gipsy was calculating on coaxing more briefs out of me for her friend. Nothing pleases a girl more than to believe that she has been able to assist her lover by her own personal address; and Wilton, I think, may safely be considered a lover, for when he entered the room about an hour afterwards, it was all over with our game of chess. She watched his every movement from the corner of one eye, listened with restless eagerness to the good-natured congratulations which his friends offered in abundance, and prodigious was the play and rustle of fan, gloves, and handkerchief, when the handsome favourite began a lively laughing conversation with a whole bevy of bright-eyed damsels. Still the reciprocity seemed to be all on one side, until in the course of the evening I happened to pass by the counsellor, as he stood beside Miss ——, apparently showing her some beautiful Egyptian drawing, and overheard him whisper, from the then recent poem of poor L. E. L.,

“ I hear the words of praise, but not  
The *one* voice that I love to hear;  
And other sounds to me are but  
Sweet music to a sleeper's ear.”

The young lady, to do her justice, tried to receive the compliment with indifference; and if her cheeks did glow, and her eyes sparkle, and her soft heart beat quicker and quicker, it was certainly a case of rebellion on the part of these organs, and entirely without the leave and licence of the owner. Ah, how soon the best and fairest lose that transparency of character, through which it is so delightful to trace the bud and blossom of natural feelings! It is like gathering violets in the early spring.

Poor Mrs. Lyon never held up her head after her son's transportation. She used to steal out at dusk to buy the tea and snuff which seemed to constitute her whole subsistence, often keeping her room for days together without seeing any one. At length a seclusion longer than usual excited the neighbours' attention, and her door was forcibly entered, when she was found lying on a wretched palliasse, in a state of extreme weakness from sheer starvation. The moment her case was known, numbers came forward to assist her; but life had sunk too low to be rekindled, and the old lady herself had no wish to be restored; all her anxiety was to have a “dacent berrin,” with a pall and a mourning coach to follow. This, with true benevolence, was faithfully guaranteed; and the poor old creature, proud to the very last, felt happy in her dying hours at the thought of how respectable her funeral would be.

William Lyon himself fortunately reached Sydney before transportation was so heavy a punishment as it is now. Within a very

short time he obtained a "ticket of leave," enabling him to work for himself, which was followed by an absolute pardon at the end of five years. He still remains in New South Wales, where, by good conduct and steady industry, he has acquired considerable property, and is reckoned one of the most prosperous settlers in that thriving colony.

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## JACOB FAITHFUL'S SONG.

### SHE SPEEDS, MY GOOD SHIP.

AIR—"Around the huge Oak."

She speeds, my good ship ; like a bird in its flight,  
O'er the proud crested billows we go ;  
See her white wings expand in the morn's purple light,  
We shall soon glimpse the flag of the foe.

Though our bosoms may sigh for the land we forsake,  
As the feelings of nature prevail,  
Put the honour of England and life to the stake,  
And our swords will at once sink the scale.

Oh ! never shall England be trammell'd with chains,  
For which Rodney and Nelson have bled ;  
Their names shall arouse all the blood in our veins,  
And give life to the pulse of the dead.

In my good ship of oak, with as gallant a crew  
As e'er boarded the decks of the brave,  
We will show them what true British sailors can do,  
For Britannia is queen of the wave.

" Oh ! think of the deeds which your forefathers wrought,  
In the days of their pride, on the deep,  
Till a flame from their phoenix-like ashes you've caught,  
That shall hallow their glorious sleep.

" A sail, boys ! a sail ! 'tis the ensign of France ;  
Three cheers for Old England ! and then,  
With a broadside that frightens bold Neptune, advance,  
And give fight with the courage of men.

" If we fall, 'tis for England ; and sweet are the eyes  
That will weep for the sons of the sea ;  
If we live, 'tis for glory, our homes, and our ties,  
Well bought with the blood of the free."



## FANNY FAIRFAX.

## A TALE.

## CHAPTER I.

IN a pretty little drawing-room, the French windows of which opened upon tolerably extensive grounds, sat a lady apparently about the middle period of life; the expression of her still handsome countenance was that of deep melancholy, and though materials for needle-work were in her hands, the blinding tears which every moment forced themselves into her eyes evidently impeded the progress of her occupation. At short intervals those tearful eyes were turned towards one of the windows, from which two figures were discerned at some distance from the house, slowly approaching it, and evidently engaged in earnest conversation. At length the lady rose from her seat, and clasping her hands, exclaimed, "Doubtless it is as I feared! all must now be known. My poor boy! O, would that Heaven had spared you this blow! But I am a fool ever to have imagined that it could be otherwise!" and throwing herself on the sofa, she covered her face with her hands, and gave free indulgence to her grief for some minutes. She was roused by the sudden opening of the French window, and a youthful and lovely female figure entered, with a hurried step, a flushed cheek, and a sparkling eye, denoting considerable agitation. She no sooner perceived the occupant of the sofa, than she rushed towards her, exclaiming as she threw herself into her arms, "O Mrs. Seymour, my more than mother, here I come, as usual, to you in all my troubles."

"Troubles, my dear Fanny!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, affecting an appearance of cheerfulness; "what is the matter? Have Charles Hargrave and you had a quarrel? I saw him with you just now."

"Quarrel! O no!—that is—not exactly," answered Fanny hesitatingly, and colouring deeply; "no! it is not that—but—I see you are not yourself in spirits, and consequently I will not annoy you with my affairs."

"You never can annoy me, Fanny; and however low-spirited I may be, you can always command my advice, my heartfelt sympathy."

"Indeed, my kind friend, I have good reason to know it; but I can scarcely tell what I am saying, I have been so agitated, so surprised—you would never guess what has occurred."

"I am more clever than you think me, Fanny," said Mrs. Seymour in a sorrowful tone, "for I can guess Charles Hargrave has just proposed, and you have accepted him."

"I accepted him!" exclaimed Fanny, in a tone of astonishment approaching to indignation; "you are right indeed as far as he is concerned, but how could you imagine that I could accept him?"

"Why should I doubt it, Fanny? Is he not amiable and unexceptionable in every respect?"



"O yes! he is very good, very amiable; but I could not marry him for the world," she added with increased vehemence.

"My dear child, you astonish me."

"Then *you* too, Mrs. Seymour, have misunderstood me—have thought that I meant to encourage his attentions. O, then I cannot acquit myself; I must have been to blame;" and she hid her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"Calm yourself, my dear girl, I am sure you would not intentionally mislead. Lookers on are sometimes more clearsighted than persons more immediately interested in what is passing; and aware as I am of your beauty and amiability, I was perhaps disposed to expect that any one admitted to such frequent intercourse with you would not prove insensible to their charms."

"Beauty!" exclaimed Fanny; "I have long ceased to attach any importance to that; and as for my amiability, if I have indeed heedlessly occasioned pain to so warm a heart as that of Charles Hargrave, *my* claims to amiability are very questionable."

"But it is not too late to make him amends, now that you are aware of his sentiments," said Mrs. Seymour, with an anxious and inquiring glance.

"Yes, 'tis much too late; I cannot return his affection—it is impossible."

"But why impossible, Fanny, thinking so highly of him as you evidently do?"

Fanny stooped to arrange her sandal, and to conceal the deep blush which overspread her lovely countenance as she answered—

"Do not, dear Mrs. Seymour, urge me to marry. I am perfectly happy as I am in this my dear home. I could not bear to part from you, and what would Edward do without me?—he would surely be very lonely. Who would lead him to all his favourite haunts as I do, for who knows them so well? Who could read to him all his favourite authors as he wishes them to be read, for who enjoys them as I do?"

"No one, indeed, could replace you, my dearest Fanny," said Mrs. Seymour, warmly; "nowhere could he find one so prompt to aid his helplessness, so eager to alleviate his misfortune. But, my dear child, Edward and I must not allow our selfish feelings to delude us. These happy days cannot last; you will not be allowed to remain with us. Your pleasures, your enjoyments, must not be confined to this narrow sphere; you are destined for brighter things than to cheer the lonely widow's hearth, or to gladden the heart and guide the footsteps of her afflicted child."

"O do not say so; I desire no brighter destiny. I wish for no change; I have no other hope than to be allowed still to remain with you. Have you not supplied to me the place of a mother? and do I not love you as such?"

Mrs. Seymour only replied by clasping her in her arms, and, after a moment's pause, she said—

"But, my dear Fanny, you must consider you will soon have your father's claims to attend to; they cannot be overlooked."

"I know it but too well, and will, of course—must, of course—do

all that he requires ; but he does not know me, cannot love me, as you do ;—and when he sees how much it grieves me, he will not, cannot separate us.”

Mrs. Seymour shook her head.

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## CHAPTER II.

Fanny Fairfax was the daughter of a gentleman who had made a large fortune in India. His wife had accompanied him to that country immediately on their marriage, and died at the expiration of five years, leaving him two children, a son and a daughter.

The two little infants were speedily sent off to England to be educated, and, at the request of Mrs. Fairfax, the little Fanny was consigned to the care and guardianship of Mrs. Seymour, accompanied by the earnest entreaty of the dying mother (her valued friend and schoolfellow) that she might on no account be sent to school, but educated with Mrs. Seymour's own children, and under her own eye. To this injunction Mrs. Seymour had most scrupulously adhered. She had watched over her little charge with the fond solicitude of a parent ; and when death deprived her of two blooming daughters, her maternal affections were divided in nearly equal portions between the child of her friend and the only one now remaining to herself. It had pleased Heaven to afflict Edward Seymour from his childhood with one of life's heaviest calamities—the loss of sight ; but, as if in compensation for so sad a deprivation, it had endowed him with every quality most calculated to secure the regard, esteem, and even affection of all who knew him. His cheerful, happy disposition was the admiration of all his associates, and the most sympathizing among them could scarcely recollect to pity one who ever wore a contented aspect, received them with a ready smile, and whose light, joyous laugh was the invariable herald of his approach. To see her son thus cheerful and happy, operated indeed as balm upon the wounded spirit of his devoted mother ; but though grateful for the years during which such a state of things had continued, the anxious mother could not avoid looking forward, and feeling or fearing that this could not last—that a time would, must come, when feelings would arise that would awaken him to the painful consciousness of helpless inferiority to the rest of his species—of deficiencies not to be supplied—of a barrier insurmountable to the dearest wishes of his heart. That this time, so long dreaded, had now arrived, was poor Mrs. Seymour's firm conviction, and that her beloved son's hitherto happy spirits might not sink into hopeless despondency was the afflicted widow's fervent prayer.

I mentioned that Fanny Fairfax had had a brother. He was by three years her senior, and in him had centred all her father's hopes, views, and even affections. This son was to inherit his great wealth, to perpetuate his name, and, even at the early age when he had parted from him, he had evinced intelligence far beyond his tender years. This early promise of talent had been more than realized, and the fond father's expectations, his visions of parental pride, knew no bounds.

Of the helpless female infant whom he had consigned to Mrs. Seymour's care he thought but little, and speculated less, satisfied that she was in good hands, and would be brought up as became her station in life. He cheerfully advanced a liberal allowance for her education, sent her ivory workboxes and Chinese fans, &c. at stated periods, and considered himself as thereby performing all that could be required of or expected from him. If he troubled himself with any consideration of her future prospects at all, he concluded that, as she was said to be handsome, she would marry suitably to her rank in life long before his return to his native land, and consequently never thought of her as likely to contribute in any way either to his happiness, or to what was with him synonymous, his importance. But alas for the plans, the projects, the hopes, and speculations of men! The idol of his father's heart, the object for whom he had toiled early and late, and for whose sake he still continued an exile from his country, after passing through college with almost unprecedented *éclat*, and becoming senior wrangler, &c., was seized with a brain fever, supposed to be brought on by his unwearied application and mental exertion, and carried off within so short a period of the termination of his academic course, that the same vessel which brought to his adoring parent the anxiously-looked-for account of his scholastic triumphs, brought also the stunning intelligence of his premature and melancholy death. Mr. Fairfax was really an object of pity, and his loss was even greater than he was capable of appreciating, for the poor young man's amiability of disposition was equal to his talents—he was gifted alike in the best qualities of mind and heart.

Not many months had passed since William Fairfax's death, and letters had been received from his afflicted father, written evidently under great despondency of mind, and announcing his intention of returning immediately to England.

Fanny had felt the loss of her brother very severely. He had passed the greater part of all his vacations at Mrs. Seymour's, and she was greatly attached to him—the more so, perhaps, that she had but few objects on which to bestow the affections of a naturally warm heart.

Mr. Fairfax's feelings towards his daughter were very materially affected by the death of his son. She now became his only object; she it was who must now be considered as his heiress, and the tone of his letters to her was far more affectionate than they had ever been. Though truly grateful for every increasing evidence of an interest so long and undeservedly withheld, poor Fanny could not bring herself to look forward to her father's return with any feeling of pleasure. She reproached herself in vain; she could neither reason nor scold herself into wishing for an event the approach of which filled her with anxiety and dread. To leave one who had been more than a mother to her, for one who had seemed to regard her so little, was a trial to which she hoped that she would not be subjected; but her fears overbalanced her hopes on the occasion, though she would not admit it to herself.

How much, how very much Fanny's happiness was involved in her continued residence under Mrs. Seymour's roof, had only been revealed to herself by the conversation with Charles Hargrave to which

I before alluded. Charles Hargrave had been the favourite friend and college companion of William Fairfax; as such he had been introduced to Fanny, and she had found him truly deserving of her brother's esteem. His claims to her regard, indeed, had appeared to have increased since her brother's death, from his recollection of the friendship which united him to one so dear to her, and whom they almost equally mourned. Charles Hargrave had long loved her—almost from the commencement of their acquaintance, when she was only fifteen; her brother had been the confidant of his attachment, and had wished him success in his suit; but Charles was naturally shy and diffident, and would not now have had courage to avow his sentiments but for her late increased cordiality of manner, which, though arising from other causes than he fondly supposed, had perhaps naturally misled him, and also from his wish to secure her before the arrival of her father, and, as he feared, her consequent removal from his friend Mrs. Seymour's roof.

Many men might have been deterred from coming forward, in consequence of Fanny's present improved position; but Charles Hargrave was the eldest son of a man of large fortune. Money was no object to him; he felt that he had loved her when her pecuniary prospects were comparatively indifferent, and, however he might fear rejection, he did not fear misconstruction. It is not at one-and-twenty, thank Heaven, that we begin to be either suspicious ourselves, or apprehensive of being suspected by others, though I much fear that the happy confiding period does not extend much beyond that age. Poor Hargrave little imagined, when Fanny's unaffected surprise at his proposal, and equally unaffected though candid rejection of his suit, had deprived him of every ray of hope, that his successful rival in her affections was no other than the poor blind youth whose more than patient endurance of his severe calamity he had so often admired, but whose unfortunate situation prevented him from thinking of him for one moment as likely to make an impression on the heart of the lively and lovely Fanny. Had he imagined that such was the case, he would have regarded him with envy rather than pity. But woman's heart turns naturally to the helpless and afflicted, and it has been wisely ordained by Providence that those to whom care and kindness are most essential should possess the power of interesting the feelings and calling them forth.

It was Charles Hargrave's declaration that first revealed to Fanny the state of her heart, by showing her how much dearer to her than even her lamented brother's attached friend was the companion of her infancy—he whose studies, recreations, and pleasures were all dependent upon her. From her earliest years she had been his self-elected guide, and, though naturally full of gaiety and spirits, she would at any time leave her young playmates at their games to accompany Edward in his rambles, happy in the amiable consciousness of being useful. Her father's approaching return from India tended doubly to depress her under her present feelings, and, independent of her regret for her poor brother, how gladly would she have resigned all the recently-acquired importance of her altered position, to be allowed to remain in the tranquil obscurity from which she feared that she

was about to be removed ! Even with her slight knowledge of human nature, she could not but feel that a man of her father's disposition was not unlikely to form projects for his only child, his heiress, differing but too widely from her own unambitious hopes and wishes ; and she saw that Mrs. Seymour's apprehensions of her approaching departure nearly equalled her own. At Edward's feelings she could only guess, for he appeared studiously to avoid the subject of Mr. Fairfax's return.

Time rolled on, and Fanny became every day more anxious and nervous, and at length really ill. Mrs. Seymour at first attributed her indisposition to her unsettled state of mind and spirits ; but after a few days it grew much more serious, and it was evident that her malady was the small-pox, of which there had been lately a few cases in a neighbouring village. Poor Mrs. Seymour's alarm was very great ; she feared at first for Fanny's life, and when all anxiety on that account was removed, it appeared but too likely that her beauty was gone for ever ; and, to add to Mrs. Seymour's distress, Mr. Fairfax was daily expected, and she felt for the natural disappointment of the father, on finding his once lovely daughter so different from what he had pictured to himself, so unlike what she had been described to him. To her great relief, however, a few days after Fanny was pronounced out of all danger, a letter arrived from Mr. Fairfax, announcing a change of plan ;—he had no intention of leaving India *at present*—business had interfered, and it might be months, perhaps a twelvemonth, before he came to England. Here, then, was at least a reprieve ; there was now no immediate prospect of separation, and they all felt grateful for it.

Mrs. Seymour's maternal anxieties, however, rather increased than diminished. Her son's state of mind during Fanny's illness confirmed every previous impression of his attachment to her ; she could no longer delude herself upon that subject ; it was too true ; her worst fears were realized ;—and what was to be the consequence ! Had Fanny still been the neglected daughter of Mr. Fairfax, owing every blessing, every enjoyment of life to herself, her father might have been induced to allow her to marry according to her own wishes ; but, vain and ambitious as he decidedly was, was it to be supposed that he would now allow his heiress, the only being for whose aggrandizement he could now scheme and speculate, to unite herself to one who, though possessed of a handsome independence, was condemned, from the unfortunate calamity under which he laboured, to comparative insignificance and obscurity ? No ! it was not to be expected, and she saw nothing but wretchedness in prospect for her afflicted son, and much misery for the generous girl whom she now really believed capable of devoting her life to him, if she were permitted to do so.

Fanny was now convalescent, though she had not yet left her room, and her spirits were still much affected, when Mrs. Seymour was sitting one morning with her son, who spoke more unreservedly of his feelings than he had ever done before. He had sat for some time in apparently gloomy abstraction, his fond parent regarding him with a sorrowful eye, when he suddenly exclaimed, " I have been thinking, mother, that the postponement of Mr. Fairfax's arrival is, after all, a very questionable advantage."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Seymour, in unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes," he added, with a deep sigh; and, after a few moments' pause, "that which must take place at last, had better, perhaps, not be delayed. You must know to what I allude; shall I—will *you*—feel more reconciled to a separation from Fanny a twelvemonth hence than you are at present? I feel that *I* shall not—far from it; every day that passes will only render the parting more painful." He again paused, and said, with much emotion, "To you, my dear mother, I will confess my folly, my weakness. You will scarcely believe that, in my helpless, hopeless situation, I could have been mad enough to indulge in visions of happiness from which I ought to have felt that my calamity must ever cut me off;—that I, afflicted as I am, could have dreamed of attaching youth, beauty, and perfection of character, and of allying it to my worthless and monotonous existence. But the dream is over; I am painfully sensible that it is all a delusion; no woman—not even Fanny—could be capable of such a sacrifice as that of uniting her fate with such a helpless being as myself."

"O do not say so," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour involuntarily; "do not doubt the disinterestedness of woman's affection;" then, seeing the tears in her poor son's mild but sightless eyes, she checked herself, fearing to encourage hopes to end in bitter disappointment, and instinctively turned from him to conceal the emotion which, alas! he could not have observed.

"In pity, dearest mother," he answered, with much agitation, "say not one word to assist my self-delusion; did you not tell me that Fanny is in dreadfully low spirits? doubtless it is the loss of her beauty she mourns; and can I have a greater proof that it is not my affection she values? May the Almighty restore it to her," he added with much feeling, "though it may be the means of separating us for ever, and of breaking my heart."

"Nothing shall separate us if you wish me to remain with you," exclaimed the agitated Fanny, who had just entered the room unobserved by Mrs. Seymour, and had been a speechless auditress of Edward's last few sentences.

"Good heavens, Fanny!" said Edward, starting up. "Have you indeed heard me? O pity and forgive my folly and presumption."

"I have nothing to forgive, Edward, but that you should suspect me of attaching importance to any advantage which you could not appreciate. Believe me the beauty which you could not see, I have never valued."

"And are you, Fanny, really capable of uniting your fate to that of the helpless and blind?"

"Can you doubt me?" exclaimed the warm-hearted girl; "is not your helplessness an additional claim on my affection? and oh! Edward, these eyes may be dim to others, but they appear not so to me; I see in them the light of true affection, and what more can I require?"

"My dearest girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, as she clasped her to her heart, and mingled her tears with those of her adopted daughter. Edward's heart was too full for speech.



## CHAPTER III.

The evening was spent by the young people in the enjoyment of that sensation of relief which must necessarily follow the free indulgence of long-suppressed feelings, and of the delightful security of mutual affection; but the uncertainty of obtaining Mr. Fairfax's consent to their union, the time which must necessarily elapse before it could possibly be procured, did not fail to gloom even the present by the apprehensions of the future, which could not but intrude.

Edward was, however, much the most sanguine; once convinced of Fanny's attachment, everything else seemed possible, if not probable—every difficulty appeared surmountable; and Mrs. Seymour was obliged, however painful the task, to endeavour to chill the hopes which she would fain have encouraged. It was agreed that Fanny should write immediately to her father explaining everything, reminding him of all she owed to Mrs. Seymour's maternal care and kindness, and entreating him to allow her to devote the remainder of her life to those to whom she was indebted for all the happiness which she had yet experienced in this world.

Months of the most anxious and painful suspense passed away, and at length a packet arrived from Mr. Fairfax; Fanny seized it eagerly, but it fell from her hand, she had not power to break the seal; and when it was opened, her eyes glanced over the page for some moments before she could distinguish a letter. When able to read it, however, she found, to her inexpressible mortification and annoyance, that it was not the first reply to the letter which she had sent to ask his consent, but a letter written subsequently, and which referred to the decision contained in his former letter, without mentioning what that decision had been. That it was not favourable, however, seemed evident by his expressing his hopes that in pursuance of his wishes she was ere this preparing for her removal to London on a visit to a cousin of her father's, by whom he appeared to think she was expected. Poor Fanny's feelings and those of her lover may be imagined on reading this. Edward, having previously been the most sanguine, now gave all up for lost, and was in despair. Mrs. Seymour and Fanny derived a ray of comfort from the tone of his letter, which was affectionate, and spoke kindly of Mrs. Seymour. But still what could her removal to London augur, but the very worst? Nothing was to be done, however, but to wait in great anxiety, and with what patience they could summon, the arrival of the letter to which Mr. Fairfax referred, and which had doubtless been sent by some vessel detained unexpectedly. At the end of three long weeks it appeared; and, greatly to the relief of all parties, it was much more favourable than the last letter had led them to expect, although far from satisfactory to the lovers. Mr. Fairfax, though not angry at the turn which affairs had taken, was evidently very sorry for, and very much astonished at, his daughter's choice. He did not refuse his consent, but he withheld it for some time, in the hope, as he admitted, that it would not ultimately be required of him. He told his daughter that he must insist upon her entering into society, and seeing more of the world, before she deter-



mined upon "making the sacrifice which she now meditated;" that he had written to his cousin, Mrs. Fairfax, in London, who he knew would undertake to chaperone her during the approaching winter and spring, and he trusted that at the expiration of that time she would have acquired juster notions, and views of life more in accordance with his own, and with the position which, as his daughter, she might hold in society." Though in this letter there was much to distress, yet it did not destroy all hope; and coming as it did after one from which they had augured so unfavourably, it was received with thankfulness, and felt as a relief. The separation would indeed be a sad trial, but to that they must submit. The dreadful suspense was at all events over; they knew the worst. It was evident that Fanny had only to be constant and firm, and in time her father would yield.

Knowing Mr. Fairfax's character, Mrs. Seymour was very agreeably surprised at the mild, quiet tone of his letter; it was far more favourable than she had expected. A few days brought a letter from Mrs. Fairfax, with the anticipated invitation, and offers of service in chaperoning, &c. Poor Fanny burst into tears on receiving it, and with a heavy heart made all the necessary preparations for accepting it, and complying in every respect with her father's wish; and as the time of her departure approached, as she was about to leave the friends of her youth, the happy home of her infant years to go among strangers, she felt as if she was taking leave of them for ever.

Perhaps, however, Edward was the most to be commiserated, for he must have felt that the attachment of his promised bride was destined to undergo a formidable trial. Young and lovely as she was, (for all traces of her late malady had completely disappeared,) he had every reason to believe that she had only to be seen to be admired; and he felt that she could not be known without being loved. She was going among scenes of gaiety and enjoyment but too likely to dazzle a youthful imagination, and was soon to be exposed to the insidious influence of flattery in its most attractive form. And did he doubt her? did he fear the contact of the gay and giddy world? No, he did not; and was his trust repaid? My female readers at least will believe that it was.

Though Fanny arrived in London fully convinced that she should derive pleasure from nothing that it contained, and never enjoy one moment's happiness until her return, she found that this was not quite the case. Her friends were kind and attentive, and the novelty, variety, and gaiety of London amusements produced their natural effect on an amiably and happily constituted mind. Society certainly wore its most attractive form to one who exhibited the combined claims of youth, beauty, and reputed wealth; and either as disinterested admirers of her personal charms, or interested worshippers of the *beaux yeux de sa cassette*, she had soon numerous adorers in her train. To imagine that at her early age she derived no gratification from the admiration that she so evidently excited, would be to suppose her endowed with a degree of sense which is, I fear, rarely possessed at a much more mature period; but she was wholly superior to the contemptible desire of gaining the hearts of others, when her own was no longer free; and no considerations of gratified vanity could at all

console her for giving pain. She sought not to attract, but the lovely *heiress* must indeed have assumed a frigidity of demeanour very unsuited to Fanny's gracious nature, to have chilled some of those aspirants to her favour, whom the frowns of portionless beauty would have easily repelled.

Before the close of the season of Fanny's introduction to the mysteries of a London campaign, a letter arrived from her father, which completely accounted to Mrs. Seymour for the unexpectedly mild tenour of his objections to his daughter's matrimonial views, for it announced his own approaching marriage with a young and lovely girl, sister to a baronet, and grand-daughter to a peer.

To Fanny this intelligence, which, to many circumstanced as she was, would have been distressing in the extreme, was productive of the greatest gratification. She now felt convinced that she must soon sink into her former highly-prized insignificance, and that consequently she should find no difficulty in obtaining permission to bestow her hand where her inclinations pointed. She must now cease to be the first object with her father, and in all probability she would not long be his only child. She waited patiently until the end of the season, during which, to the inexpressible annoyance of Mrs. Fairfax, she refused several highly eligible offers, and then wrote to her father to assure him that having now followed his advice, mixed in society, and seen a little of the gay world, she was more than ever convinced that her notions of happiness were as inseparable from the quiet of a country life, as her affections were inalienable from the first object on whom they had been so deservedly bestowed, and she entreated him to give his consent to her marriage, now that her attachment had stood the required test. As she had hoped, the change in her father's own position had operated most favourably with regard to her wishes, and the following autumn saw her the happy and beloved bride of Edward Seymour.

M. S. A.

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## MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

## No. III.

CEUTA, anciently called "Septa," from its seven hills, is distant from Gibraltar about five leagues. Strabo calls it Abyla, and it is known as one of the pillars of Hercules. It commands the entrance to the Mediterranean on the African side, as Gibraltar does the European. It owes its corrupted name to the Arabs, and is celebrated as the seat of Count Julian's government, when, in revenge for his daughter Florinda's dishonour by Roderick, he betrayed his country into the hands of his neighbour, Muza the Saracen. Here it was that the remains of that heartbroken girl were interred, after her self-immolation at Malaga, where, to the grief and consternation of her parents, she threw herself headlong from a tower, and so ended the sufferings that had unsettled her reason.

Here her young brother, the last of Julian's proud and noble race, was treacherously cast into the sea by the identical Moors admitted by his father. Here their majestic and royally-descended mother was inhumanly murdered; and the curious antiquarian may still find remains of the ancient citadel, which she so gallantly defended in her last struggle to protect her boy; and over the gates leading into Barbary, when I visited Ceuta, still hung the iron cages which held the skulls of the rebel nobles, sacrificed by those whom they had plotted to enrich.

The fortified walls which separate the fortress from the Moorish frontiers are not inferior to some of the bomb-proof batteries of Gibraltar; and during the period when the place was nominally in the possession of England, the citadel was garrisoned by a British force, and presented a very formidable defence to the Mediterranean entrance.

The civil government was, however, during that time under the national dominion, and being the penal settlement for Spain, Spanish troops were likewise stationed there, under the command of their own governor; but the discipline was so relaxed, that I saw him perform a day's duty as a private soldier, taking his regular course as a sentry; for the purpose, as he explained, of exciting the men to emulate his example.

The streets of Ceuta are ill-paved and narrow. The residences are commodious, but generally inaccessible to the approach of a carriage, a circumstance (be it remarked) far less embarrassing under those ever-smiling skies, than it would be likely to prove in our cold-catching climate.

The houses have all a monastic, or rather prison-like appearance, their windows being strongly grated with iron bars, but from their balconies peep beautiful brunettes, with eyes that would pierce a coat of mail.

There are in the town two Spanish churches, one celebrated for  
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some remarkable specimens of Mosaic. In the other I remember to have been startled by a most appalling painting of the Entombment; the monk who acted ciceroné appeared to appreciate it highly, but at that time my taste was too unformed to permit me to pronounce upon its merits. There is also a monastery, the monks of which are celebrated for the exquisite manufacture of shell and feather-flowers.

The district which covers the hillocks exterior to the town is the most agreeable, every house being furnished with its own grapery and garden, abounding with oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and melons; each has also its own fountain, or well of the purest water; in this respect the town is well supplied, as the public cisterns are said to be capable of containing a reserve sufficient for two years' consumption.

At the period I write of, one division of our regiment was stationed at Gibraltar, the other at the citadel of Ceuta, under the command of a general officer, whom, for the sake of avoiding identification, I shall call St. Clair; and as my little record involves the adventures of friends, I shall disguise other names, in order that the scenes which I depict may cause no embarrassment to such of the party as still survive our trip. Alas! too many of those who might recognise resemblances of character are now numbered with the dead.

My friend Sophia was the young and ill-assorted bride of Colonel Macgregor, who boasted a genealogical tree that might have rivalled the royal oak; he was proud of his family, his name, his fortune, and of his girl-wife; not that he was capable of appreciating the higher qualities of her nature, but because, upon his arrival from the Peninsula, he found her the reigning belle of the garrison, which determined him, *nem. con.*, to make the prize his own.

Sophia was in the earliest blush of girlhood, and had she been a resident of her father-land, proposals of such a nature would have been deemed preposterous; but in more southern countries such early marriages are by no means uncommon. It may be imagined that love, beyond that which she bore to her parents, was known to her only by name; and when she acceded to their commands, it was without one feeling beyond duty, assisted by the youthful ambition to become the mistress of her own establishment, and to participate the honours and advantages, commanded as much by the colonel's stylish pretensions as by his rank and fortune.

The sudden transition, however, by which Juliet is made to pass in a few hours from childlike simplicity to the passionate depths of woman's nature, and to the perfection of intellect, was scarcely more rapid than the transformation which marriage wrought in my friend Sophia. That which in some minds is a process of tedious accomplishment, seemed in her to have been effected in a few weeks.

If a symptom of girlhood remained, it consisted in the gay and buoyant spirit gushing out in frank and sometimes dangerous irony; this she was flattered into indulging, until sometimes it fell irreverently even upon the colonel himself; but, to do her justice, this fault was one of thoughtlessness, not ill-nature; for she had a heart teeming with philanthropic kindness; and, if it *were* a fault, it might be pardoned, for it was soon corrected, as the events of our VISIT TO CEUTA left her as sedate and self-possessed a woman of the world as

though she had been ten years wedded—so sanative are the lessons that we read in our own hearts.

Sophia and myself were early friends, of one age, had grown together, and married nearly at the same period into the same regiment; and when General St. Clair came to Gibraltar upon his half-yearly inspection, he invited our matrimonial quartette to visit his lady at Ceuta, and the anticipations with which we contemplated our excursion formed the sole occupation of our conversation and thoughts until our departure.

It had been arranged that we should accompany the surgeon of our regiment, who was to follow the general in a few days, and by special favour our kind old governor gave us the use of his yacht, so that we left the garrison in gallant style; but as we stood on the deck of our little vessel, looking up at the gloomy tower which frowns over the harbour, and which then enclosed a mysterious state-prisoner most jealously guarded, most of our gay expectations were chased by certain misgivings as to the impressions we might chance to make upon our destined hostess, who, besides being the presiding deity of the place, was a personage of prodigious regimental importance, and was in that little circle celebrated by a thousand piquante anecdotes, all calculated to excite the curiosity, if not the apprehensions, of youthful guests. As if purposely to increase these nervous trepidations, scarcely was the anchor aground before an express arrived alongside, to request that Dr. Smith would conduct the visitors to the house of the general's aide-de-camp, a command which seemed so out of course, that I believe, had it not been for the more wary judgment of the colonel, we certainly should have returned without landing; it was fortunate, however, that his national characteristic guided our inexperience, as it afterwards proved that our transfer was only for two nights, owing to Mrs. St. Clair's preparations for a grand ball.

The gentlemen of our party, like good soldiers, having decided upon obedience, and night, which in these latitudes falls in a few moments, having come suddenly upon us, we were forced to submit in silence to our destiny, and following the doctor, who enjoyed the reputation of standing high in court favour, through sundry dark and winding alleys, we soon arrived at our destination, where, finding the hall-door open, we entered unannounced; but scarcely had we passed the threshold before a female voice saluted us in a broad northern accent.

"Wha's there, Jenny? Is it ye, Jenny?"

"'Tis I, Mrs. Douglas," responded our conductor.

"What, Smith? come up here—I'm brae glad to see ye back again, mon. Laws a mercy! Macgregor! I beg pardon—ye hae gotten the step since I saw you, *Colonel Macgregor*; troth then I'm glad to see ye, and the leddies too; but ye're amaist like sisters—baith brides, I ken. But which am I to ca' Mistress *Colonel Macgregor*?" Then turning suddenly to the colonel with a bantering air, she added, "Hoot awa, I always set ye down on the old bachelors' list."

Now every one knows that most men have their antipathies; but what are cats, rats, squinting women, creaking paper, or even tight shoes, to the antipathy of an ancient bon-vivant to being reminded of

his place amongst the antediluvian fraternity, three months after marriage with a reigning belle? Conscious that he had passed the uncertainty of a certain age, and testily tenacious of personal freedom, the colonel, bowing coldly, presented his wife.

"Ye're welcome to Ceuta, leddies, troth are ye—weel, weel, gin ye waited lang, colonel, ye hae got a bonny bride at last." Macgregor winced. "But come, lads, there's wine;" and she unceremoniously heaped the table with refreshments.

"Mak yersels comfortable—Mistress St. Clair will be wi' us shortly. The leddies must put on their best looks, for the honour of the regiment. It's the general that has a kind heart, and its Mistress St. Clair that's sae elegant and magnanimous."

It was thus made pretty evident to our comprehension, that however we might be disposed to regard our general's wife as high priestess, she was worshipped by our worthy and outspoken entertainer as the voice of the oracle itself. This deference, however, was quite excusable, as Mrs. Douglas was a person who had raised herself from a very humble station, mainly through the force of her own benevolent nature.

We were not held long in suspense, for scarcely had we re-entered the drawing-room after the arrangement of our attire, before a loud and authoritative knocking at the hall-door announced visitors of no common importance. Mrs. Douglas started to her feet, the gentlemen broke off their conversation, the piercing screams of children issuing from the nursery ceased, the dog in the court gave loud warning, and the cat that lay snugly on the rug, enjoying the genial warmth of a cheerful fire, rose with dignity, stretched itself lazily into the form of an arch, and took refuge under her mistress's chair.

"It is Mistress St. Clair," whispered our hostess, and hurried from the room. Presently a loud masculine voice was heard. "Well, and where are they? What are they doing?" We simultaneously rose as a tall bony woman, habited *en militaire*, in a close braided dress and regimental forage-cap, strode into the room, followed by Captain Douglas, and a posse of young officers, and roughly shaking the colonel by the hand, vowed, almost swore, that she was glad to see him. Upon Dr. Smith she bestowed the embrace *Espagnole*, greatly to the amusement of her attendants, who grouped giggling behind, and no less to our edification; at last she turned to us, and having graciously signified her approval of the choice made by our worthy lords and masters, and felicitated us upon arriving in time to be present at her ball of the ensuing evening, she enjoined us to consider ourselves "*entirely at her command*," and informed us, that although she used the house of the obliging aide-de-camp as our temporary quarters, she considered herself as the arbitress of our movements during our visit. All these preliminaries being satisfactorily settled, without more ado she took her seat at the card-table, and was soon deeply lost in the anxieties of *lansquenette*.

It having been signified to us that a visit to the Spanish governor and his lady was indispensable, early the next morning we set out to pay our respects. The government-house overlooks the bay, and is built in the usual way, with a large courtyard in the centre. At



the entrance lounged two lazy sentinels, and on the staircase lolled others, playing cards. Having passed these watchful guardians of official dignity, we found ourselves at the entrance of a suite of apartments, forming one side of the quadrangle, the scanty and mean furniture of which, uncarpeted brick floors, and uncurtained windows, strongly contrasted with the comforts of the government residence at Gibraltar. One apartment alone was exempt from the desolation which chilled us in the rest; here the floor was covered with a fine mat dyed in brilliant colours, rose-coloured silk draperies floated round the windows, and the furniture of Brazilian wood was light and elegant. This we also passed, and, conducted by Captain Douglas, were admitted into a boudoir of most tiny dimensions, where, in a dishabille perfectly inconceivable to English beaux and belles, we found the governor and his donna in conversation with their confessor; but whatever was wanting in costume was amply compensated by the graceful urbanity and unembarrassed ease with which we were received and entertained; and an hour's sprightly conversation sufficed to place us all on a footing of intimacy at the government-house, and served to convince us that beauty is not requisite to render a woman agreeable, for perhaps few possessed so plain a face, and yet fewer a more fascinating manner than the gobernadora of Ceuta.

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Perhaps it was secret vanity that induced my friend to delay her entrance into the ball-room until the guests were all assembled; and as, both by the precedence of rank and bridal honours, the duty of leading the dance devolved upon her, Mrs. St. Clair was thrown into considerable dudgeon by this coquetry; but when she entered, dressed with the most elaborate attention to English rules of taste, and looking the very queen of smiles, that lady could not but feel proud of her countrywoman; forgetting, therefore, her displeasure, and hurrying her to the head of the room without having been introduced to a single individual, Sophia found herself in a moment whirling through all the intricate mazes of a Spanish dance; but long before she had completed the figure, she became aware of being the object of general attention, and when she found herself undergoing the process of individual introduction, made doubly irksome by the embraces superadded by Spanish etiquette, she was not sorry to be relieved by the gobernadora, who now, sparkling with jewels, claimed her acquaintance.

"I wish," said she, "especially to bespeak your friendship for a young relative of mine," and added more confidentially, "who may require your kindness."

As she spoke she led Sophia to another apartment, where, in seemingly earnest conversation with one of our officers, sat a young girl, whose voluptuous person, dark eyes, now languishing in liquid light, now sparkling with vivacity, jetty hair, white teeth, and clear brown complexion, presented a perfect specimen of Spanish beauty.

Patrisinia Vialli received Sophia's compliments with the most ingenuous grace, kissing her on each cheek after the manner of her country, while Captain Westron, looking as though he wished the intruders at the antipodes, arose, and offering his arm to the gobernadora, with her left the room.



"Mercy, how tired I am!" exclaimed Sophia, sinking on the seat which had been so hastily vacated. "I have undergone a round of salutations that would have wearied twenty prudes, and flatteries of all kinds have been showered so thickly upon me, that had it not been for the gobernordora's charitable extrication, I should have expired under the load. Your countrywomen, my dear, have criticized each article of dress, from my feathers to my shoes; my English corsets were a theme of supereminent admiration, while their astonishment at my fortitude in submitting to be strait laced exceeds all bounds; in short, they have twisted me about like a humming-top, and squeezed me until I have lost all sense of feeling."

"This admiration, signora, should convince you of their good-nature," laughingly replied Patrisinia.

"Do not suppose that I am displeased," said Sophia, "for we easily forgive the inconvenience of being too much commended."

"You are a happy woman, signora," returned her companion, with a scarcely perceptible sigh.

"Am I? then the merit is entirely my own."

"Possessed of beauty, rank, and riches, how could you be otherwise?"

"Beauty is a compendious word, signoretta; a single good feature not unfrequently suffices to elevate a woman into a popular idol, especially if aided by wealth or position."

"Then again," added Patrisinia, "what a fortunate fate, united to the man of your choice, the object of your fond affections!"

"The one worshipper," pursued Sophia, "selected from all to idolize me in my hours of mirth, and shed tear for tear in those of my affliction; is not that a pretty picture?"

The Spanish girl nodded.

"I think so too; but unfortunately, my dear girl, it is like all pictures, *unreal*."

"*Unreal!*"

"Yes! the theory of marriage is extremely beautiful, but the practice is, I assure you, *tout au contraire*."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Patrisinia.

"And Colonel Macgregor would be equally astonished if he heard you accuse him of the inconceivable barbarity of being in love with his wife."

"And is it possible that he is not?"

"Your notions," went on Sophia, "are so exceedingly charming and natural, that it is almost a pity to spoil them; however, *there* is Colonel Macgregor: do you think he looks like the very interesting person you have been so prettily imagining?"

Now as there are certain feminine prejudices against diminutive stature, red hair, white eyes, minus eyebrows, and a complexion where the rose blushes on the nose instead of the cheek, it must be confessed that the colonel did not come up to the beau ideal of an Adonis in any one's opinion excepting his own, and the contiguity in which he was placed, beside a very majestic and remarkably handsome Spaniard, did not contribute to the *éclat* of his appearance; the look, therefore, with which Patrisinia scanned him, was perfectly

intelligible to her companion, who, as though the opinion had been expressed in words, went on in her rattling way.

"No, no—give us English credit for more common sense than romance. The colonel selected me to please his vanity, and I took him to please those I loved more than all the world. He has no pride so great as seeing his wife an object of admiration, and considers the honour of his name as a receipt in full for personal attentions; and I am so amiably acquiescent to his views, that I never trouble my head about the goddess at whose shrine he may chance to pay his temporary devotions."

"And you are yet a bride?"

"Lud, child, I have been married three whole months; and you have no idea how much knowledge a sagacious person may acquire within that period of married life."

"And is the colonel never jealous?"

Sophia laughed. "No! that would be too amusing."

"Yet flattery is dangerous."

"It may be to those who seldom hear it; but when constantly buzzed in one's ears, it loses its influence."

"And you are really happy?"

"If you mean contented, yes; but as to that exquisite bliss which young ladies so religiously believe necessarily to belong to marriage, I must confess that I have found no cause to become a proselyte to their faith."

"I have been taught to think that marriage without love must be misery," said Patrisinia.

"A mere girlish fallacy," pursued Sophia, with a most matronly air; "and if I might offer the results of my own observations, I should pronounce love to be rather destructive to the comforts of wedlock."

"You have uttered an enigma."

"Love," said Sophia, "has a thousand fears, jealousies, and caprices; it wastes its energies in petty contentions, and destroys its boasted bliss by endless anxieties. The life of a woman who loves is one series of continued disappointments. She enters marriage with all her expectations raised, all her enthusiastic hopes awakened; she lavishes on her idol all the treasures of her heart, and naturally expects to receive a correspondent return. He, meanwhile, who as the lover had been all devotion, as the husband becomes all apathetic. Like the sportsman, whose ardour is sustained by the enterprize of the chase, he becomes listless and inert when the prize is won; and she, looking vainly for those delicate attentions which he had taught her to appreciate, grows surprised and shocked at finding them nearly all withdrawn. She consults her glass, and finds the beauty he extolled still bright as before; she examines her heart, it is full of affection; and when each hourly action is subjected to a critical scrutiny, they prove to be so many indices of that voluminous record which registers her thoughts. Bewildered and wretched, she weeps in secret over her lost happiness, nor dreams of looking into the metaphysics of nature for the solution of her difficult problem. Thus she becomes fretful, perhaps perverse; while he, provoked, abjures the tiny god, yet, with admirable inconsistency, demands from her increasing testi-

monies of affection, even though he find their exhibition wearisome. He demonstrates his power by groundless jealousies, construes her silence into coldness, her eagerness for his society into an attack upon his liberty, and, rather than yield an iota of those boasted rights which are unassailed except by the nervous fears of the sensitive despot, he rushes to dissipation for which he has no taste, and leaves the wife of his bosom to a solitude of tears. Perhaps time and the meekness of submission may rend away the chains that bind his reason captive; he returns in penitence to his victim; but, alas! she has learned to doubt him in whom she had confided, to fear him who was her idol. He then becomes sensible of the change, and finds that forgiveness is a poor substitute for affection, and fruitlessly mourns over the withered heart whose brightest blossoms his cruelty has blighted."

"Really," said Patrisinia, "you argue most learnedly for one who is ignorant of the passion."

"I had a friend," replied Sophia, somewhat mournfully, "who was its victim, and I had the misfortune to be introduced into society when I ought to have been working tent-stitch in the nursery. But pray let us waive these gloomy topics—only take my advice, marry a husband for whom you feel a comfortable indifference, and let the little petted urchin go to Jericho! You will be happier without than with him, depend upon it."

"If your code be true, it is well worth consideration," said Patrisinia.

"Still," replied Sophia archly, "I fancy that yonder Irish hero, who watches us so impatiently, will contrive to efface every word of my lecture before the end of the hour. But remember, men are sad deceivers! That is the first lesson that meets our ears, but it is the last that we will condescend to learn by heart. Our self-love prompts us to believe that we have a right of exemption from the misfortunes that befall the rest of the world, and we constantly expect that a miracle will be wrought for our particular advantage. But here comes my liege lord, and smiling as though he were still a lover."

"I could not endure my husband to be less than a lover," said Patrisinia.

"National prejudices," whispered Sophia, as the gentlemen advanced. "Your countrymen are equally ready to serenade a mistress or stiletto a rival; now mine are, nine times out of ten, either mere humdrums, who care nothing about the matter, or else fashionable gallants, who pique themselves upon a wife's beauty as they would upon that of their horse, and are equally flattered by the commendation of either."

"Permit me to present Don Pedro Valdigo, governor of Seville, to the fair Englishwoman whose charms he pronounces to be irresistible," said the colonel; "I have promised to use my influence for the next set." Sophia curtsied assent, whilst her eyes sank abashed before the ardent gaze that was rivetted upon her. The colonel contemplated her blushing face with a self-satisfied air, and, erecting his figure to about five feet nothing for a grand climax, turned to his companion—"Don Pedro, I have great pleasure in introducing you to *Mrs. Macgregor!*"

The Spaniard started, a flush crossed his cheek, a sudden frown

shaded his brow, and, looking rapidly from one to the other, he nearly dropped the hand that had been placed in his own.

The colonel had produced an effect, but the pleasure of the jest was entirely confined to himself.

Don Pedro that day had arrived at Ceuta on a visit to the government-house, and having been greatly excited by the gobernadora's praises of the beautiful Englishwoman, his first object on entering the ball-room was to secure an introduction. Accident led him into conversation with Macgregor, and, little suspecting that he was speaking with the husband of the lady, he poured forth his admiration, by which the colonel's vanity was so flattered, that he did not hesitate to carry on the jest until the moment of introduction.

There is in woman an intuitive perception, which distinguishes at a glance the nature of the sentiment which she inspires, and it is only when her own heart becomes attached that love binds his fillet over the eyes of her discernment; so, though her husband failed to discover more than ordinary gallantry in the avowals of Don Pedro, she, more learned, shrank before the lustrous look that rested so passionately upon her.

Soon recovering from his momentary confusion, the Spaniard uttered a hasty apology to the colonel for the freedom of his remarks, and then led his partner to the ball-room; neither, however, attempted for some moments to break a silence more dangerous than speech. Sophia felt it to be impossible, Don Pedro, perhaps for the first time in his life, found it difficult, and, when he did speak, his voice trembled.

"Will Mrs. Macgregor condescend to pardon an involuntary error?"

"I were indeed to blame," said Sophia, endeavouring to rally, "to deem that offensive which is intended to compliment."

"It were as impossible to compliment you, donna, as it were unwise to betray the sentiment which you inspire."

"Cease to tax your gallantry," replied Sophia, resuming her usual playful manner, "for I promise you that I shall not accord any attention until you find some other theme for conversation."

They now joined the dancers, and Sophia found ample occupation in dispensing smiles and brief words among her new acquaintances, but ever as she turned to her partner, the expression of his look became too eloquent to be misunderstood. She was fond of conquest, but it was the conquest of the hour, not the wreck of the heart's peace, that she delighted in, and the tale she now read was one that gave her sorrow.

Suddenly the dance ceased, a murmur rose, and then came a sad account of poor Doctor Smith;—he, who but the previous evening had landed with us so full of activity and health, and who had been so conspicuously welcomed by Mrs. St. Clair, had fallen while preparing for the ball, and was soon after found dead. On receiving the intelligence, Mrs. St. Clair had retired into an adjoining room, whither Sophia's considerate partner hastily conducted her, on perceiving the deadly paleness that overspread her countenance on being made acquainted with the lamentable catastrophe. They there found Mrs.

St. Clair affectedly leaning on the shoulder of Colonel Macgregor, receiving the condolence of a group of her special favourites ; and when Sophia advanced towards her, she exclaimed, in a stentorian tone, " So ! Mrs. Macgregor half dead I see ! Is it not shocking ? Horrible ! frightful ! Are they dancing in the next room ? My ball will be completely spoiled !—a total failure ! Did you ever know such a barbarism ? I'll never forgive him !—never ! Don't dance with him, Mrs. Macgregor—pray don't."

" With whom, madam ?" asked Sophia, completely mystified.

" With that wild man of the woods, Herbert. Was I not in the most charming spirits imaginable, when, like a raven, he came croaking his tale of death into my ears, and put all to flight. Every one knows my regard for poor dear Doctor Smith ; but what service could it render him to destroy my cheerfulness by telling me of his death ? I could not bring him to life again—and why spoil my ball ?"

A change came over Sophia's spirits ; she felt sick almost to fainting. " And such," thought she, " is the world's attachment—that world for which I have sacrificed myself !"

" Come," said Mrs. St. Clair ; " Don Pedro will take care of Mrs. Macgregor ; do you, gentlemen, assist me in restoring the gaiety of my guests."

" With your permission," said Sophia, " I will remain here for the present ; the colonel will, I dare say, give me his company."

" Impossible, my dear Sophia !" replied the colonel, curvetting after the general's lady ; " I am engaged, and would not on any account interfere with the duties of your partner ;" and with a smirk, and a nod to the don, he left the room.

Sophia looked after him in momentary vexation ; her companion stood with folded arms attentively regarding her, and, on perceiving a smile re-appear, he seated himself near her.

" And so, donna, your husband permits me the privilege you would have ungenerously refused."

" Which entitles you to my hand for another dance. Yet I must pray you to release me from the engagement. Seek another partner," said Sophia, purposely misunderstanding him.

" The charms of your conversation exceed the pleasures of the dance, and should not be denied me, since sanctioned by the colonel, by whose decree I remain your shadow."

" Methinks my *own* consent might be consulted," said Sophia.

" That were a boon indeed ;—say that you accord it, donna, and I will endeavour to deserve it. Show me but the way—nay," he added, changing his earnest into a lighter tone, " I will not be denied, and on this I swear allegiance, so I may be admitted your faithful cavalier." As he spoke, his hand touched hers, which rested on a chair ; but, finding that she proudly withdrew it, he caught from her grasp the bouquet it enclosed, and pressed it to his lips, adding, " this, at least, I will for ever preserve, as a remembrance of this moment's happiness."

" See," remarked Sophia, " the roses fade, fit emblem of the vow they bear."

" Donna, you do not think so," said the Spaniard seriously.

Predetermined as Don Pedro appeared to monopolize the society of my friend, she had found means to escape him, and we were whisperingly conferring together when Macgregor, passing us hastily, as the company were bustling towards the supper-room, found himself suddenly arrested.

"Upon my word, colonel," said Sophia, "I am greatly obliged for your generous *carte blanche* respecting the attentions and adulations of others, but I think it were as well if you exhibited some portion of your conspicuous gallantry towards your wife."

"Sophy jealous?" asked the surprised husband.

"Of your honour, sir," replied Sophia, "which it appears is better guarded by my rectitude than by your vigilance."

"I trust, madam," gravely said the colonel, "that there is no danger of your falling into the very vulgar notion of attaching importance to every common-place compliment that is paid to your attractions. I should be deeply mortified indeed to find that you had enrolled yourself amongst those violently virtuous ladies who pass their lives in Quixotising against imaginary assailants."

"The breath of flattery," proudly retorted his wife, "passes as idly into my ear as it does from your lip."

"If so," returned he, "there is no need for my exposing myself to the risk of being lampooned as a jealous husband, by dancing attendance upon my own wife."

"Colonel," said Sophia impressively, "let not such trifling fears expose that which you ought to value to real danger; be assured that I am not wholly heartless, and if among the idle crowd one tone of genuine tenderness should be breathed, perchance it might awaken a responsive chord in my bosom; then blame yourself if you are not ready to win me back to duty."

Macgregor viewed himself in the mirror, and laughed incredulously, bade her secure her conquests, and assuring her that he should only consider them as so many proofs of his good taste and fortune, passed on.

Sophia sighed as he left her, but coloured deeply when she perceived that Don Pedro was by her side, and must have heard their conversation. She felt that she had unequivocally betrayed her fear of his acquiring an undue influence, and, if feared, why? A secret monitor within responded to the question. The Spaniard had been dull indeed if not conscious of his advantage: he took her hand without a word, and led her to the supper-room.

Not even a look was exchanged between them, yet each felt that the conventions of society were broken down, and that the occult mysteries of their hearts were revealed. Before the party separated, however, Don Pedro's new-born affection had to struggle with one terrible apprehension, which was awakened by overhearing a whispered request from Captain Westron for a private conference, followed by a quick appointment to escort her to the beach the following day, whither she was to accompany a party to gather shells. The national suspicion of the Spaniard was on the alert. Had his self-love deceived him? Was Westron, after all, the hero of her alarms?—and he could not help hazarding to her the remark that the captain was a happy man.



"I believe he is about to confide to my friendship a secret that he deems of some importance," said Sophia; "and I promise you that I shall not betray my trust."

Don Pedro scrutinized her countenance doubtingly—it was guileless as a child's, and when she smiled adieu, he retired from her presence, convinced that the world held not another being so worthy of his homage. Alas! he forgot the sacred decree that forbade the offering.

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"And now for the secret, the great important secret," said Sophia to Captain Westron, as, true to her appointment, she stepped upon the battery from which they were to descend to the beach. "There are no listeners here to tell tales, so don't keep me in suspense."

"Well then, madam," said Westron, colouring, "in one word, I am in love."

"Lud a mercy! is that all? I'll wager a pair of gloves that every man in the garrison between the ages of sixteen and sixty will plead guilty to the same misdemeanour. For pity's sake, don't call that a secret."

"Pray don't laugh, madam; mine is a more serious case than you imagine," pleaded Westron.

"Promise me a little adventure, and I'll listen to your confession with the gravity of a judge and the secresy of a duenna; for I am certain that with the aid of those iron-barred birdcages yonder, we shall be able to concoct as pretty a little romance as ever provoked the appetite of the novel-loving public."

"Those iron bars are the devil," ejaculated Westron.

"So, so, my friend, it is as I suspected; an elopement, in which, while I enact the confidante, Patrisinia Vialli is to perform the heroine."

"Exactly; but how, my dear Mrs. Macgregor, *could* you have discovered what has never been confided to any one?"

"There's an old adage about lookers-on seeing more of the game than those who play. That is my case. But, sincerely, where exists your difficulty?"

"Her uncle, by whom she has been educated, is a priest, and rejects me, partly because of my religion, and partly because, since childhood, she has been betrothed to a man of superior rank and fortune."

"In that case," said Sophia, "you may depend upon my best assistance."

"A thousand thanks," replied her companion; "you have conferred on me an inestimable obligation. By your assistance I trust we shall be able to escape to Gibraltar; once there and our union completed, the governor will protect my wife. But were we to be discovered prior to that event, Patrisinia would be consigned to a convent, or to a fate she yet more dreads, a marriage with Don Pedro, the governor of Seville."

"With Don Pedro?" exclaimed Sophia, greatly startled.

"The same."

"You have a most dangerous rival," she continued, thoughtfully.



"I place every confidence in Patrisinia's affections."

"And how will Don Pedro endure this interruption to his wooing?"

"What his feelings on the subject may be, it is not my province to inquire; they are not, however, supposed to be very ardent."

"I hope not; for I must confess that it would deeply grieve me were I in any way instrumental to his unhappiness," said Sophia, as she prepared to follow her conductor, who had descended a few steps to seek a safe pathway down the rocks, when a voice from behind pronounced the single word "Remember!" It was Don Pedro, who putting his finger to his lip to intimate the necessity of silence, disappeared, leaving on Sophia's mind the disagreeable conviction that he participated their secret; a participation which might be equally fatal to the lovers, if imparted or concealed. Trusting, therefore, solely to future circumstances to direct her in the difficult part she had undertaken, and endeavouring to banish every appearance of embarrassment, lest the captain should construe it into an indication of a repented promise, she quickened her steps, and soon joined the shell-seekers who had already assembled, but whose eager acquisition of marine treasures left them little time to comment upon the new comers.

In a round of gaiety several days elapsed without any plan being arranged for the flight of the lovers, and as every day brought some new proof of the Spaniard's devotion to my friend, she found her position increasingly delicate. In this emergency she determined to confide the fact of Don Pedro's acquaintance with their project to Patrisinia herself; leaving her to determine how his interference with their plot could be most easily prevented. Accordingly, taking advantage of an evening when the gentlemen were all engaged at a grand mess dinner, we sallied forth to visit our young Spanish friend; and when we were turning from the courtyard into the gallery leading to the signoretta's apartments, a tall man closely enveloped in his cloak, and wearing his sombrero deeply slouched over his brows, brushed quickly past us. We should have scarcely noticed so common a circumstance, but for the sudden stop and deep reverence which he made, upon recognizing the persons whom he had so unceremoniously encountered. That action, notwithstanding his mysterious muffling, betrayed the graceful Don Pedro, and accordingly we found Patrisinia in a most pitiable state of agitation; the quondam lover having just formally released her from her engagement, with a stern recommendation to correct her views respecting Captain Westron, whose intentions, he warned her in time, were not likely to be effected, and whose failure might consign her to a fate even more unfortunate than that of becoming his wife. With this cold sarcasm on his lips he departed, leaving his astonished hearer a prey to the most bitter apprehensions, which were destined to be still more heightened by the communication of my friend.

Throwing herself upon Sophia's bosom, she conjured her so piteously personally to plead her cause with the Don, and seemed so completely helpless, and dependent upon the good offices which she invoked, that my friend was compelled, "contrary to her better judgment," to accede to the task of securing his Excellency's silence. To this promise

she was the rather urged, since it was impossible for her to confide to any one except myself the true cause of her wishing to evade using her influence with Don Pedro.

Patrisinia was, however, so deeply impressed with the irresistible power of Sophia's eloquence, that having secured her promise, she passed from a state of absolute *abandon* to 'one of perfect elation, which good office being accomplished, we set out on our return home, where we were surprised to find a group of officers, "all more or less elevated," busily engaged in removing from a sort of bier an apparently lifeless body; we stopped, and gazed at the group with consternation, and as the body was raised by the soldiers, we heard one exclaim, "Fairly done up, by Jupiter!" "Settled at last," responded another; and then the military cap of the insensible falling to the ground, we recognized the features of Colonel Macgregor.

"O my husband! he is dead! he is murdered!" shrieked Sophia, darting wildly forward, and would have fallen to the earth, but, rapid as light, a man sprang from the shadow of the archway, and caught her in his arms—it was Don Pedro!

The boisterous party stared in stupid astonishment; but, before they could recover themselves, he had borne her up stairs to the apartment where sat Mrs. St. Clair and Mrs. Douglas at cribbage. "Guid guide us, what's the matter wi' the puir thing?" exclaimed Mrs. Douglas, starting from her chair, whilst Don Pedro laid his burden on the sofa.

"What may be the meaning of this scene?" inquired Mrs. St. Clair, who, for some reason best known to herself, had latterly exhibited considerable rancour towards Sophia. The Spaniard was too much absorbed to hear her. "May I beg the favour of a reply? I am not accustomed to incivility, especially in my own house;" pursued Mrs. St. Clair, highly piqued.

He looked vacantly round, then in a tone that betrayed irrepressible agitation, answered, that "he believed Colonel Macgregor was dead,—or drunk," he added, in a low contemptuous whisper.

Mrs. St. Clair shrugged her shoulders and left the room as if to satisfy her curiosity: Mrs. Douglas ran for a restorative, whilst I was busily engaged using the best means I could think of to restore the senses of my friend. Don Pedro pressed her cold hands passionately to his lips, and reposed her languid head upon his shoulder. She breathed, but so faintly that it would not have stirred the down of the thistle; twice he bent down as if to steal that soft breath from her lips, but each time drew back, as though respect forbade the freedom that loved dictated; but as the current of life began to flow through her frame, his heart beat more wildly, and straining her fondly to his breast, he rivetted his eyes upon her countenance, and whispered in her scarcely conscious ears vows of imperishable devotion.

Approaching footsteps and loud voices on the stairs at last recalled him to recollection; and the next instant Mrs. Douglas entered with a whole cargo of smelling-bottles. "The ne'er-do-weel chieils," she exclaimed, "have made the colonel beastly fu', and put him to bed. But Mistress St. Clair has rated them soundly, and sent all off except Captain Westron, who won't leave the house until Mistress Macgregor

forgives him ; it's nae use arguing wi' a tipsy mon, sae here he comes."

At this moment Sophia slowly opened her eyes, and glancing wildly around, screamed, " He is murdered—I saw him ; O how horrible !"

" Na, na ! there's nae harm done !" said Mrs. Douglas, soothingly.

" It is a judgment," murmured Sophia, some indistinct ideas floating through her brain.

" He'll be weel enough in the morning !" urged Mrs. Douglas.

" He is dead ! dead, madam ; O horror ! and I—" a smothered groan filled up the sentence.

" Be calm ; be comforted, donna ;" whispered Don Pedro, in a low sad tone ; " your happy husband is well."

Sophia started ; his voice recalled to her memory the vows which he had made when she was scarcely conscious ; their import flashed across her mind, and fixing on him a piteous look, she hid her face in my bosom.

" I am astonished," rebuked Mrs. St. Clair, upon her return, " that you can be so absurd ; a night's rest and soda-water will enable the colonel in the morning to appreciate his wife's overweening sensibility."

Sophia was humbled and admonished by the crowd of feelings new and overwhelming that struggled in her bosom. " Pardon me, madam," she said, " if I have not learnt to witness for the first time such human degradation unmoved. Blame me not ; I shall doubtless grow perfect in my worldly lesson all too soon."

" Ha, puir thing," sympathized Mrs. Douglas ; " ye hae a deal to learn yet."

" Indeed, indeed, madam, I fear that I have," she replied ; suddenly burst into tears, and hurried from the room.\*

\* To be continued.

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## HUNTING SONG.

BY MILES MALLORY.

### RECITATIVE.

Hark ! the horn calls away,  
Come the grave, come the gay,  
Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise !

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From the east breaks the morn,  
See the sun-beams adorn  
The wild heath and the mountain so high ;  
Shrilly opes the stanch hound,  
The steed neighs to the sound,  
And the woods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers, though rude,  
Proved their greatness of blood  
By encount'ring the hart and the boar ;  
Ruddy health flushed each face,  
Ay, and youth joined the chase,  
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,  
Hills and wilds we frequent,  
Where the bosom of nature's revealed ;—  
Though, in life's busy day,  
Man of man makes a prey,  
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chase in full sight,  
Gods ! how great the delight,  
How our mortal sensations refine ;  
Where is care ? where is fear ?  
Like the winds, in the rear,  
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys !  
Lo ! each pants for the joys  
That give freedom and life to the soul ;  
Then at eve we'll dismount,  
Toils and pleasures recount,  
And renew the chase over the bowl !

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## THE BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XV.

HOPES AND FEARS—PLOTS AND PLANS—NEW LOVE AND OLD LOVE.

AT the moment of her departure from Bruton Street, Constance had ventured to ask Mrs. Hartley to call for her in her way home from the party to which she and her younger daughters were going—a request which was graciously complied with, both in word and deed. Lady Georgina Grayton and Lord Willoughby had already taken their departure, when “Mrs. Hartley’s carriage for Miss Ridley” was announced; and dear to Constance as was the joy of listening to the voice of Mortimer, she was not sorry to be summoned, for there was something in the manner in which she perceived the eyes of Mr. Bradley fixed upon her which greatly annoyed her.

As soon as Lady Georgina and Lord Willoughby had retired, Mr. Fitzosborne had placed himself beside Lady Dort, and entered into conversation with her. Mortimer, who had not reseated himself after taking leave of her ladyship, then led the painter apart, and for a few minutes whispered in his ear; after which the poet again placed himself beside Miss Ridley, and, if possible, seemed more than ever bent upon winning her soul, as well as her ear, to listen to his whispered but most animated eloquence. Nor would he have found this at all more difficult than heretofore, had the eyes of Mr. Bradley been less offensively fixed upon her; for neither Lady Dort nor Mr. Fitzosborne appeared disposed to pay any attention except to each other. But an idea had suggested itself to Constance, which would not let her enjoy what she so dearly valued. She fancied that, at the request of Mr. Mortimer, the artist was studying her features, in order to make a sketch of them from memory, and this caused her not only a feeling of painful embarrassment, but a degree of uneasiness of a much graver kind, and which effectually banished every emotion resembling pleasure from her mind. “Would Mortimer have done this, had he thought her worthy of becoming his wife?” was the question that her heart suggested, and her judgment so instantly answered in the negative, that her fair cheek grew pale, and she wished for nothing so much as to be alone, to meditate on the most fitting way of proving to him that she was not the light, vain creature which he seemed to think.

Gladly, therefore, did she hear the carriage announced, and not without pleasure, despite her vexation, did she mark the heavy shade of melancholy which settled on the countenance of Mortimer as she

rose to go. Lady Dort started up to receive her farewell, and to return it with a vast profusion of affectionate lamentations that the hateful moment was so soon arrived. "But why go yet?" she added. "Let us not be the slaves of a round wig and a pair of horses. Sit down again, sweet Constance, for one short half hour, I entreat you!"

"I entreat you!" echoed Mr. Mortimer.

Constance, as we know, had confessed to her own heart that she was in love, and that her own heart had whispered to her that she was beloved. Nevertheless, she was not prepared for this sort of demand upon her. She coloured, and, looking a little taller than usual, thanked Lady Dort for her kindness, without alluding to its echo, said she could not keep Mrs. Hartley's carriage waiting, and, in reply to her ladyship's earnest injunction not to forget "to-morrow evening," declared that such forgetfulness was quite impossible, and that she trusted nothing would prevent her having the pleasure of waiting upon her.

During the whole of this little scene, the eyes of Mr. Fitzosborne were fixed upon Constance; but he had chosen his attitude beside the chimney well; nothing could be less conspicuous;—besides, there was nobody looking at him. Having received a last farewell pressure of the hand from Lady Dort, Constance bestowed a graceful bow upon him as she retired, and was preparing to give its fellow to Mr. Mortimer, when she perceived that he had stationed himself at the door in order to escort her to the carriage. To refuse his offered arm was, of course, out of the question, but he walked beside her in the most profound silence. He was offended, deeply offended; and fortunate it was for him that he was so; for the fair girl at his side, albeit he had made a very strong impression on her heart, was in no mood to have received any farther indications of his thinking himself a privileged person, favourably.

But if this was fortunate for his love, it was fortunate for hers too; for, of all men living, Mr. Mortimer was the one whose tender passions the most absolutely required obstacles, difficulties, and *contretemps* to bring them to perfection. Nothing, indeed, could be more tremblingly delicate than the conformation of his mind on this important subject; for, did any lady whom he particularly admired appear, during their first two or three interviews, in any degree insensible to the charms of his conversation, the nascent partiality withered, and died away like a flower rudely crushed; while the fairest and most gifted creature that ever breathed had only to prove to him that no obstacle of any kind remained to delay the union for which he had pleaded with thoughts of fire and words of flame, in order to awaken a thousand delicate doubts and sentimental fears lest their souls were not sufficiently in unison to ensure the perennial harmony in which it was his wish to live. Constance had distinctly shown him, on more occasions than one, that she was *not* insensible to his power of pleasing, and now she had, with equal distinctness, shown him not only that she was not to be won unsought, but that the wooing must be in conformity to her own taste, in order to be successful.

Nothing, therefore, could be much more vehement than was the



paroxysm of love in which he watched the savage rapidity of the chariot-wheels which bore her from him, and nothing could be more favourable to the continuation of the interesting, all-absorbing sentiment he wished to inspire, than the mixture of admiration and displeasure, of hope and of fear, which fluttered in the heart of Constance as she left him.

She would have given much could she have turned away, as he did, to solitary meditation and delicious reverie; but her case was widely different. Mrs. Hartley, Margaretta, and Caroline, were in the carriage that received her, as Henry Mortimer silently, but with a deep and long-drawn sigh, quitted her hand.

"Who was it, Constance, that put you into the carriage?" said Caroline, the moment the door was closed.

"Lord! Caroline, don't you know Henry Mortimer? What a stupid girl you must be!" said Margaretta.

"Had you a large party, my dear?" said Mrs. Hartley.

Delighted to escape pronouncing the name of Mortimer, Constance readily replied, "No, not a large party at all, but a very pleasant one."

"And whom had you, my dear?"

Constance gave the names of the company, concluding the list thus, "And the gentleman who put me into the carriage."

"The gentleman who put you into the carriage!" repeated Mrs. Hartley, playfully tapping the shoulder of Constance with her fan. "You have not yet learned his name quite perfectly, I presume? Nevertheless, my dear Miss Ridley, I have positively been told this evening that 'the gentleman who put you into the carriage' is not only going to teach you his name, but to give it to you."

"How very, very absurd people are!" exclaimed Constance in reply; "and how difficult it is even to guess what could possibly put such ridiculous nonsense into their heads!" and thankful was she, as she said this, that the burning blush which she felt tingling on her cheek was invisible.

"Nay, my dear," said Margaretta, with rather a provoking little titter, "I cannot agree with you in thinking this so very difficult. Perhaps you are not aware that an opera-box *au seconde* is a very conspicuous place?"

Constance was silenced. She did remember, and now with a feeling of very severe self-reproach, that she had heard "nothing but Mortimer" during the hour he had sat beside her on the night alluded to by Margaretta, and that it was more than probable, that although during these delightful moments she had utterly forgotten all eyes but his, all eyes had not forgotten her, and that she had thus made herself a theme for observation which she would have given up a thousand operas to avoid, and of reports, chiefly painful perhaps because they were not true.

The effect of all this upon Mrs. Hartley was, however, widely different—she was delighted. It is much easier for a lady, with two thousand a year and three pretty daughters, to make them, and herself, and her house, and her horses, and her carriage, look elegant, and

quite like other people's, than to make them look elegant and *not* quite like other people's. Of this Mrs. Hartley was very fully aware; and never did a London season end without her being conscious, that though she had succeeded perfectly in achieving the first, she had as perfectly failed in achieving the last. Many schemes had suggested themselves as a remedy for this ineffective mediocrity, but unhappily they all required more money than she could afford to spend, or more influence than she was likely to acquire, before they could be brought to maturity. Often had she meditated on the possibility of following at a distance the brilliant and remarkable career of Lady Dort, who had attained her envied celebrity much less by means of her superior income, than by the talent with which she contrived to bring around her all the most elegant as well as all the most remarkable persons in the metropolis. But a strong consciousness of the difficulty of making a brilliant beginning in this line, and a horror of failure if her object should be both notorious and abortive, had ever withheld her from the attempt. But now, and for the first time, she thought that she could see her way clear before her—for what a nucleus would Henry Mortimer make for the blaze of brightness which she wished to establish in her drawing-rooms! The poet Mortimer in love with, and reported to be engaged to, a member of her family, would be quite sufficient to *set her going*, and this once done, she trusted to her own peculiar talent for turning everything to the best account for subsequent success.

It was long since her daughters had seen her in such excellent spirits, and they respectively reasoned upon it according to their lights.

"If mamma were not so much afraid of having a red face," thought Caroline, "I should think she had been taking two glasses of champagne instead of one to-night."

"My mother has some promising plot in her head," thought Margaretta. "I would bet my emerald bracelets against her wedding-ring, that I shall be invited to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast with her to-morrow."

"Would I were at home and in bed!" sighed poor Constance. "What can make Mrs. Hartley so talkative?"

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It was not till the broad light of day was finding its way athwart her shutters and curtains that Constance closed her eyes in sleep. The situation in which she found herself, not only with respect to Mr. Mortimer's conduct and manner towards her, but also as to the state of her own heart, was so perfectly new to her, that her twenty-one years of experience in the affairs of life were not sufficient to make her feel at ease under it.

"I will open my whole heart to Penelope," thought she, as she turned herself for the hundredth time upon her pillow; and having made this very wise and exceedingly courageous resolution, she closed her aching eyes, and fell asleep.

Margaretta was quite right. Mrs. Hartley had not reached the top of the stairs before she said, "I know I shall be lazy to-morrow,

Margaret; I will have my breakfast in my own room, if you will come to pour out my tea for me." Caroline heard the appointment, and, as usual, made her own use of it, so that Penelope and her friend found themselves, very much to their satisfaction, once more *tête-à-tête* beside their breakfast-table.

This was always a signal for being particularly confidential and comfortable, and Penelope opened the conversation by saying, "Now, then, dear Constance, give me a full, true, and particular account of everything that happened to you yesterday. Did you enjoy it?—were you very happy?—was it very delightful?"

In answer to which, Constance gave a brief, but tolerably graphic description of the whole party; having concluded which, she said, "And now, Penelope, having said so much about the rest of the party, I want to talk to you a little about myself. Will you listen to me?"

"Will I?—Is it a question, dearest?"

"I ought to have asked none," returned Constance; "I ought to have asked that you would listen to me with very great indulgence, for indeed, Penelope, I want it. I certainly am not very happy, and I fear I am not very wise."

"What can have passed during the hours of yesterday evening to enable you to say this with so grave an aspect, Constance, as almost to persuade me that you are in earnest? What has happened to make you unhappy? and what have you done that is unwise?"

"Penelope, I believe I am what is called in love with a man who, I am greatly inclined to think, has no intention of offering to marry me. Is not this sufficient to answer both your questions?"

"Perhaps it might, did I feel quite certain the statement were correct; but I do not. Mr. Mortimer is, as I presume, the man?"

"Alas!" replied Constance, "'tis as I presume. Yes, Mr. Mortimer is the man."

"Then I do not agree with you in thinking that the man you love has no intention of offering to marry you," said Penelope.

"I would to heaven you knew as much as I do, and yet could say so still," returned Constance, colouring; "and that, not only as it might create hope for the future, but remove the weight of some very terrible fears for the past."

"You speak in riddles, my Constance, and I cannot comprehend you," said Penelope. "If you really mean that I should understand what has passed, you must be more matter-of-fact and prosaic."

"What has passed! That sounds as if I had positive facts and striking adventures to relate, and that I have not. But give me a patient hearing, dearest Penelope, laugh at me as little as you can, and love me not the less for my folly, and I will tell you—all that I know myself. And now, then, to begin with the beginning. I do think that Mr. Mortimer likes me—admires me, as people call it; I have never met him without his having given me reason to think so, and last night certainly not less than heretofore. But, nevertheless, Penelope, I do *not* think his manner to me is exactly that of a man who—in short, I doubt if he esteems me sufficiently to make me his wife."

"As how, Constance?" said Miss Hartley, gravely.

"There is the difficulty. I know not how to describe the shades, tints, and tones of manner which have suggested this painful surmise, without deluding you by saying either too much or too little. Oh! it is very difficult! I think he makes me too conspicuous by the sort of attention he pays me; I think he seems to expect a sort of attention from me in return, which—which such a man would hardly approve in the woman he hoped to marry. This is all, I believe. And now I protest to you, Penelope, I know not if it amount to much or little—and this, too, I suppose you will call a riddle."

"No, Constance, I think I now fully understand you," replied her friend. "But you must answer me one question—do you dislike and blame this conduct—this manner, let us call it—sufficiently for the feeling to interfere with the partiality you have acknowledged, or does it only tend to increase your anxiety respecting his intentions?"

Again Constance coloured, and for a moment remained silent. "That is what may be called a shrewd question, I suspect, by the sort of *coup* it gives me here," she said at length, placing her hand upon her bosom, "but I will answer it as clearly and as truly as I can, Penelope. I think that if Mr. Mortimer were to propose to me, I should very speedily forget all this, and accept him."

"As long as you continue so to think and feel, the case is not a difficult one," replied Miss Hartley. "You have only to let matters take their course, and your first campaign in London will end by your returning to Appleby an affianced woman—and probably nobody will feel very greatly astonished at this result of your introduction to the *beau monde*."

"You have not touched the point on which I especially wished to consult you," returned Constance. "You have not told me if you think I ought to make any change in my manner to him—whether I ought to make him feel that I do not approve his very particular style of addressing me—of looking at me—of behaving to me."

"On that point," dearest Constance, "I would not for the world advise you, being quite sure that no advice could so certainly lead you right as your own truly delicate mind. Whether you make any resolution about it or not, be very sure that if Mr. Mortimer's manner be in any way what it ought *not* to be, he will find out that you think it so."

"Then you do not suppose that—that the partiality of which I have confessed myself conscious, has so shown itself, as to make him fancy—as to make him think—?"

"No, Constance, I do not," interrupted Penelope, affectionately kissing the fair forehead of her friend. "Torment yourself with no such idle fear. I will take it upon myself to assure you that there is no ground for it. I will venture to recommend to you what I should not to most young ladies under similar circumstances, namely, that you should treat him exactly as the impulse of your feelings shall prompt, for I am quite satisfied that they will lead you right. We have every reason to suppose that you will see him often, my dear

Constance, and you cannot long be kept in doubt as to the object of the very particular attention he shows you. Should he be trifling with you, you will not fail to discover it, and the evil will bring its own remedy, for you could not long love, or even fancy that you love, a trifler."

As Constance listened to her friend with the wish and intention, in very simple sincerity, of ekeing out her own wisdom by that of one whose judgement she held to be excellent, every word produced effect, and her spirits were calmed, and her heart comforted by the consultation. The conversation then turned, as it was fair and just it should do, on Penelope's engagement with Mr. Markham.

"Alas! Constance," said Miss Hartley with a heavy sigh, "how very different—how perfectly contrasted are our positions! No sooner shall you have ascertained that you really like each other well enough to wish to marry, than the desired path will open before you without an obstacle of any kind; while, with us, the more surely we become convinced that each loves the other beyond the possibility—I had almost said the hope—of changing, the more evident is it that in all human probability we can never be united. Markham tells me that by every inquiry he can make it is evident that promotion never lay so wholly in interest as it does at present; and of interest, alas! he has none."

"But surely, Penelope, there seems, by all one hears and reads, to be a movement in the profession now, greatly beyond what there has been of late; and this must give us hope that such an officer as we know John Markham has proved himself, may reasonably expect to get forward."

"The movement you mention only proves, Constance, that interest might be useful now, which it hardly could have been some time ago; but this only shows the more, how lamentable is the want of it."

"At any rate there is comfort, dearest Penelope, in knowing that for a few weeks, at least, you are within reach of each other. This reparation of his vessel at Sheerness is great happiness."

"It is, it is!" returned Penelope, adding, the moment afterwards, "or at least it ought to be; but I do assure you, Constance," and tears started to her eyes as she spoke, "I do assure you, that I sometimes think the more we see of each other the more miserable we are likely to be. In respect to myself I think it must be so. He is such a noble-hearted being, Constance! O how shall I bear to part with him again for years, and that, too, with no reasonable hope of ever being his at last!"

There was unhappily too much of truth in this statement for the voice of friendship to stifle it, however ardent its hopes, or sanguine its wishes. Constance felt this, and perhaps did more good by sympathizing in the sorrow of her friend, than she could have done by giving battle to it; and by degrees the admirable mind of Penelope forced itself back to its ordinary tone of quiet submission to a situation which she had no power to improve; and then their precious monopoly of the drawing-room was invaded; the other members of the family appeared; the engagements of the coming week were

discussed, and all deeper feelings, as much as might be, forgotten. The knocker began to thunder,

“Its custom always in the afternoon,”  
and the business of the day began.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE NOT FORGOTT—A WIDOWED MOTHER AND HER ONLY CHILD RENDERED INTERESTING BY A NEW PROCESS—GROWING LOVE.

Among the earliest of the morning visitors was Mr. Fitzosborne. His acquaintance in the family of Mrs. Hartley was of long standing, that lady's husband having been the intimate companion of Fitzosborne's father, both at school and college—an intimacy which endured till the death of Mr. Hartley; and even after that event Fitzosborne, the father, continued to visit Mrs. Hartley whenever she was in town, sometimes with his young son in his hand, till he went abroad with him, about four years before the period of which we are now treating. He did not live to return; but the young man, from respect to the memory of their former intimacy, had made a point of calling on Mrs. Hartley as soon as he learned she was in town. Whether he would so speedily have returned for a second visit, if the vision of Constance Ridley had not appeared before him during the first, may be doubted; but his appearance was welcomed by all the family by a very gracious smile, and he was immediately asked by the lady of the mansion if, for old acquaintance sake, he would waive ceremony, and give them the pleasure of his company at dinner on the Wednesday week following? The invitation was as promptly accepted as given, and seemed immediately to place the young man on the easy terms of an old friend.

Frederic Fitzosborne was not Henry Mortimer, nor like him in any essential particular, except in having a handsome person and gentlemanlike address. In all else it would have been difficult to find any two men, both highly educated, and both accustomed to the highest class of society, more completely dissimilar. A total absence of every species of affectation, and the ever-ready presence of a clear and sound judgment, formed perhaps the most striking features (to those who knew him but superficially) in the character of Frederic Fitzosborne. Those who knew him better were aware that undeviating principle, and a will steadfast in adhering to it on every point of importance enough to be tested by its application, constituted its more essential attributes. Warm, constant, and devoted in his attachments, suspicion was a feeling unknown to him. There was no doubting, varying, vacillating interval with him between esteem and contempt. It was possible, though not very likely, that he might be deceived, but it was not possible that the deception could last long; and with him friendship once established was as enduring as sincere. Among the graces of his mind may be reckoned that delicate sensitiveness of ap-



preciation which is denominated taste ; and herein was the difference between him and Mortimer most especially remarkable ; the more so, certainly, because of all the qualities of mind this was the one upon which the poet set the highest value, and in which he with most conscientious sincerity believed himself to excel all, or very nearly all men, dead, living, or about to live. Petrarch, indeed, he conceived to have borne a very close affinity to himself in this particular, and he was wont to quote, with a sort of twin-brotherly affection, the delicious sighings of that worshipper of beauty in earth, air, and heaven, as a proof of the extraordinary similarity of their souls therein. No one, indeed, who ever heard him recite these passages, in the soft sweet whisper which more resembled the fragrance-laden breathings of Zephyrus, than mere human speech, could doubt that Henry Mortimer was a man of taste : and so also was Mr. Fitzosborne ; but he never talked about it. If on any occasion he was conscious of a feeling which others might deem fastidious, he concealed it with all possible caution, so that it not unfrequently happened that he was accounted cold and indifferent, because he restrained the warm expression of admiration which he sometimes felt, that he might merge in level tranquillity of tone the more frequent absence of it. Moreover, his taste was the offspring of judgment, and not of sensation, and had more of the delicate purity of truth, than of the fanciful exaggeration of imagination in it ; so that altogether he was, as we have said, as little like Mr. Henry Mortimer as it was well possible for one intellectual, elegant-minded man to be to another.

To Mrs. Hartley the arrival of Mr. Fitzosborne was the source of much satisfaction. If she was to make a hit this season,—if her parties were to be *citées*, as something considerably above par, and the admission to which it was worth some effort to obtain, such individuals as Fitzosborne, or as nearly like him as it would be possible to find, would be worth their weight in Sevre china, to say the very least. His welcome, therefore, was everything he could wish, and he repaid it by throwing the conversation to the time when his father was among the most frequent guests at the table of the late Mr. Hartley. This was a period of her existence to which Mrs. Hartley loved to refer, for she was then both rich and beautiful, and she sustained the conversation with such evident pleasure and interest, that if the young man's chief object in making the visit had been to converse with Miss Ridley, he must have been greatly disappointed, as she was seated at nearly as great a distance from him as the arrangement of the morning circle would permit, and appeared to be giving all her attention to the needlework on which she was employed.

The most acute and watchful observer, however, would have failed to discover any symptom of his being otherwise than exceedingly well pleased, either in his look or manner ; it is probable, therefore, that his purpose was not to exhibit his admiration for Constance, by distinguishing her in any way.

Mrs. Hartley had quite sufficient tact to perceive that the willingness with which he listened to her was genuine, and had she not been aware of this, she would speedily have taken care to retreat from it ; her partiality for Mr. Fitzosborne's conversation not being sufficient,



greatly as she admired him, to make her forget that the object she had in view was not to hear him, or even herself, talk, but to make him feel himself pleasantly at home in her drawing-room.

Observing, however, that no wandering glance or languid tone gave signal that he had had enough of former reminiscences, she ventured to start a fresh subject in the same direction, and said,

"Do you remember that singular, but very charming person, Mrs. Morley? How excessively kind your father was to her! Do you remember her, Mr. Fitzosborne?"

"Certainly I do," replied the young man, smiling.

"I should so like to know what has become of her! Do tell me if you have ever heard or seen anything of her since you went abroad with your father."

"There is no one among my countrywomen," he replied, "of whom I saw so much while in Italy. Just before my poor father died, her husband, herself, and their little girl, passed nearly three months in the same house with us."

"You don't say so! I know that your excellent father always treated her as if she had been his own child. By-the-bye, now I think of it, I believe she *was* his ward?"

"Yes, she was his ward, as well as his first cousin," replied Mr. Fitzosborne.

"O to be sure! how excessively stupid in me to forget the relationship. Have you heard of her since, Mr. Fitzosborne? I hope she is quite well?"

"She is quite well, I thank you. I have just left her."

"Just left her? Good gracious, then, she is in London! Only conceive! and that I should not even know that she was in England! And that harum-scarum husband of hers? Does he still set off every now and then to look after a butterfly in Africa?"

"Mr. Morley never returned from his Egyptian expedition; he died at Thebes about three years ago."

"Poor dear Mrs. Morley! I really believe she was exceedingly attached to him. Is she left with only that one little girl?"

"She never had any child but Mabel."

"Poor thing! and is the dear little creature the same extraordinary oddity that she used to be?"

"She is a singular girl, certainly. But she is not a very little creature now. She is twelve years old, I think."

"Is it possible? Mercy on me! How time flies! And how is Mrs. Morley looking? Many people thought her pretty—though she was always rather crooked, you know."

"Was she?" said Fitzosborne, smiling.

"O! yes—decidedly. But somehow or other it was less observable in her than it would have been in any other person. She had magnificent eyes, I remember, and was excessively clever, I believe—was she not?"

"She was, and is, Mrs. Hartley, one of the cleverest women I have ever known. A little more eccentric, perhaps, than her friends would wish, but possessing, nevertheless, many charming qualities, as well as a very brilliant capacity."

"How delighted I should be to see her again!" cried Mrs. Hartley with much fervour. "Do you think she would like me to call upon her? Do you think she remembers me?"

"I am sure I may venture to answer both questions in the affirmative. Were it only for the love she bears to the memory of my father, I feel quite certain it would give her pleasure to see any part of the family of one of his oldest friends."

"Thus encouraged, Mr. Fitzosborne, I shall not delay an hour unnecessarily, in renewing my acquaintance with her. I have an awful list of morning visits for to-day, but nevertheless I shall add her name to it. And now," drawing forth from a portfolio the list she had been preparing for her coachman, "and now for her address?"

"She is lodging in Clarges-street," he replied. "I positively forget the number, but I will send it to you directly."

"No, no, Mr. Fitzosborne, you certainly shall not do that. Though I have all the inclination in the world to renew my acquaintance with your charming cousin, it must not be done at the expense of so much inconvenience to you. If you will send me her address any time before four to-morrow, it will come in excellent time for that day's business."

"Nevertheless you shall have it to-day," he replied, with a smile, which Mrs. Hartley interpreted into a very flattering acknowledgment of her amiable condescension in calling upon a lady in lodgings. She remembered of old that the individual in question, though well connected, and making herself a sort of position of her own, by the manner in which she contrived to be distinguished from the rest of the world, had nevertheless the reputation of being very particularly poor, having married a man almost as clever, and considerably more whimsical than herself, nobly born, but literally not possessing a single shilling with which to endow her by way of settlement. All this Mrs. Hartley freshly remembered, as she remarked the evident satisfaction which her proposal had occasioned. Nothing could jump better with her intention of converting Mr. Fitzosborne into a frequent and intimate guest, and returning his smile in the most amiable manner possible, she replied to his assurance that she should have the address that day, by saying, "Shall I? then to-day I will make my call. Who knows but I may be able to enlist her for our little party on Wednesday week? Ah! how well I remember the last time she dined with me! Do you think that on the score of our old, though long interrupted acquaintance, I may be able to induce her to forgive so abrupt an invitation?"

"I cannot think that she would feel it to be so," replied Fitzosborne. "For her engagements of course I cannot answer, but I will venture to say, that if she is disengaged, she will come to you with great pleasure."

"I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Hartley, "if—"

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Fitzosborne, suddenly interrupting her, and colouring a little, "there is one circumstance which I had quite forgotten, and with which, in all honour and honesty, I must make you acquainted. Mrs. Morley can only visit where she can be re-

ceived without ceremony, because Mabel, the little girl for whom you were inquiring, always accompanies her."

"Has she really brought her out already?" said Mrs. Hartley, raising her eyebrows into the angular arch which on most brows denotes surprise.

"She has not brought her out, but she brings her out," returned Mr. Fitzosborne, laughing. "You have said, my dear Mrs. Hartley, that you remember the eccentricities of my good cousin, and this pertinacious adhesion to her little girl must, I suppose, be classed as one of them. But were she to enter seriously with you upon the subject, she would tell you that it is because she has not the means of procuring the attendance of such a person as she should feel justified in leaving as the protector and companion of her child."

"Really! To be sure it does seem very extraordinary. But perhaps you think she is right, Mr. Fitzosborne; and if so, I do assure you I should find it difficult to persuade myself that she is wrong."

"You are very obliging, my dear Mrs. Hartley," replied the young man, "but I honestly confess to you that I by no means feel competent to decide the question. I truly believe that although Mrs. Morley, in conformity to what appears to be an essential part of her nature, gives an air of whimsical wilfulness to this determination of having her daughter always with her, I do indeed truly believe that at the very bottom of her heart she thinks it her duty; and if this be so, it is impossible not to respect the steady pertinacity with which she adheres to it. Were it otherwise—did I believe that instead of performing what must often be an embarrassing duty, she was only amusing and indulging herself and her child, my opinion would be very different; for without this conscientious feeling to redeem its want of wisdom, I suspect that I should see as many reasons to disapprove the system, as the most severe of her critics could do."

"Then why, my dearest Mr. Fitzosborne, do you not tell her so?" said Mrs. Hartley, with an accent which was intended to indicate the impossibility of Mrs. Morley, or Mrs. any one else, having sufficient folly to refuse compliance with what he should recommend.

"I must not tell you," he replied, laughing, and rising to take leave, "how very little likely Mrs. Morley is to be influenced by my opinion, or perhaps by that of any one—for if I do, you might think more of my good cousin than she deserves. Having confessed that she is whimsical and wilful, I have said the very worst that can be said of her, and she has a multitude of fine qualities to redeem this—as you will find, my dear Mrs. Hartley, if you honour her by your friendship."

Mr. Fitzosborne then addressed a few words to Constance and her friend Penelope, as he walked across the room towards the door, and, with a smiling bow to the other young ladies, left the room.

"That is the handsomest man in London," said Caroline, as soon as he had disappeared. "What a shame it is he does not waltz!"

"Yes, he is very handsome, and very elegant," replied her sister Margaret; "but I suspect he not only thinks himself too great a man to waltz, but too great a man to speak to young ladies at all."

"He certainly did not bestow much of his attention upon us," added Penelope: "perhaps he abstains in pity, for fear that if we listened to his converse, we should lose our peace of mind for ever. Had you any conversation with him yesterday, Constance?"

"Not at all," replied Constance; "so I flatter myself that as yet I am safe; for though I have met him repeatedly, I do not think he has ever addressed half a dozen words to me *de suite*. But if his conversation carry such danger with it, what will become of Mrs. Hartley? for nothing could be more animated than his manner of talking to her."

"Jealous, young ladies! One, two, three, four! Every one of you victims to the yellow-eyed monster! I am very sorry for you; and just at present I really am afraid that I can offer you no consolation, for I do entirely believe that, as you say, Constance, the venerable Mrs. Hartley has more attraction for him than any of you. But I am ready to confess that we do not quite start fair, for, as I have told you before, we are very old friends, though we have never till to-day had any opportunity of talking over the days that are gone."

"Good gracious, mamma!" exclaimed Caroline, "you make him out to be perfectly an old man. What age do you suppose he is?"

"Quite young enough to make an admirable *partie*, or partner, for you, Caroline, if you can contrive to win him. He has been abroad for several years, but I do not believe that he is more than seven or eight-and-twenty. But *écoutez, mes demoiselles*; I am generously going to give you all the fairest chance I can, for I have invited him to dine here on Wednesday week—quite a small friendly party; and I mean to ask that very queer woman his cousin, as I plainly perceive she is a sort of protégée, and that nothing will please him so well."

"What! that Mrs. Morley he was talking about?" said Caroline.

"Yes, my dear. He is to send me her address directly, and I shall call upon her when we go out. But pray tell me, Caroline, as you seem to have been attending a good deal to what passed between us, did you hear what he said about Mrs. Morley's daughter?"

"I am sure I did not attend to his conversation particularly, mamma," replied Caroline, pouting. "Why should I, as he never waltzes? No, I did not hear anything about her daughter. What was it he said?"

"Nothing exactly calculated to make any of us fear a rival," replied Mrs. Hartley. "The young lady is but twelve years old; nevertheless she must be invited to dinner."

"To dinner, mamma? a child of twelve years old invited to dinner!" exclaimed Margaretta, looking vehemently astonished. "Surely you must be jesting."

"Not at all, my dear. If we find the lady at home, you shall hear me speak the invitation to Miss Mabel."

"Miss Mabel! What a name! Upon my word it is altogether too ridiculous," returned Margaretta, knitting her fair brows into a look of very serious displeasure. "But if you are really in earnest, mamma, I only hope you do not mean to ask any body else. Imagine the effect!"

"Yes, I mean to have Mr. Mortimer; and unfortunately I have already asked John Markham for that day, and I confess I think he may be a little *de trop*—but fear nothing on the score of Miss Mabel Morley. If Mr. Fitzosborne really means to *proné* these cousins, be very sure that it will become the mode to invite this little lady at every small *recherche* party throughout the season. I will make you any bet you like, that Lady Dort will have her—probably *has* had her already. I can hardly hope to be fortunate enough to be the first; I may, however, be amongst the most *empresée*, you know. I am perfectly sure it will answer; for the more I recall everything about this queer Mrs. Morley, the more convinced I feel that I shall make a capital hit if I can contrive, on the score of old acquaintance, to get up an intimacy with her. She is first cousin, I think it is, to Fitzosborne, and that of itself would be quite enough, this year, at any rate, while he is still unappropriated, and still stands on the ladies' list as *Match No. 1*. Besides—O! there are many reasons, I assure you, why the Morley and the Mabel too may be worth cultivating. You remember what I said to you this morning, Margaretta?"

Margaretta nodded.

"Well, then—she was considered, even before she had been so many years abroad, as quite distinguished in that line."

This conversation, which had gradually sunk into a whisper between Mrs. Hartley and her second daughter, was here interrupted by the entrance of Sir James Ridley and his shadow, Mr. Marsh. Margaret looked at the baronet, and then from him—and then took up her work—and then laid it down again—and then looked at the baronet again—and then half closed her eyes, and breathed a very soft and gentle sigh—in short, she went through, with very considerable tact and skill, all the manœuvres appointed by established usage as a sort of manual for young ladies in her interesting situation.

Sir James Ridley saw it all; but, like many other clever young men who keep themselves particularly on their guard against the insidious attacks of the fair, he saw nothing in it to alarm him for his own safety, though much that suggested many kind and very amiable fears respecting hers.

"Poor girl!" thought he. "Upon my soul, though, it is a cursed shame, and that's the truth; but how the devil can one help it? I no more intended to make her so distractedly in love with me, than to eat her—but what can't be cured must be endured—and that settles everything."

Sir James occupied himself, while these thoughts were passing through his mind, in standing close to the ladies' work-table, precisely opposite to the place where the melancholy Margaret sat, with a frame of worsted-work before her, over which her ringlets were instructed to fall, so as to form a veil for her agitated countenance.

Constance and Penelope looked at each other, and smiled; Mrs. Hartley sighed deeply; Caroline eagerly snatched away a packet of white gloves, which the baronet was beginning to roll into balls, while Mr. Marsh (not for the first time) was taking cognizance of all the elegant little appendages to fine ladyism, by which the ingenious Mrs. Hartley contrived to elevate the style of her ready-furnished house

into something that looked like a stage-scenery imitation of the home of a woman of fashion.

"She has money enough to make me into anything I like to be," thought Mr. Marsh; and as usual he became exceedingly agreeable, and took care that Mrs. Hartley should see that there was no lady present, let her be as young or as lovely as she might, whom he considered as in any degree approaching herself in powers of attraction; not that Mr. Marsh was either such a coxcomb, or such a fool, as to imagine that a woman like Mrs. Hartley, almost as far removed as himself from a state of dotage, and evidently and unmistakeably in possession of an income, amounting at the very least to four times as much as his own, would commit so egregious an act of folly as to marry him, merely because she might happen to think him the most agreeable man in the world, and passionately in love with her. No, no; Mr. Marsh knew better: such thinkings, and believings, were all very well as far as they went; but it was not so that he hoped to win the lady. He now began, with rather more distinctness than heretofore, to explain to her some projects which he said were floating in his head, about vesting forty or fifty thousand pounds in the Dutch funds, on account of the higher rate of interest to be derived therefrom.

"Not, indeed," he continued, "that my income is such as to require any contrivances to increase it, for I have already considerably more than I can spend, as long as I remain unmarried. But of late, my dear Mrs. Hartley," and he lowered his voice, "of late I have somehow or other got it into my head, that if I could meet with a woman,"—and here followed a very charming sketch of Mrs. Hartley herself.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

DISAPPOINTMENT—AN EFFECTIVE GROUP—A BOUDOIR—BLUE TALK—A PRESENTATION.

The event upon which Henry Mortimer had hung so many hopes and wishes, namely, the introduction of Miss Ridley to Mrs. Gardener Stewart, encountered a sad impediment within a few hours before it should have taken place, that lady being suddenly seized, as she assured him, with a headache of so vehement a kind as to render the mere thought of Lady Dort's drawing-rooms a positive torture to her.

"Oh! much, very much, dear Mr. Mortimer!" she wrote, "would I do to please you; and much, very much, if Heaven grants me strength, shall yet be done to prove how sincerely I esteem and value your friendship. But not to-night, Mr. Mortimer. To-night I cannot, dare not wish it. You must forgive me, but I cannot appear at Lady Dort's to-night."

Mr. Mortimer, as we have said, was *un enfant gâté*, and, like all the rest of this troublesome class, valued everything that he did not get infinitely beyond everything that he did. He therefore appeared at Lady Dort's before the lady of his love with a brow oppressed with care, an eye that seemed calculated only to speak suffering, and a



voice so attuned to melancholy, that it must have been a very hard heart which could have listened to it unmoved. Such was not the heart of Constance; she perceived that Mortimer was miserable, and she became miserable too. So that at first this second Monday by no means approached in happiness to that which had preceded it. But what an age did she seem to have passed through in the interval! Was it indeed possible that one short week only had passed since the hour in which she had first beheld Henry Mortimer? Was it possible that within that short space she could have undergone a metamorphosis so violent? It was a mystery that she could by no means understand; but that she had been free as air a week before, and now stood bound, magically spell-bound, before the eye that had fascinated her, was most certain, and to have smiled while he thus looked upon her in sorrow, would have been as impossible to her as to have danced a jig to the dead march in Saul.

Fortunately, however, one or two little circumstances occurred, which softened by degrees the bitter nature of Mr. Mortimer's grief, and enabled him to permit himself to be wafted by the soft breeze of female adulation from out the "slough of despond" into the

"Regions mild of calm and serene air,"

produced by the honied breath of beauty, and the pure light of wax tapers. Once again, as he heard, and was certain that Constance heard too, the voice of a very pretty woman, saying to her friend as they passed, "I must get introduced to Mr. Mortimer to-night, or I shall certainly die. He is perfectly divine! I caught sight of him just now, and I could not help thinking that he looked like the incarnation of one of his beautiful odes—so sad, so graceful, so sublime!" Once again, as he heard this, he smiled, but at the same time whispered in her ear, "Is it not hateful? Do you not pity me, Miss Ridley?"

This smile produced an effect upon Constance so very evident, and so very flattering, that the poet smiled again, and then the fair brow of the novice cleared entirely, and she looked as if neither earth, nor all its sorrows, could help her any longer from feeling herself in a state of perfect beatitude.

Penelope, as usual, was beside her, and felt her arm pressed by a movement that betokened some sudden emotion, upon which she looked up, and beheld the speaking countenance of Constance, so beaming with happiness, that she looked round her in all directions to discover the cause of it. She learned nothing, however, from the look-out, excepting that the room was very full and very brilliant.

At this moment, Mr. Mortimer, by the gentlest movement in the world, disengaged his arm from that of Constance, and saying, "For an instant—forgive me," glided off, leaving the two friends looking smilingly after him, and in full expectation of his immediate return. Return immediately, however, he did not, and their eyes, naturally following the way he went, soon discovered the cause of his defection.

In one corner of Lady Dort's second drawing-room, which was the apartment in which they then stood, was a recess, which had probably

in days of yore been employed as that old-fashioned and long-banished accommodation called a closet, but which now formed a distinguished though irregular part of the room, being lined with fluted blue silk, and canopied by a drapery of the same, elaborately ornamented by tassels and fringe. In this recess there was of course a sofa, and on this sofa was of course a lady, nay, there were two, and it was towards them that the truant Mortimer now addressed his steps.

"What very remarkable-looking people," said Penelope, "do they not look, Constance—like a white rose and a white rose-bud? The least of them is a mere child. How strange to bring her to such a party as this!"

The simile hit upon by Miss Hartley was apt enough to make her friend smile, as she ventured furtively to reconnoitre the group. The lady she had compared to a white rose was a pretty-looking, but very pale woman, a little perhaps on the shady side of thirty, dressed entirely in white; but not of any of those transparent textures which fleet round our sylph-like waltzers, nor yet of the more soft and sober satin which some vandyke-like beauties have still the wit to wear; neither could it be fairly assimilated to the drapery worn by the confidante of Tilberina, for it was not of white linen, but it was of muslin, thin, though not transparent, of delicate-looking texture, and the most snow-like purity of colour, and so voluminous in its folds, that notwithstanding the entire absence of all stiffness, it clung not too closely to the person of the fair creature who wore it. Its form was as nearly like that of the ample robes with which the ancient sculptors covered their fully-draped statues, as it was possible for a modern artist to make it, being *collected*, rather than *bound* round the waist, and arranged over the bust with such infinite grace and skill, that while every eye felt it to be whimsical, no voice (or scarcely any) ventured to censure it as absurd. The sleeves, which were very short, and *almost* of as classic a form as the drapery over the bust, disclosed arms of very peculiar beauty, being both plump and delicate in form, and of almost alabaster whiteness. Round the knot of hair which decorated the back of the well-formed little head was a small wreath of ivy leaves, being the only thing approaching to the nature of ornament which the dress displayed. Yet the most miss-like miss that was ever permitted to spend pa's money in finery must have been possessed of a bold and dauntless spirit ere she could have ventured to hint that this singularly-clad lady was not the very perfection of elegance—at least as long as she was in sight: when she had passed away, it might, perhaps, be remembered by the calculating and curious in such matters, that the value of her entire dress, her wedding ring included, could hardly have equalled that of a tolerably coquettish *soubrette* in full feather.

The "bud" at her side, as pale, as fair, and as delicate-looking as herself, was attired with the most scrupulous exactness of similitude, ivy leaves and all; and as the little girl's hair, as well as her complexion, was very nearly the same as her mother's, the general air of resemblance fully justified Penelope's simile.

But as yet the resemblance was only general; the *charpente* was constructed upon the same pattern, and it was likely enough that if the

after accidents of life favoured the same developements of character, the likeness would become still more remarkable. But at present the first near glance of a tolerably discriminating eye could not fail to discover a vast deal in the countenance of the mother which was not yet even *in bud* on that of the daughter, and which no twelve years, even under the forcing fervour of an eastern sun, could by possibility produce. There was thought even to meditation, and care even to melancholy, in the countenance of Mrs. Morley, yet, at times, the deep-set, but intensely bright blue eye, darted forth a shower of rays that lit up the soft dimpling cheek into such an expression of playful mischief as to convert the features, which might have served the moment before for those of the tragic muse, into a charming model for Euphrosyne.

Constance looked at her with great interest, and, fortunately for the gratification of her curiosity, Mrs. Hartley had found a place on a sofa at no great distance, which for some reason or other was at that moment quite deserted, and to which she beckoned Penelope and Miss Ridley. From thence the group under the canopy, now augmented by Mr. Mortimer, (who, on seeing the young ladies he had escorted across the room seated by their *chaperone*, had placed himself beside the white rose,) might very conveniently be reconnoitred. The sofas were exactly at right angles, and so near that words uttered in a moderately audible tone from the one, might have been heard with perfect distinctness at the other. But had Constance been seated on the staircase, she would not have been more completely beyond the reach of hearing any sound from the lips of the fair lady who had so strongly excited her curiosity. Nor, had she been seated on the footstool at her feet, would she have heard more; for the words exchanged between the pale stranger and Mr. Mortimer were uttered in a whisper which it was certain none but each other could hear, and evident that none other were intended to hear.

Now, though it was exceedingly far from the intention or inclination of Miss Ridley to listen to their conversation, there was something embarrassing in the consciousness of being so near as to render this very low whispering necessary in order to prevent it; and she not only turned her eyes, but her whole person, as assiduously from the group as she could, but endeavoured, by conversing in her usual tone with Mrs. Hartley, to give evidence that such extreme care was not necessary. But Mrs. Hartley's head was so full of her own projects, and her attention so exclusively occupied by endeavouring to espy among the large company present a few sufficiently distinguished to give consequence to her future *soirées*, yet within the compass of possibility to invite, that she not only failed to hear all that Constance said to her, but absolutely overlooked altogether the recess and its sofa—a degree of inattention which she would have very deeply lamented had she known who was seated there.

Thus baffled, and feeling every moment more ill at ease in a position which might lead Mortimer to suppose that she was, as it were, a spy upon his whispering intercourse with his fair neighbour, Constance murmured a request to Penelope that she would ask her mother to walk on—a petition which her intelligent friend imme-

diately complied with, perfectly well understanding that both the distance and the presence of Mr. Mortimer must be equally disagreeable.

"Shall we see who Lady Dort has got round her in the other room, mamma?" said Penelope.

"If you will," replied Mrs. Hartley, rising and offering her arm to Miss Ridley. "I want to find Margaret too; she and Caroline went with your brother, my dear Constance, to look over some engravings in the boudoir. They will think I have forgotten them. Let us go there."

Perhaps Constance thought that Mr. Mortimer might rejoin her as she retreated: but if so, she was disappointed; they reached the door of the room, and passed through it to the landing-place on the top of the stairs, on the opposite side of which was the "*boudoir*," without being overtaken by him.

As they crossed before the stairs which led from the hall, they were accosted by Mr. Fitzosborne, who was coming up, hat in hand, and evidently just arrived.

"Are you going, Mrs. Hartley?" he said, in an accent that denoted a very civil degree of sorrow.

"How do you do, Mr. Fitzosborne? Going! O no! we are but just arrived. At least we have not been here long enough to be thinking of departure. Our *going* is only to that favourite little room of mine, the boudoir. Of course you know it well?"

"Yes, I have been there," he replied, "but I shall be very happy to go again with you, if you will let me." And, so saying, he presented his arm, which Mrs. Hartley, well pleased, occupied, and in this manner preceded the two young ladies into the apartment.

The party they came to seek appeared to have concluded their examination of the splendid specimens of engravings which lay upon the table, and were amusing themselves by a minute investigation of the fanciful, but commodious, and very elegant Davenport, at which Lady Dort's multitudinous notes were composed. The writing-desk, however, though the ostensible object of the fabric, was, like Horace's girl in full dress, the least part of itself. The gently-sloped green velvet plain, upon whose surface so much wit and so many graceful phrases had been poured forth, was curiously surrounded, to the height of two feet above the level of the velvet, by a delicate trellis-work of extreme lightness, over and amidst which were trained a multitude of beautiful creeping plants, all in the highest perfection, amidst whose thick foliage the graceful blossoms hung in admirable unity of shape and colour, forming a bowery screen for whatever head might be bent forward to write within them, which could hardly fail, as Penelope remarked, to inspire a "flowery style."

"How exceedingly pretty!" exclaimed Mrs. Hartley; "and how very like dear Lady Dort!—all fancy, all talent, all caprice! But one likes caprice—does one not, Mr. Fitzosborne, when it is the vehicle, as I may call it, of clever thoughts?"

"I should perhaps like some other vehicle better," he replied, smiling.

"Well, I declare to Heaven, I would let my wife be as capricious

as she would," cried Sir James Ridley, who had seated himself in front of the epistolary bower, "if she would invent such pretty things as this for me. Devilish pretty, isn't it, Mrs. Hartley?"

"Beautiful, Sir James! But do let me take this opportunity of presenting a valued old friend to a valued new one. Mr. Fitzosborne, Sir James Ridley—Sir James Ridley, Mr. Fitzosborne. I trust that you will often meet in Bruton Street. As the brother of my dear guest Miss Ridley, Sir James is naturally often with us—and as the son of my poor dear Mr. Hartley's oldest friend, Mr. Fitzosborne, I trust, will never be very long absent from the house of his widow."

Penelope looked fidgetty. She had seen but little of Fitzosborne, but that little was quite sufficient to make her feel that a more uncongenial individual could hardly have been pushed upon him as an acquaintance than Sir James Ridley, and she turned her eyes upon him to see how he bore it. It seemed, however, that her mother had divined what would be agreeable to the elegant new acquaintance, whom she had converted into an old friend, more skilfully than she had done, for it was now with a very evident air of satisfaction that Fitzosborne presented his hand to the baronet, and with marked cordiality of manner that he entered into such sort of conversation with him as the tone and style of Sir James would permit. He assisted him, too, in an accurate examination of Lady Dort's flowery writing-table, and ascertained, greatly to Sir James' satisfaction, that there would be no difficulty at all in having one made upon the same plan, provided the talents of the carpenter were aided by those of the nurseryman.

"If ever I *do* commit such a foolish trick as marrying, I'll be hanged if my wife sha'n't write her invitations from such a desk as that. She shall, upon my life and soul. I would see any woman d—d before I'd marry her, if I did not find out that she had taste enough to value such an elegant thing as that—I would upon my soul: and don't you think I should be very right, Mr. Fitzosborne?"

Penelope gave another gance; but she saw none of the distaste she anticipated. Yet it was evidently not because either the wise words, or the graceful swagger with which they were pronounced, had escaped observation, for Mr. Fitzosborne, on the contrary, was looking at and listening to the baronet with a degree of earnestness that looked more like the philosophical examination of a new specimen than of anything approaching to inattention. Nevertheless, though the said specimen was in her estimation so very paltry a one, it was turned from neither with contempt nor indifference; but to her extreme surprise Mr. Fitzosborne told his new acquaintance that if he would do him the pleasure of calling on him in Berkeley Square, where he was employed in rendering his father's old mansion habitable, he would introduce him to an exceedingly clever workman, whom he conceived to be quite capable of making from their joint description such a table as that before him.

"Oh! d—n it! I am not going to be married yet," replied Sir James, laughing immoderately. "Egad, Mr. Fitzosborne, upon my life and soul, I would just as soon hang myself—I would, upon my soul. However, I don't mean to say but what I shall be very happy

to call on you, Mr. Fitzosborne—proud to make your acquaintance, sir. You are driving about just the most splendid horse in town in that neat cab of yours—you are, upon my soul; and I should take it as a personal favour if you would just let me have the refusal of him—the brown one, I mean, in case you should take it into your head to part with him; and if you don't happen to have taken an opera-box this season, you shall be always welcome to a place in mine—and a capital box it is, I promise you—it is, upon my life and soul."

Mr. Fitzosborne thanked him very cordially, declaring that the *entrée* to a good box that year was a very valuable privilege to a real lover of music, for that the unusual strength of the company attracted a never-failing crowd to every part of the house. He moreover promised unhesitatingly that if it ever came into his head to part with his favourite brown Ben, Sir James Ridley should be the first person informed of it.

While these civilities were going on, Constance, who was evidently not in very gay spirits, seated herself at the table on which lay the engravings, and inviting Penelope by a glance to follow her, employed herself in turning them over. The minute afterwards, however, she looked up from the examination of chefs-d'œuvres, which at that moment were far from having their usual charm for her, and doing so, encountered, much to her surprise, the eyes of Mr. Fitzosborne fixed upon her. The *surprise* was caused by the fact that she believed the gentleman who now seemed occupied by her, to have been entirely engaged by her brother, Mrs. Hartley, and the two youngest daughters, in the midst of whom he was standing; but though his earnest look made her colour one moment, she forgot it the next, and when immediately afterwards he sat down at the same table, placing himself next to Penelope, she remembered it only enough to think she had been amusingly *soi-disant* in the mistake which led her to appropriate to herself what was probably intended for her friend, or at any rate divided between them.

Whether for her sake, or for that of Penelope, it mattered not, but Mr. Fitzosborne, in placing himself before the portfolio, which formed the ostensible object of attraction to the quiet position they had chosen, entered into a conversation so animated on the various objects it suggested, that it was quite impossible for Constance not to listen, and listening, not to be delighted. His taste, his erudition, his recent personal acquaintance with the original paintings from which some of the engravings were taken, and with the scenery represented by others, rendered him a very agreeable and profitable exhibitor of the treasures they were examining. It was, indeed, impossible not to listen to him, both with interest and admiration; and despite the state of her heart, the half hour thus passed was to Constance nearly the only agreeable interval she had enjoyed since her arrival. Yet when the portfolio had been gone through, and Penelope, thinking it discreet to follow her mother, who had long ago left the room, rose to do so, Constance, instead of being grateful for the gratification she had enjoyed, sighed heavily because it had not come from the quarter whence alone she wished should flow all the joys of her future



existence, and felt almost equally out of humour with herself for being pleased, and with Mr. Fitzosborne for pleasing her.

She sighed, too, poor girl! to think, as she passed through the crowd upon which they again entered, how soon, how very soon, the intense gratification of looking at the illustrious individuals whom she had so languished to behold, had worn off. For now again she saw, and perhaps somewhat proudly recognised, many of the individuals who had been pointed out and named to her on the preceding Monday.

"O, what a *fool* and peasant slave am I!" she mentally exclaimed, "that I should have thus permitted myself to be metamorphosed from a reasonable being, capable of estimating at their worth the glorious phalanx that I have met with here, into a love-sick girl, as moon-struck as the silly Silviuſ.

‘All made of fantasy,  
All made of wishes,  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,’

and that too for one who, as it seems—and that too for one whom I have known, but—O fool, fool, fool! how I despise myself, and deprecate the fatality that thus enslaves me!"

Such was the by-no-means-pleasing soliloquy with which poor Constance regaled herself as she walked up the room, scarcely hearing, and not at all answering, anything which Mr. Fitzosborne, who walked at her side, addressed to her. Yet Constance was unjust to the benignity of her destiny, if not to herself; for had she been less prompt to fancy that the first awakening of her imagination was what must decide her fate for ever, it is extremely probable that she might have returned to the obscure shades of Appleby without the glory of being cited as having been one of the fair throng, adoring and adored by the fastidious Mortimer.

Certainly Constance *was* ungrateful to her destiny, for, even at the very moment when she was thus lamenting her miserable condition, she was the object of envy to more than one fair creature, who guessed not the self-reproaches which were going on at her heart.

"How excessively that Miss Ridley is admired!" cried Miss Azura Bell to her cousin Miss Indigoby. "It is perfectly absurd, and perfectly unintelligible—or, at least it would be, had we not by this time learned to know how completely novelty outvalues every other charm. That girl, Euphrosyne, with her pale face and heavy dark hair, is no more to be compared to you, with your heavenly auburn tresses, (so exactly like Titian's mistress,) than I to Hercules, and yet to see the pitiable blindness of that besotted Mortimer! Do you know, it seems to me as if he had positively taken a draught from Circe's cup. 'Who knows not Circe, the daughter of the sun?' and that the Apollo-like head we used to worship has been changed into some grovelling shape, as wolf or bear,

‘Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat:’

for how else can we account, with any show of reason, for his instant adoration of this obscure girl the moment she appears? while you,

dearest Euphrosyne, have, for three years of matchless constancy, betrayed your love in vain !”

“ Azura !” returned the lady thus addressed, in the deep Siddonian tone that gives to every syllable a whole volume of meaning—“ Azura ! were it not that all comparisons are idle as the wanton wind that mocks the blossom that it plays upon, I might allude to the incredible superiority of your own soft, silken, flaxen locks, and wild-rose tinted skin, as compared to those of the untutored rustic that has just passed by. But leave we such profitless discourse, and let me rather soothe my too-much-wounded spirit by reminding you that the love I have (too freely you may think, perhaps,) betrayed, has never been of the kind which a woman of refinement would fear to own. We literary people, dear Azura, must not, cannot, and, in fact, *are* not judged by the same laws which regulate the social intercourse of any other class. When an accomplished and susceptible woman, full of talent herself, and adoring it in others—when such a one, Azura, meets with a man like Mortimer, there is nothing but glory can accrue from her laying her very heart and soul in the dust before him !”

“ Assuredly, Miss Idigoby, assuredly,” replied Miss Bell, “ you need address no defence to me for adoring Henry Mortimer ; my weakness, if such it be, for the gifted author of the cyclopedia of modern morals, the divine Sir Everard, is a sufficient guarantee for my decided approbation of feelings at once so natural and so noble ! But is it not provoking to see how every eyeglass is turned towards that odious girl ; and she, probably, knowing no more of literature and the literary world than our washerwoman ? Alas, Euphrosyne ! the path in which, with so much difficulty, we have obtained permission to tread, is not strewn with roses only ! But turn a little this way, will you ? There is Sir Everard ! and if we can contrive to pass close to him, I should not wonder if he were to bow to us.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The progress of the trio who were in search of Mrs. Hartley brought them of necessity within a few feet of the canopied recess in which poor Constance had left all her light-heartedness. She had determined before she reached it that she positively would not look aside to see if Mortimer were still seated there beside the delicate white lady, whose figure seemed to be impressed upon her imagination as if the mark had been left by red-hot steel. She might as well have determined, poor girl ! not to draw breath after holding her head under water for five minutes, and finding herself again within reach of the air. And there he was, exactly as she had left him, the lady reclining in an attitude of more than ease, for it approached wonderfully near to that of absolute repose, and the poet reclining too in an angle that so nearly followed hers, as to bring his eloquent lips at a very convenient distance from her ear ; the only difference in the group being, that when she had looked at it last, the little girl was looking animated and pretty, and that now she was yawning violently, and evidently in great danger of falling fast asleep.

At the moment that the vanquished eye of Constance yielded to the temptation of turning to see if Mr. Mortimer were still where she had left him, Mr. Fitzosborne was in the very act of explaining to

her the particular claim upon her attention contained in a small knot of gentlemen who were congregated together beside a pier table near which they passed. His manner had considerable animation in it, occasioned by the fact that the most conspicuous of the persons he was pointing out to her notice had been one theme of the conversation they had just held together in the boudoir, and, being of those who the most rarely indulge the eye of curiosity by emerging from the learned leisure of their distant retreats, he was anxious that she should take advantage of an opportunity which might not again occur of looking in the face of the most original of England's poets, the bard of the mountain and the lake, who seeks his inspiration only from the majestic scenes amid which he was born, and from the heaven that bends over them. Even at that moment, though it was an anxious and a painful one, the ear of Constance was not deaf to the name of Rydal, and, having given the glance which showed her what she did not particularly wish to see, she turned eagerly to gaze on what she did.

Had she been the most practical coquette in London, she could have done nothing more likely to produce precisely the effect she would have most desired, had she ventured to form a wish about it, than thus letting the animation of her own manner respond to that of Mr. Fitzosborne. Mortimer started from the place where he reposed, and was at her side in an instant, when, with an insidious friendliness of familiarity in which he was peculiarly skilful, he ventured to separate the two ladies, and place himself between them.

Mr. Fitzosborne watched the manœuvre with a quiet smile, and as he turned his eyes towards the intruder as he civilly saluted him with "How do you do, Mr. Mortimer?" he caught sight of the lady who still preserved unchanged her attitude on the canopied sofa.

Whoever this lady might be, it seemed as if she were placed in the conspicuous situation she occupied on purpose to display her power of contesting the influence of the admired Miss Ridley, for, no sooner had she been descried by Fitzosborne, than he too forsook the side of Constance, to place himself near her.

Constance, however, saw it not; but Penelope did, and, turning with renewed interest to look at a person apparently as attractive as she certainly was remarkable, she observed that the manner of Mr. Fitzosborne, in addressing her, was both familiar and affectionate, and that even the sleepy little rose-bud looked up as he approached with a smile that restored all her prettiness.

"Who can they be?" thought Penelope. "It is long since I have seen any one concerning whom I have felt so much curiosity—I will inquire of Mr. Mortimer as soon as he seems likely to hear me."

But of this there appeared not to be any immediate chance. Never had the soul of the poet spoken with more fervid eloquence from his eyes than at this moment, as he looked at Constance, and listened to her, as if every other object in creation were unworthy to withdraw his attention from her for a single instant.

The heart of Constance fluttered in her bosom, and a soft, slight blush mantled on her cheek. She was certainly less sad than she had been; yet, somehow or other, the *exigante* beauty was not quite sa-

tified either. Beyond all doubt, she wished Mr. Mortimer to be in love with her ; but she would have preferred his showing less uncertainty upon the matter by his long absence, and less demonstration of its vehement existence on his return.

The gentlest smiles, however, were once more taking place of the pensive air which seemed to have settled on her beautiful brow, when once again the puzzling Mortimer started from her side, and once again proved that she was not the only lady who could elicit from him that touching earnestness of manner which, contrasted with the somewhat studied languor of his ordinary tone, was felt to be so irresistibly flattering.

Not Constance herself indeed, no, nor the fairest of the rival goddesses who beset Paris, could have produced more exulting joy by suddenly appearing before him, than did the lady he now addressed; and at whose feet he seemed longing to throw himself.

Despite her curiosity, there was a strong mixture of vexation in the feelings of Constance at being obliged, by the accidental crowd in the door-way through which they were going to pass, to stop short, exactly as she might have done had she actually intended to wait for Mr. Mortimer. "How excessively disagreeable the crowd is!" she said to Penelope. "There is Mrs. Hartley beckoning to us; how I wish we could get to her!"

But for the moment the doing so was absolutely impossible, and so her friend told her; they were, therefore, by stern necessity obliged to remain where they were; and equally impossible was it for Constance not to see the delicate epitome of modish elegance before which Mr. Mortimer still stood as if in ecstasy.

The lady, who was delicately fair—an advantage which was *relevé* by the very slightest and most uncertain *souçon* of rouge—was a line or two perhaps above the middle height, and of a form peculiarly light and flexible. Her dress was perfect, the costliness of it being forgotten in its seeming simplicity—*seeming*, inasmuch as, despite the soft harmony in colour and decoration, which, like proportion in architecture, caused the parts to be overlooked in admiration of the whole, there was not a component particle of it, no, not even a pin or a stitch, which had not been matter of grave concern to the Frenchwoman who furnished it, and the Frenchwoman who put it on.

But striking, fascinating, as her appearance certainly was, it was almost forgotten in the interest inspired (at least in the breast of Constance) by the gentle sweetness of manner with which she received the animated address of Mortimer. It was impossible, had she wished it ever so earnestly, for Constance to avoid hearing what passed; for the pressure of the crowd, which was now, for some reason or other, endeavouring to make its way to the inner room, had absolutely obliged Penelope and herself almost to follow the steps of Mr. Mortimer.

"Is it possible?—may I believe my eyes?—what heavenly kindness!" exclaimed the poet.

"Yes, it was possible, just possible, my friend—and that explains it, does it not?—no more was necessary," were the words uttered in reply, and in a voice of such silver sound, that the effect produced by

her appearance was rendered absolutely irresistible by it, and Constance was charmed into forgetfulness of all vexation as she looked and listened.

"Who is that elegant woman, Penelope, to whom Mr. Mortimer is now speaking?" she whispered cautiously in the ear of her friend.

Miss Hartley had turned away her head on purpose to avoid seeing her; for although by no means particularly sensitive as to the apparent likings or dislikings of the mere acquaintance met during the various visitings of a London season, Penelope had a sort of affronted feeling about this individual lady, which led her rather to avoid than seek a recognition. Thus challenged, however, she replied, in the same tone, "It is Mrs. Gardener Stewart."

To Constance, however, the name conveyed no information; she had never heard it before; but as she again ventured to look at her, she caught the lady's eye fixed upon herself, and the next moment, to her unspeakable astonishment, saw her approach smilingly towards her, supported on the arm of Mr. Mortimer.

"Miss Ridley," said the poet, "Mrs. Gardener Stewart requests the pleasure of being made known to you."

Nothing so well supplies the place of that *usage du monde* which renders every new incident only a new opportunity of displaying grace, as the union of youth and beauty with perfect simplicity of manner. By the help of these, Constance passed through the ordeal she was unconsciously undergoing very favourably—more so, certainly, than would have been the case, had she been aware that, in order to oblige Henry Mortimer, this elegant personage had abandoned her sofa with the feelings of a martyr, solely to look at her, and to pass judgment on her claims to the immortal honour of becoming, for the time being, the chosen object of the poet's sighs.

"An angel!" whispered Mrs. Gardener Stewart into the ear of her friend. "I will be your willing slave in this."

Then addressing Constance in her very "sweetest" manner, she said, "I shall feel particular pleasure, Miss Ridley, in being permitted to make your acquaintance. I am a very quiet person, and not capable, I fear, of being very useful; but if you will have the kindness to let me see you in Grosvenor Place, you will make me very happy."

She then slightly noticed Miss Hartley by a bow, and entered into a little murmuring chit-chat with Constance, during which Mr. Mortimer stood silent, but hanging upon every word that passed as if his life hung upon the result.

Suddenly Mrs. Gardener Stewart seemed to catch sight of some object that strongly and painfully affected her nerves. A slight trembling movement appeared to run through her frame, she pressed her hand upon her heart, breathed a sigh that sounded like the groan of a sylph, and, clinging to the arm of Mr. Mortimer, uttered in an audible whisper the words "Save me!" He asked for no explanation, but, giving Constance a farewell look that evidently spoke a great deal more than she could understand, he hastened to lead Mrs. Gardener Stewart from the room as rapidly as the crowded state of it would permit.

The startled Constance looked in the direction from whence had

proceeded the cause of alarm, whatever it might be, which had thus driven away her elegant new friend, and perceived Lady Dort approaching in high spirits, dressed with more studious attention to display than ever, and talking with inconceivable animation to at least three men of genius at once.

"Who is Mrs. Gardener Stewart?" said Constance to her friend.

"The most impertinent woman in London, my dear," replied Penelope.

"The most impertinent!" reiterated the astonished Constance;—"oh! say, rather, the most captivating!"

## CANZONET.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

### I.

OH, no! we were ne'er made for sighing!  
 'Tis the bigot, or fool, that repines;  
 We should shoot Pleasure's quarry while flying,  
 And bask in the sun when it shines.  
 Then doff that dark wreath from your beaver,  
 We want not the yew's sombre gloom,  
 Nor the willow that mourns the deceiver,  
 Nor cypress, that nods o'er the tomb.

### II.

The garland must all be of roses,  
 Fresh plucked from those bowers of delight,  
 Where the girl you adore gathers posies,  
 To strew on her pillow at night!  
 Oh! who would complain of dull sorrow  
 In a world so enchantingly fair?  
 Let us rather from ecstasy borrow  
 The spells that can banish despair.

### III.

You may weep, it is true, but the gushes  
 That flow from your eyes, must be dew  
 From the torrent of laughter, that rushes  
 Unchecked through festivity's crew;  
 And if your breast heave, let your sighing  
 Be whispered on rosebeds of rest;  
 When your song—with the nightingale's vying—  
 Is breathed to the maid you love best!



## THE IDIOT SAILOR-BOY.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c.

IN the many changes that numerous deaths and invalidings caused both with officers and men in the squadron always stationed in the West Indies, it was seldom that a ship's company remained a long time together, as a whole, and consisting of nearly the same persons. It was one of the vicissitudes of this sort that had thrown Christopher Crosstrees, the elderly quartermaster, Knocketty Nick, and Lieutenant Chivers together on board of her Majesty's ship *Belinda*.

We make no apology for having placed the gallant lieutenant last. In regal and imperial processions, where the greatest honour is intended to be lavished, is always on the spot occupied most in the rear. Almost all nations have naturally, and, as it were unconsciously, fallen into this practice. There is no doubt a latent and a very instructive reason for this ; a reason upon which a modern philosopher might build a very excellent theory of morality, politics, religion, or of anything that might be wanted at any particular time. The world must see how generous I am, thus to scatter forth for fructification the seeds of such valuable hypotheses—hypotheses that, if rightly worked, might make the fortune of a clever bookseller, or hatch a bungling book-worm into the literary butterfly of the passing hour.

It was nearly four years since these three worthies just mentioned first met, for worthy they all certainly were, in their different ways. We will, however, give the preference to the idiot. Idiots, not being able to take care of themselves, have always been put under the especial care of Heaven by their brother men, as some apology for the latter abandoning them to poverty and privation, if poor ; to the tender mercies of madhouse-keepers and their brutalized train, if born to riches. Whom Heaven thus favours, so will we.

Young Knocketty Nick was a youth not favoured by Providence with a frame the most athletic, or a constitution the most robust, and this the surgeon of the tender, stationed off the Tower of London, discovered, when he presented himself as a volunteer in the height of the last war.

He was, at that period, nearly sixteen years of age ; tall, slight, and gracefully formed ; of a delicate and singularly-handsome countenance, and possessed a soft blue eye, that could flash at times with all the gentle enthusiasm of the poet. When he first stepped on board he looked frightened as a caged hare, yet was he resolute in his mind, and very obstinate in keeping his secret of who he was, whence he came, or why he had offered his majesty his youthful services. What he most seemed to dread were, pursuit and discovery. He called himself John Brown.

His well-bred address, the goodness of his apparel, though entirely suited to a lad, the whiteness and softness of his hands, his long taper fingers, and his well-trimmed nails, made people suppose that he had

been some newly-installed clerk who, not being able to resist the temptations of petty cash, had plundered his master's desk, or embezzled some money with which he had been too early entrusted. He had brought with him nothing but a bag, but whether it were one legally appertaining to a lawyer's clerk, or it was only a schoolboy's satchel, the seamen were not sufficiently informed to determine. It contained the remains of some plum-cake, a Greek Lexicon, a Latin Horace, a small-tooth comb, a toothbrush, and several pieces of paper of various sizes, most of them covered over with writings, in a neat and stiff hand, the lines of which writings rarely extended to the right-hand margin of the paper.

What all these indicated, the rough denizens of the tender took no trouble to ascertain. His name, as he gave it, was registered in the books; he was duly victualled by the purser, and furnished with the necessary slops; he couldn't swallow the latter, for young ladies must understand that it is the term used for the clothing outfit of a sailor, and his hammock being slung for him, he was then delivered over to the parental care of the master-at-arms.

In a few days he was drafted down to the guardship at the Nore, but how he got there, and what was there done to him, and around him, for some time, the poor lad could not comprehend. He was not only bewildered, but as much stupified as if his senses had been paralyzed by the sudden explosion of ten thousand bombs. He scarcely ate or drank. He slept not at all, yet was he never fully awake. When roused from his stupor, he was spoken to in a language he did not understand, and he felt that, in his turn, he had not the power of making himself understood.

Cast among the outpourings of the sewers of society, never approached without an execration, or jostled without a curse, thrust here and kicked there, he doubted that he lived but in a hideous dream; he stretched and yawned, and was continually making those efforts with which people attempt to awaken themselves when they are conscious that they are labouring under the agony of a nightmare.

At that time, the insatiate jaws of war were clamouring eternally for food. The increasing cry was for men, men. Nothing in the shape of humanity which could pull a rope or stand at a gun, was refused. The cat-o'-nine-tails made the incompetent, competent; or it destroyed them. The sea-breeze cured the sick or killed. The weaver was taken from his loom, the farmer from his plough, and the criminal from the jail. The babbling schoolboy was hardly too young, the sexagenarian scarcely too old. All "food for powder, food for powder," as Jack Falstaff says, and men with whom honest Jack would have been ashamed to have marched through Coventry, were bundled by hundreds to do good service—and they did it—on board his majesty's vessels of war.

Hurrah! there is something in the blood of Englishmen that, even when running through the veins of vagabonds and ragamuffins, never loses the true British smack of the heroic. Some of our most glorious battles have been gained by the very refuse of society, and, strange as it may appear, a cockney, if he can but outlive the seasoning, always

turns out a smart and active sailor, never proving too heavy to fly up aloft, and always strong enough to do a strong man's duty at the gun-tackles.

John Brown, as he was then called, had not been long in this floating den, containing so many variations of the horrible, before he was ranged on her decks, with about a hundred others, in order to be selected by a captain who was picking to complete his crew. Placed between two carbuncled burley drunken swabs, he looked more than usually effeminate. His delicate cheeks were pallid, his eyes red with weeping, and altogether he appeared more fitting to be near a mother or a sister, than to form one of the complement of a man-of-war.

At length the scrutinizing captain, attended by a ferret-eyed first-lieutenant, addressed John Brown.

"Well, my lad; ever been to sea?"

"No, sir," said John, blushing through his tears.

"Come, cheer up; we will soon make a man of you. Are you pressed, or did you volunteer?"

"I came of my own accord, sir; because I couldn't—"

"Because what? don't be alarmed, my boy; speak out."

"Because I could not put up with the disgrace of being flogged, sir, at my age."

"Out of the frying pan into the fire," said the ferret-eyed first. "He had better be cut for the simples, sir; to run on board a man-of-war to escape flogging! We had better go on to the next. He'll die of the pip, depend on't, sir."

"Not so hasty, Mr. Mizen. There may be good stuff in the youth yet. There is always good to be hoped from those who are sensitive to disgrace. Pray, my lad, may I ask you who was going to flog you, and what you were to be flogged for? Don't tell me unless you like."

"Doctor Cosine, my schoolmaster; and I only handed a copy of verses to his daughter Euphemia."

"There you now, Mr. Mizen," said the captain, turning to his officer, "here are the very elements of which heroes are made. Ambitious, bold of heart, disdaining dishonour. I dare say the verses were of your own composing."

"They were indeed, sir," replied the lad, colouring up with pride, and regaining his animation. "I should be most happy to have the honour of reciting them to you."

"Not now, my good boy. I select this lad, Mr. Mizen. Let him be kindly treated, and looked after with gentleness."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the formal lieutenant. "Get your bag, and prepare for a start, younker."

In a few hours Brown found himself on board the Polyphemus, a round tub of a sixty-four, and in a few days on his passage to the West Indies.

Now two heavy misfortunes fell upon the young volunteer. The first was, that the lieutenant had conceived a dislike to him; vulgarly and forcibly called taken a spite against him; that was dreadful enough in a place so despotic as a man-of-war; but the second was still more disastrous—poor Brown had utterly mistaken his calling.

He was not a coward in any sense of the word but one, but that one was all-important—he had never sufficient nerve to go aloft.

At every attempt to force him up the rigging, he screamed, he shrieked wildly, he wrestled, and even fought with those urging him. He was rope's-ended almost to fainting repeatedly, but no cruelty could make him resign his delirious grasp of the rattlins. It was piteous to listen to the eloquence of his supplications, to hear the deep pathos of his prayers. Even the hard hearts of the flogging boatswain's mates could not bear it, and they often stayed their uplifted hands.

I can very well conceive that Cæsar himself might draw back looking over a precipice, with his blood thrilling at the depth beneath, and the Duke of Wellington might hesitate to walk along the coping-stone of a four-storied house without any imputation on his courage. However, there was but little consideration shown to John. He was judged to be chicken-hearted, and the judgment went far to make him so. There is but one panacea for all faults and all vices in the navy. Or rather it was so. Punishment was to do everything. Its omnipotence, however, failed in the case of the reputed poltroon. The more that he was flogged, the more nervous he became. Doctor Cosine's most energetic flagellations would have been but a pleasant titillation compared to the flesh-ploughing tortures that he received. Still, he went not aloft, unless he was hoisted by the means of a rope.

Mr. Mizen gloried in the truth of his prognostics. He had always said that the craven would turn out not to be worth his salt; and, lo! he was right. Did any one doubt his assertion, he flogged the youth again, and then turned to the incredulous and said, "You see even that won't get him aloft."

Captain Dignum became a confirmed invalid, and was too much occupied with his own sufferings to remember his promise of protection to the delicate and well-favoured youth whom he had selected on board of the *Namur*. The surgeon sometimes interfered and remonstrated; but all this display of humanity Mr. Mizen took very ill. He would listen to nothing about vertigo, palpitation of the heart, or disarrangement of the nervous system. He maintained that men-of-war's boys had no other business with nerves excepting to make them taste the cat more acutely. Besides, it was a bad example. The same constitutional excuse put forward for John Brown would equally serve every man and boy in the ship, and pray who would then furl the top-gallant sails, or reef the top-sails? Thus there was no chance for our school-boy who made verses, but illness. So he fell ill.

Before he was thus fortunate, the prostration of his mind had been completed. Though no coward, he had been effectually cowed. At first he had fought his battle manfully with his juvenile compeers. But each day he grew mentally and physically weaker. The smallest urchin in the ship at last slapped his face in all the insolence of pride, and he was kicked aside by all who met him as something too ignominious to be spoken to.

And was there no pity for him in this numerous and not ungene-

rous crew? Yes, there was much, but they who taxed him with cowardice, were themselves too cowardly to rise above the prejudice of feeling for the timid. Honestly, we think that fear, under some disguise or another, is the leading principle of almost all human actions. Were there no fear in the world, there could be no tyranny, and there would be much more love.

Humiliated into an abject thing, John Brown dissimulated. He now always professed to be ill. The humane surgeon of the ship, if he did not countenance, certainly made no comments on this deception, but threw about the victim of oppression and prejudice the protection of the sick-list. The first lieutenant, Mr. Mizen, grew furious, the two officers quarrelled, and would no longer speak to each other; but the man of medicine conquered the man of authority, for he brought so many Latin terms and technical descriptions, rank and file, into the battle, that his antagonist was obliged to retreat before the storm of words.

Though Mr. Mizen was defeated on the quarter-deck, he managed to effect a skilful retreat into the captain's cabin, and there took up a fresh position. He represented to the declining commander that John Brown had turned out, as he had predicted, a mean-spirited cur, not worth his salt, that he was too cowardly to go aloft, and he assured Captain Dignum, upon his honour, and with his hand upon his heart, that it was no fault of his, Mr. Mizen, for, to use his own expression, "he had nearly cut his soul out."

Captain Dignum shuddered. Perhaps the cold hand of disease was upon his vitals, perhaps the shock of remorse passed through his heart, or it might have been from the fear of death—for even the British sailor may be permitted to dread the lingering dissolution of consumption.

"I am in pain, Mr. Mizen," was the captain's feeble reply. "Send my compliments to Mr. Mortimer, and say that I should be happy to see him, and pray don't interfere with the poor lad until you have my further orders."

Mr. Mizen went on deck, looking like a thunder-cloud with a flash of lightning at the back of it. "Here, quartermaster, d—n you, go down and tell the surgeon the captain orders him into the cabin immediately. Officer of the watch! Pray, sir, do you call these sails trimmed in a seaman-like manner? Get a pull at the main brace directly."

"The mark is down, sir."

"D—n the mark, sir, and obey orders."

"Did you d—n me, sir?" replies his brother lieutenant, reddening about the gills like an inflamed turkey-cock.

"No, sir, I did not." Then after a long and sarcastic pause, "D—n you!" with great emphasis, "no occasion for that." Then casting his eyes aloft superciliously, he again comes to the attack. "Look, sir, at the weather leach of the foretopsail. Let go the foretop bow-line, and get a bouse at the lift. Look upon all these as reprimands, sir. You tinkering quartermaster—the ship is two points off the wind. By the immortal powers of broomsticks! I'll stop your grog for a week."

How much longer he would have continued in his system of general annoyance it is impossible to say, had not his favourite come on deck. Your domineerers have always a favourite.

They join each other. "The world has come to a pretty pass," says Mr. Mizen to his crony, "and the service is going to the dogs. Here's that pedantic blood-letter and pill-maker, the doctor, backing the ship's company in malignering, and the skipper aids and abets him."

"What's in the wind now, Mr. Mizen?" said the sycophant.

"Oh! there's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot, and we are all on the wrong tack, if we don't try our hand at snivelling. That along-shore shammer boy Brown is growing sleek and comely like a young lady, and the doctor, and be d——d to him, keeps him on the sick list, I really believe, to spite me."

"Well, Mr. Mizen, you know what to do. Make the doctor taste the peasoup every day, and go into the coppers in the galley every morning, and wipe their bottoms with a white cambric handkerchief, which he is afterwards bound to bring and show you. O, I'd annoy him—I would."

"And I will, by G—d! But there's one comfort left. The skipper will soon slip his wind, and then I'll pitch him to the sharks, and give myself an acting order as captain, and bring up all standing with a taut hand. Let those I don't like stand clear. Scaldings!"

This may be deemed strange phraseology, but it was the current quarter-deck one some forty years ago, generally used by men of education, and who knew how to converse. The brutal it only the more brutified. Yet, we would not quarrel with naval metaphors, for when used judiciously, not over-abundantly, and combined with gentlemanly conversation, they not only render discourse energetic, but graceful also. But, when every sentence is redolent of tar, and it possesses no other redeeming quality, the dialogue of a mere salt-water swab is, after a little while, always wearisome, and too often disgusting.

The interview between the captain and the surgeon was long, and not without painful interest to both. Its results were beneficial to John Brown, as he was immediately installed in the cabin as Captain Dignum's private attendant. The hitherto ill-used lad was now in a situation that caused him to appear all grace, sweetness, and even superiority. He became head nurse. I might make his conduct and his conversation one of the principal features of this short story. Though thinking that he lay on his deathbed, the old warrior was soothed into tranquillity by the boy's gentleness, and the riches of his well-cultured mind.

Of course the runaway schoolboy disclosed to his new patron all that he knew of his real history. Captain Dignum determined to take the necessary means to restore him to his friends after his own death, though he had made up his mind, should he, against all probability, recover, to retain his protégé in the service, and always near his own person.

Brown had not long been a denizen of the cabin, before it became hinted about the ship that he was a young gentleman. Nobody had



discovered this before, and now the first-lieutenant would not allow it. Our opinions of gentlemen are singular. We hold that gentility may be achieved, but with difficulty, but very easily lost indeed. Had Mr. Mizen been born to it, in all probability he would have lost it; but, not inheriting it by birth, nor having acquired it by a liberal education, most certainly, that he should ever acquire it was really a matter of despair. But he was a valuable man in his station—a thorough seaman, a sufficient navigator, at once brave and sagacious—but, with all this, anything but a gentleman.

Now, the lad whom Mizen so much despised was not a gentleman by inheritance, yet, by the gift of the Great Disposer of all our best attributes, was he a gentleman of the highest and rarest order, although he was afraid to go aloft, and never, perhaps, would have made a sailor. The result of all this was, that the oppressor could not in his heart despise the oppressed so much as he desired, consequently he hated him the more. Thus Mizen's contempt ripened into dislike, and when the contempt wore away, it was replaced by a deep and settled aversion. The human heart, that vortex of iniquity, hates more often and more strongly for virtues than for vices.

John Brown was now dressed, though not in uniform, in a manner something between the cabin-boy and the gentleman, and he soon recovered his remarkable personal advantages. He was seldom on deck, nor would he have repaired thither at all, had he not been compelled by his dying friend for the sake of air. Of course the quarter-deck was not open to him as a promenade, and his reception on the fore-castle would have been very doubtful. But the careful captain had foreseen all this, and every evening, after mustering at quarters, he would send his compliments to Mr. Mizen, and desire him to permit John Brown to walk for an hour on deck, abaft the mizen-mast, *unmolested*.

"The world has come to a pretty pass, and the service is going to the dogs," used the first-lieutenant to growl forth whenever he received this order. "I'll catch him on the ground hop yet, a favour-currying bone-polisher."

So the youth always passed him with the humblest looks, and paced his little walk with downcast eyes and a frightened demeanour, his enemy all the time eyeing him with the ferocity of a hyena, seeking for some pretence to pounce upon him.

"I shall never see land again, doctor," said the captain faintly, as he reclined in his dressing-gown upon the sofa. "The increasing heat of the climate seems only to add to my lassitude, without at all relieving the difficulty of my breathing. I think that I should have lasted longer in my own damp, cold, foggy, yet all-beloved country. How I pine to die upon her soil!"

"I never thought," was the reply, "that warm latitudes were beneficial in pulmonary complaints."

"Why then was I so strenuously, almost so universally, advised to repair to them?"

"No one likes a patient to die under his hands. My candid advice to you is, that you should transfer yourself to the first homeward-bound ship that we may meet, and hasten to the south of England.

Consumption annually makes great ravages in the West Indies, and a very large number of fever cases terminate in that fatal disease. When I say fatal, I am far from thinking it to be incurable. Of course, whenever a pulmonary complaint terminates in death, it is called consumption—therefore consumption is pronounced incurable, and that is the whole secret of the matter. Should the sufferer recover, there is a great choice of names for the disorder, but consumption will not be one of them. It is most certain that people have recovered under every form and type of diseased lungs—therefore, prostrated as you now are, Captain Dignum, by this ill-advised seeking of hot climates, your case is not hopeless.”

“You are a cheerful prophet, Mortimer; but you think that all hope of cure for me depends upon my immediate return to England?”

“Decidedly so. You have been growing rapidly worse as we have made southing. When you first came on board, your complaint was hardly discernible to others, however it may have been apparent to yourself. Go home, go home immediately, and I believe that many years of happiness and of health may yet be ensured to you. Go home for the sake of others, if not for your own.”

“Indeed, dear Mortimer, I have much to make me wish to live. I have realized but little property in my profession, and it is singularly unfortunate that on my surviving an uncle depends the inheriting of my family of a large, a magnificent estate. I have but one son, and nine daughters. Should my uncle die before me, I shall have nothing to wish for to my family on the score of wealth—should I die first, that dear family nothing to hope for.”

“Then go home at once, even if it cost you your commission,” said the benevolent surgeon eagerly.

“Ah me! The temptation is great, but, without disobeying my orders, the act is impossible to me. You would not have me put the ship’s head round, and make at once for the Land’s End,” replied the captain, with that sickly smile which is meant to amuse, but which only the more betrays the bitterness that is in the soul.

“Why, that, certainly, would be rather too strong a measure.”

“And here we are, rapidly nearing Barbadoes, and totally out of the course of homeward-bound vessels. Should I survive to reach that island, my chance of a passage to England would be but small;—no, I have but one chance—to haul immediately to the northward, and get into the track of vessels making for Europe.”

“Then do this, dear captain—let me conjure you, for the sake of your family. The strongest certificate that words can form shall justify the act to the Admiralty. Pray give the order immediately.”

“Give me but a short time to reflect.”

Captain Dignum then lay back on his sofa, and closed his eyes; but the hot tears distilled rapidly through the lids;—the affections were battling in his heart against his sense of duty.

The surgeon took hold of Brown’s hand, for Brown had been present during the whole of this scene, and led him into the after cabin, that the captain might be conscious that there was no witness to his emotion.

"Come here, John," said the good surgeon. "You have observed all that has taken place. Do you understand it?"

"I am afraid I do, sir. Here is this dear good captain will die if he persists in going to Jamaica; and if he dies, his large family will be reduced to poverty."

"Clearly so. He never should have left England. It is my conviction that, had he staid at home, he would have conquered his complaint. The symptoms of his disease, even now, are not mortal, but they will prove so in this debilitating climate."

"If he dies," said Brown, "it will break my heart—I am sure it will. There will not much be left for Mr. Mizen to do. I hope people so young as I can die of a broken heart. It would be so pleasant to die that way for dear Captain Dignum."

"You are a good boy, I am sure; but do you not think it would be much more pleasant for the captain to live to be your friend, and you to live to be grateful to him? Now I believe that he would have a very good chance of living if he would go home."

"O, I'm so glad! Then why don't he? He is captain of the ship, and he can do as he likes. Why don't he go home, sir?"

"Because he conceives it to be his duty to go forward and die. He has his orders, no doubt, to repair without delay to the admiral, at Port Royal, in Jamaica. He must have despatches on board—no ship going foreign goes without them; he may think them to be, he may know them to be, important; therefore his sense of duty tells him, come weal, come woe, be it for life, or be it for death, I must push on for my destination."

"But, sir," said the lad, modestly, and with much hesitation, "I heard you implore him not to go, but to return, for the sake of his family. So good a gentleman would not ask him not to do his duty."

"My duty and his diverge into different paths. I have only to watch over his health, and the health of all under my care. Ah! John Brown, when you have lived a little longer you will learn the harsh lesson, that our existence is sorely troubled with conflicting duties. Now, our dear captain has great and sacred duties towards his young family, and duties almost as sacred towards himself. After what I have disclosed to him, if he persist in his voyage he connives at his own death, and more than half commits suicide. Thus, if he returns to live and bless his family, he will be a good man; if he go forward and die, he will be a hero."

Our young gentleman fell into deep thought for some time, and he seemed to be sadly puzzled. At length his countenance brightened up, and said, cheerfully, "Pray, sir, may I take the liberty to ask if most good men or most heroes go to heaven?"

The surgeon smiled faintly, and replied, "It is a strange, but an acute question. I am decidedly of opinion that the good men have the best chance. Indeed, if all that be said of heroes be true, they are much more likely to mess with Dives than to club with Lazarus in the next world."

"Then," said John, right joyfully, "the captain must go home first, and to heaven afterwards."

"I wish you could persuade him," was the almost despondent reply.

Brown retired, and thus the surgeon soliloquized when he found himself alone :—"The boy may prevail, for he has wormed himself into the heart of the sick man, but very much I doubt it. What sensible man would pursue that ghastly phantom, glory? Now, this dying man will be more heroic in his self-sacrifice than any hard-headed brute who leads the boarders when the chances are a thousand to one against him. Poor Dignum, with his death-warrant signed, and continually waving before his eyes, if he take one path; oppressed by sickness, and all his nerves unstrung; and yet, with his faculty of judgment more strong than ever, his home affections more vivid, in that fatal path will persevere. And what will be his reward? A tomb in Westminster Abbey, or a statue in St. Paul's? No; these are reserved for those who go blindly to loggerheads, and get their own broken for their stupidity. But will not his name be recorded in history, and particularly honoured in his own country; and will not that grateful country bestow upon his son a title, and wealth upon his family? Not a bit of it. But what will happen to him for this noble self-immolation? If he should die before he reaches port, he will be sewed up in his hammock, and be thrown to the sharks in less than forty-eight hours afterwards, for your tropical sun has no respect for your aristocratical carcass; and I am sure the man Mizen, with the ferret's eyes, will be right glad to read the funeral service first, and immediately after to read himself into the vacancy, upon the acting order that he will have given to himself.

"On the other hand, supposing that he reaches Barbadoes, or even Jamaica, will not things mend? Not much. He will then have a more decent burial on shore. A few brother officers will attend him to the grave, and a few blank cartridges will be fired over it, and master Mizen will be disappointed in dressing himself in a little brief authority. Glory would be a good thing, if fairly shared.

"Whether he depart this life on shore or afloat, all the notice that glory will take of him will be a paragraph in the papers, for one day, that Captain Daniel Dignum, R.N., died on his passage to Port Royal, when in command of H.M.S. Polyphemus, very much lamented by his brother officers, (which would be a lie, for the vacancy would give a great number of them a step of promotion,) and by all who knew him. Captain Dignum entered the service, &c. &c.

"I have no patience with this! And will he gain no more by the exalted heroism of his lingering death than this? Not a jot! not a jot! whilst the first rash fool who places his vessel alongside another of superior force, trusting to the courage of his crew to redeem the folly of his conduct, will be all but deified at home, and have his name sung to ballads. Glory! I have not patience with you!

"Now, madam Glory, let us suppose that poor Dignum pushes you a little aside to the left, and, altering the course of the ship for a week or two, disobeying orders, he gets so far north as to meet with a homeward-bound vessel, he reaches England, recovers his health, inherits his estate, and passes a long old age in all the mellow sunshine of happiness, surrounded by a reverencing and loving family. Glory, after all, you are but an arrant cheat."

Whilst Mr. Mortimer, in the after-cabin, was thus vexing his soul with these sophistries, not reflecting that, though glory may be but an arbitrary mistress, and thus forfeit our allegiance to her, yet the sovereignty of duty is lawful, and her commands must be imperative upon us;—young Brown was doing his duty, as he thought, in endeavouring to make his friend and commander neglect his.

He had stolen quietly into the fore-cabin, and, ere his entrance had been perceived, he was on his knees beside the captain, weeping over the hand, thin and pallid, of which he had possessed himself. This token of affection the sick man did not at first perceive. He already loved him as a son, and had repeatedly told him so. At length, when the violence of his own sorrow had a little subsided, he said to him affectionately, "My dear child, you distress me. Not a source of sorrow, but of comfort, would I be to you. When I am no more, you will find that I have taken care of you. Wealth have I none to leave you, nor have I recommended you to my own family. My heart bursts when I think of the fierce struggles they will themselves have to make with an ungenerous world. I have taken the necessary measures which will ensure you, when you reach the admiral, your discharge, and your safe return to your father and your sister."

To all this, for some time, Brown could only sob violently. At length, in his artless—and powerful because artless—manner, he attempted to prevail upon his benefactor to return home. We will spare our readers a description of the scene, as it was not only distressing, but harrowing. It was, as might well be supposed, fruitless. That night the ship's course was not altered.

More than one person, as they lay in their cots and their hammocks that night, prayed for a hurricane to drive the *Polyphemus* well to the northward.

Mr. Mortimer had, by his close attention on his captain, acquired for him a sincere affection, and was determined to save him in spite of his obstinacy. Now the good surgeon was not himself without obstinacy, and as this failing was supported by a good deal of talent, he contrived to get for it the respectable title of firmness of purpose. So he took counsel with several of the officers, one fore-castle man, and one ship's boy.

Mr. Mizen was in no haste to run down the trades and reach the ship's destination. He longed to taste the sweets of absolute command for some time, and also to gain the recommendation of having been acting captain, to forward his own chance of being made an actual commander. So he took great care not to carry too much sail in the day-time, and to make all snug every night. He much regretted that there was but little likelihood of seeing any strange sail that would justify him in altering the course and going in chase. His interest, and consequently his object, was delay. He was all day wondering why the captain did not die, and pondering if he should not ask him for an acting order before he was dead.

Now, that first-lieutenant enjoyed the distinction of being very much disliked, a distinction common to first-lieutenants in general. Mizen, however, was particularly distinguished. Thus, the prospect of his becoming acting captain, even for a very short period, was most

appalling to all the other officers, with the exception of his sycophant, the junior lieutenant of the marines. So they often conferred together, in order to discover some means of preventing this calamity. Nothing occurred to them, however, but keeping the captain alive, and to do this they looked to the surgeon.

"Stuff!" said the exasperated medical. "Here we are drawing towards a vertical sun, and every hour it grows hotter and hotter. At this rate I can't answer for poor Dignum's life for a week; and when he has 'shuffled off his mortal coil,' the devil help you all out of the coil you will find yourselves in, with him pulling at one end of the tangled rope, and Ferret-eye at the other."

"What's the use of doctors if they can't cure people?" said the master, rather sullenly.

"Use, old Soundings? Why, to take care that they die *secundum artem*."

"And what's dying *secundem* hart him? Hart him is hart him, death's death, I've a notion; and as to the doctors—damme but I'd start 'em, if they let death get the start of a jolly ship's company."

"Come, Master Stowthethold, stow away your clapper in the silent corner of your mouth, if there is one, and if you can't let anything reasonable out of it, listen to reason. Draughts and pills are of no use to the skipper in any degree; but half a dozen degrees of north latitude would set him up again. He is pining for his home and for his children. Now, master, you keep the course of the vessel. Can't you get into a little cooler latitude?"

"Yes, doctor, cold enough, and get broken by a court-martial. Cold comfort that for me."

There being nothing to be gained by good counsel aft, the surgeon, next day, tried his luck forward. During the night it had fallen calm, and now, at noon-day, there was no air stirring saving that which came in cat's-paws from all quarters of the compass. All this was very acceptable to Mr. Mizen, whilst the captain lay panting upon his couch, nearly suffocated for want of the atmospheric nourishment. Brown was standing over him with a rude fan, made of canvass, exciting an artificial breeze, and at intervals sprinkling his loose dress with ether. After two or three convulsive efforts at respiration, a light froth appeared upon his lips, and closing his languid eyes he fell into a deep sleep; so gentle and so deep, that his young nurse fancied he was dead, and was going to give way to a loud outburst of grief when Mortimer led him away.

As they passed from under the poop-awning to the quarter-deck, they were met by the envious first-lieutenant.

"How is your patient to-day, doctor?" said he.

"All but dead," was the grave reply. "He sleeps now, and must, on no account, be disturbed. No one must walk over his head."

The surgeon and his young companion passed on to the sick bay.

"Walk over his head!" said the lieutenant to his sycophant. "He and many more like him have walked over mine. But every dog will have his day, and I'll have mine yet."

"I hope so," said the lieutenant of marines. "I suppose he can't last twenty-four hours."



"I calculate that he'll die about eleven to-morrow forenoon. Tremendously hot it will be then. I've generally noticed, that if a fellow is going to slip his wind, and he gets over eleven, he will hang on till about midnight. I don't know what it may be ashore, but that's the way afloat. I should like to know what philosophy says to that."

"Of course you'll be acting captain."

"On course. And, Mr. Sniffle, won't I make a shindy? I shall have Mr. Chivers under arrest in no time, that's settled. Then that soft-faced sneaker whom the captain so much pets—I hope you don't think that I bear him any malice? not I. Couldn't demean myself to that. But I'll make him do his duty—I'll make him go to the maintop-gallant cross-trees if I haul him up every rattlin by tenter-hooks. That's settled. I shall be in no hurry to make port, depend on't. I think that I'll creep to leeward of Guadaloupe, and if I could pick up with a French frigate, or even a good fat French West Indian, my fortune's made. I'm so glad that it's so precious hot, and so precious calm."

"Shall we call you captain, when the skipper's dead?"

"I should think so," said Mr. Mizen, hitching up the slack of his trousers.

Now, our quartermaster, Christopher Crosstrees, who was at the helm, heard all this improving conversation, and knowing himself to be no particular favourite of the expectant captain, he did not altogether feel very cheerful at his own prospects. He knew very well, with the rest of the ship's company, that the coward boy was a bone of contention between the captain and his lieutenant, and therefore he had taken the more notice of the lad. It must not be understood that he had shown him, till this time, either favour or attention. As a thorough seaman he had despised his timidity; but now his mind dwelt on the boy's sweet and innocent looks, and his heart insensibly became drawn towards him.

"It is not everybody who is born with my advantages," said Cris Cross. "We are not all gifted by Heaven to make good sailors. What o' that? I am not a-going to be proud, and yet, I'm as good a seaman as ferret-eyed Mizen any day, notwithstanding his white lap-pels; and only see how he comes over the poor lad. I know a trick or two; and we'll get to windward of him yet. Stop my grog! Ah! does he think old Cris Cross will ever forget that?"

When Cris Cross was relieved at eight bells, instead of going down to his mess he sauntered about the canvass door of the sick bay, in the hope—no, no, in the certainty that Mr. Mortimer would call him in for a gossip, for the surgeon loved the quaint humour of the stanch old boy.

We may easily suppose the turn that the conversation took when Crosstrees was seated on the medicine chest, and had duly despatched his first glass of grog. Young Brown listened to every word most attentively.

"Well, sir," said the quartermaster, "so I understand that you think Captain Dignum would be able to get the weathergage of that rum old customer, Death, if you could get him home."

"His only chance, Cris Cross."

"And he won't 'bout ship upon his own 'sponsibility?"

"He prefers his duty to his life, and all that makes life sweet."

"Well, well," said Crosstrees, scratching his head violently. "You laugh at my rubbing up my old gray poll, but bad company gives us bad habits. Since I have cut my great relations, I have fallen sadly into low forecastle ways."

"So I have heard; you shall tell me that tale one of these days."

"I was going to say, sir—I beg your pardon, but I'd see you d—d first. Now, if I had said so, I should have deserved the character that I've most unjustly got, of being an insolent drunken swab. But that's neither here nor there. Now, you did right, sir, to come to the old sailor for advice. There are three ways of getting the skipper home, but the first won't do, and the second is not practicable; whilst the last is as easy and quite as pleasant as getting mops and brooms. Now this is the first way."

"Let the first way go its ways, and the second may go the same way as the first. Zounds, man! what use is there in telling us ways that won't do?"

"Beg your pardon, doctor, but I would not interrupt you till you had payed away all your cable. But you should listen to all ways in a difficulty for the sake of edification; for if an expedient won't do this time, it may next; and a chap with a lot of expedients in his knowledge-box is like a man with a bag full of money in his hand. He'll go a great way, sir, I do assure you, sir."

"I am very patient, Cris Cross; it is a part of my profession. So tell me your two plans that are to no purpose first, if you will, but disclose the practicable method at last."

"The first way would be to get the master and the captain of the hold to start almost all the water, and let them make an affidavit that the rats and other vermin have eaten holes in the casks. I have seen that expedient answer, but it wouldn't do now, 'cause why, 'cause you'd have to run for the nearest port, and that I take to be just where you don't want to be going."

"Very logically put."

"Do not talk to me of logic, sir; it puts me in mind of bygone and better days. May my grog be abundantly watered if I have not forgotten how to state a plain syllogism."

"I could—" said young Brown, his eyes brightening, and speaking for the first time.

"You could do what, younker?" said the quartermaster, turning sharply upon him.

"Nothing; I can do nothing. I cannot even go aloft."

"Now, the second method, a good one enough, would be, to get some one to go into the captain's cabin, steal all his despatches, and fling them overboard. Everybody knows where the box that contains them is always kept, and there is lead enough in it to make it sink. Bless you, box and all would find the bottom as soon as the deep sea-lead."

The surgeon made a little crook with the forefinger of his right hand, which he placed under his right ear, and seemed to be stretching his neck in a very odd way, whilst old Cris Cross thrust out his

two legs to their utmost extent, and set them quivering violently. So that scheme was disposed of.

"And yet it answered admirably once," said the old man, after an intelligent pause, which was occupied by him in looking very wistfully into his empty glass. The surgeon took the hint, but gave nothing in return. He was too much his friend.

"You shall tell me that story some day, when we stand in no awe of the master-at-arms. Now for the practicable plan?"

"Well, this meek-eyed lad could set that going—if, if he could but go aloft."

"And would it save his life?" said Brown, his eyes glistening with hope and with fear.

"Mr. Mortimer tells you so. Let some smart active young fellow whom you can trust to, shindy up to the main truck, and from thence descry a three-masted vessel a point abaft the starboard beam. Let him give cry. 'What does she look like?' sings out old Ferret-eyes. 'Looms large, sir,' says the boy; 'but I can only see her three top-gallant sails out of the water.' 'Watch and idlers, trim sails,' says Mizen; 'haul on board the starboard tacks,' and away you go due north."

"Very good indeed, Cris Cross. But how are we always to keep this vessel that looms large in sight?"

"Pooh, pooh! don't you all want to go out of the due course, and get north? Mizen wants it, to get the command longer in his hands. Don't the second, third, and fourth lieutenants, the three officers of the three watches, want to get north, because they are in your secret, and wish to save the captain's life? Don't every man on board want to get north, for it's so devilish hot here that even the cockroaches sweat, and the scorpions are fanning themselves with their tails. Only set it agoing."

"That's easy enough. But won't somebody find out that the strange sail cannot be seen, merely for the simple reason, because it's not in sight?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, for a learned man, your own sight is not very clear. The man who can't see this strange sail, can't see far enough, that's all; but he must not give the lie to those who can. May the Lord love you, I once sailed in a sloop of war that was in chase of the same strange sail for fifteen days, and which nobody could see but one man, and that was the skipper's pet; and the chase terminated exactly under a point of land at Antigua, on which was the estate of a gentleman with whose daughter our captain was all over besmitten. These coincidences will happen. Didn't he go ashore and junket it for a week, whilst we lay at single anchor shifting top-masts, that we were afraid might have been sprung, and setting up the standing rigging, which had been strained in the long chase."

"Cross, my boy, I see it all now. I am sure there must be a large warlike-looking three-masted vessel on the starboard beam at this very instant."

"To be sure there is, somewhere between this and the north pole. You know guns, that is Irish ones, may be made to shoot round a corner, and some eyes may be so constructed as to see round the cor-

vexity of the globe, that is, if they are well prepared by a good glass of grog."

"Well, there's the grog; now, you find the eyes. Honour! Not a drop of this for your own cheek yet." So the case-bottle was confided to the quartermaster's keeping.

Then was John Brown afflicted to his very heart. He understood it all, and said to himself, "All this would I do for love. Let me make one more effort; and, perhaps, in spite of my sickness and giddiness, I may do what other lads appear to do so easily and cheerfully. I will go aloft."

We are very sorry, for the sake of the dramatic interest of our story, that we cannot say that a miracle was performed in Brown's favour, like that which happened to the dumb son of Codrus, who spoke for the first time when he saw his father's life threatened. Captain Dignum owed nothing to the exertions of his protégé. When the first-lieutenant went below, the poor boy did attempt to crawl up the mizen rigging; it almost cost him his life. He had not ascended many feet, before his head began to swim, and losing all command over his limbs he fell, and would have rolled overboard, had he not been caught by Crosstrees.

The old sailor fully understood and appreciated the gallant failure. From that moment he loved the lad. "Never mind, Jack," said he, when Brown had a little recovered himself; "it would be just as cruel of a bird to expect me to fly, as of your shipmates to expect you to go aloft. It is not in your nature, that's all. Don't you try again. You are none the worse because you can't. I say so. There, go into the cabin, and keep the skipper alive."

In the mean time Mr. Mortimer had prepared the ward-room officers, and, about two o'clock P.M., two of the smartest foretopmen were seen playing at "follow my leader" about the rigging; it being nearly calm, and the ship rolling considerably. At length one of them was seen leaning with his breast fairly upon the truck at the main-royal head.

"A strange sail one point abaft the starboard beam!" &c. &c. &c.

Everything took place as old Crosstrees had predicted, even to the minutest circumstance, and, with the puffs of air that they had, the ship's head was brought due north. The surgeon gave it as his decided opinion that the captain was too ill to be disturbed, and Mr. Mizen was very joyful.

Those not in the secret, the principal of which was the first-lieutenant, speculated upon what the strange sail could be; those that were, thought it an excellent joke, and enjoyed it extremely. At sunset a breeze sprang up, and away went the ship to the north, at a most satisfactory rate to those interested.

Next morning, at daylight, Mr. Mizen himself was up at the maintopmast crosstrees with his glass. Having grown stiff in the joints, he could get no higher. He could see nothing; but the same foretopman who saw the vessel the day before, again ascended to the truck, and asserted that he saw the chase quite as plain then as he had done yesterday. This was strictly true. Others followed him. Some saw it as well as he; others were not quite certain, but they were sure that

they saw something. Mr. Mizen was satisfied, and went below to trim sails and think how he could increase the canvass under which the ship was now pressed.

There was now a little variation in the reports of the seers of the strange sail; yet they all coincided that it was standing on the same course as the Polyphemus, so the pursuit would be a long one.

"The longer the better," said the first lieutenant. "Mind your helm, quarter-master."

"Very well thus—very well thus," said Crosstrees, with a broad grin.

Whilst the ship was dancing merrily on, with the wind abeam, Captain Dignum lay in a very precarious, and almost unconscious state. It grew perceptibly cooler, however, and on the third day of the pursuit he was wonderfully relieved by an effusion of blood from the lungs. From that moment he improved hourly, and yet his expectant successor thought every hour would be his last.

On the fifth day of the chase, and when many fancied that they must be pursuing the flying Dutchman, Mr. Mortimer reported to the first lieutenant a great improvement in the captain's health.

"Excessively rejoiced at it," said Mizen, pulling a very long face, and at the slack of his trousers at the same time. "Most singular. How do you account for it, doctor?"

"In two ways," said the malicious medical. "In the first, by good nursing. That boy Brown has, with the change of the temperature, by getting so far north, completely saved the captain's life. It has turned out just as I supposed. He was never afflicted with the true tubercular consumption. A crisis has taken place, and if we can but keep in this cooling refreshing breeze he is safe, and bids fair to live as long as either you or I."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the first luff, looking quite aghast.

"O, I do indeed! We are going merrily through the water. When shall we get a view of this chase from the deck? I long to see what she's like."

"May she be steered into hell by the devil, with brimstone blazes right aft. I believe it's all a humbug. Some mere cloud, that the fools of look-outs have mistaken for a ship. I'll up helm directly."

"O no," said Mr. Mortimer, "you must not do that, because I have a message for you from the captain, who desires to see you on this particular subject."

"Is he well enough for that? And pray, sir," he continued sharply, "why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I reserved the best news for you to the last."

"The service is going to the dogs," he growled, and went into the cabin.

There another mortification awaited him. He found Captain Dignum wonderfully better, and his voice quite strong enough to give him a sharp reprimand for having run the ship so far out of her course. Mizen, to justify himself, made out the necessity to have been much greater than it really was, and was thus compelled to play the game against himself.

"Then," said the captain, "since we have gone so far, we had

better see the end of it. I find the ship's head is due north. I am not sorry for that. Clap on more sail, if you can, and make an end of the matter at once."

The first-lieutenant was now entangled into doing the very thing that he most disliked, and to be reprimanded for it.

"There is some comfort left, however. We must go to Jamaica after all; and then you know, Mr. ——"

As he was thus addressing his sycophant, the man at the maintopmast head hailed that he saw the chase quite plainly now, and that we were coming up with her hand over hand. This announcement caused a great sensation to those in the secret, and to those not. Mizen again went aloft, and this time he might have been gratified if he would, for there was apparently a man-of-war quite as eager to meet them as they to come up with her.

This news brought the invalid captain on deck for the first time for many days. The ships neared each other rapidly. Private signals, and then their numbers, were exchanged, and the stranger turned out to be the Linnet sloop-of-war, going home with despatches, after having served her three years on the station.

Crosstrees' plan had succeeded. The vessels hove to. The commander of the Linnet had no wish to go home and be put on half-pay, and an exchange was soon effected, Captain Dignum giving his acting order to the commander to act as post-captain of the Polyphemus, and appointing the first-lieutenant of the Linnet to the command of that sloop-of-war. After which, all the principal officers of both vessels held a survey on the body of Captain Dignum, and he was invalided, of course, to the illimitable rage and utter mortification of Lieutenant Mizen, who found himself much worse off than before, and under the command of a stranger, and of a man much his junior not only in years but in the service.

All these transactions took place on board the larger vessel. When they were all arranged, and just as Dignum was about to step over the side to take his passage on board of the Linnet for England, he took timid John Brown by the hand, and advancing towards Mizen, with the tears in his eyes, and a pathos the most touching, he recommended the lad to his protection, concluding thus: "I feel that he has saved my life. The blessing of my children, and of the mother of my children, will be upon him for ever. Directly that I arrive in England I will procure his discharge from the Admiralty. I have left sufficient money with Mr. Mortimer to supply all his little wants. I have also written about him to the admiral on the station. He may be induced to send him home at once. Remember that I owe my life to him."

"The white-livered milksop, the fawning canting scoundrel!"—were the words that passed through Mizen's mind. "Ay, ay, sir—we'll have an eye to the youngster," were those that passed through his mouth. Captain Dignum also recommended young Brown strongly to the new skipper, and then took his leave of the ship's company and his officers, regretted by nearly every one on board.

The Polyphemus proceeded towards Barbadoes, her acting captain full of hopes of being confirmed, and her first-lieutenant by no means



improved in temper by his disappointment, and with no increase of good-will towards the boy, to whom he unhesitatingly attributed it. He had his first word with the new captain, and gave him such an overcharged account of Brown's pusillanimity, that the boy was delivered up to his tender mercies in order to be made a seaman of.

The sequel of Brown's fate was rapid, the crisis terrible. Two days saw him withdrawn from the attendance upon the benevolent surgeon and the sick. On the third day he was well flogged because he would not, or could not, go aloft, and on the fourth he was deprived of his intellects.

The new skipper was a bit of a tartar. He interfered with everything, and Mizen no longer found himself captain over his captain, as in the days of the easy and sick Dignum. He found himself very often reprimanded, commended never. So he drank his grog strong upon this, and one afternoon, just as the captain had gone to dinner, he came on the quarter-deck fully determined to get some relief from his mental and vicious irritation by a little persecution. Full of this amiable expedient, he sent for his victim, Brown, and a boatswain's mate with his colt. Colts were not then exploded from the navy. The uninitiated must know that they were pieces of rope of about a foot long, pointed at the ends, and nearly as thick as the thong of a whip, and capable, in a strong hand, of inflicting very severe punishment.

"Up the rigging, dastard!" was the harsh, and, to poor Brown, the impossible command. He attempted it however, and crawled up a few rattlings. As usual, he grew pale, a tremor seized all his limbs, and his head began to swim, and he paused.

"Up higher!"

"I ca-a-ant," was the shivering reply.

"Bo'sun's-mate, freshen his way, and be d——d to you. Start him along."

And then the lash resounded upon the boy's tortured body, and the spectators were divided in their feelings at the unmanly exhibition. Some few thought no punishment too dreadful for a coward; some pitied him, and many thought that he ought to jump overboard. Though the general sentiment was not with the sufferer, it was decidedly against the inflictor. In the midst of this revolting scene Mr. Mortimer made his appearance, and then Brown, somewhat encouraged by his presence, dared to remonstrate, but in the humblest tones of which the human voice is susceptible.

"O, Mr. Mizen! dear, dear, Mr. Mizen!" he moaned plaintively.

"I'll dear you, you confounded dastard! How dare you dear me, you blackguard? Lay it into him, bo'sun's-mate—dear me!"

"Remember what you promised Captain Dignum," shrieked the boy, as he writhed under a fresh storm of blows.

This last appeal so exasperated the lieutenant that he sprang upon the Jacob's ladder, and thus getting within reach of Brown, struck him, with his clenched fist, a violent blow on the side of the head. The lad, probably stunned, let go his hold, and fell, first striking his skull against the iron rim of the mizen chains, and then plunged

into the sea. He floated very buoyantly on the gently-agitated surface of the water; the sea was hove to, the cutter lowered, and his body recovered, but his mind was totally gone.

He was soon brought to so much consciousness as his intellects would admit. He recovered his health, but he was a fitful idiot. Mr. Mizen had effectually cured him of his cowardice. He was now as active in the rigging as the untamed monkey. The utmost heights of the slender masts were now his place of refuge. Often in the middle watch might he be seen as if he floated in the air between the main and foremasts, gibbering his impassioned nonsense to the moon, for the slender stay on which he had supported himself was scarcely visible. Among other phenomena attendant upon his fall, he lost his faculty of speech, and made a noise when over-excited which very much resembled the sounds of "Nicketty Nock," and in a very short time his shipmates had ceased to know him by any other name.

The surgeon, Mr. Mortimer, thought that he might be recovered by the means of a delicate operation, which should elevate one part of his skull and remove another, but he did not feel confidence sufficient to attempt it.

Then began the truly fatherly care of old Crosstrees. He alone knew how to manage him, and to render him serviceable. All things merely manual he learned easily, and was prompt in his obedience to any command that he understood, and he soon understood most of those nautical. He grew thin and very sinewy, but still retained his beauty of countenance, though it was a little marred by a look of trusting silliness, alternated with a gaze of intense anxiety.

For many reasons it was thought better not to invalide him. No smarter lad was there in the navy at furling a royal, sending down a skysail, or clearing a pennant. He became so attached to Crosstrees that it would have been the height of cruelty to have separated them, and altogether he was a much happier boy without the healthy use of his senses than he had been with them.

Mr. Mizen took great credit to himself for this reformation. For his part, he could not see what use a mere seaman could make of too much reason, and if half the ship's company were as dumb and as active as Nicketty Nock, it would have been all the better for the ship.

However, either Captain Dignum died, or John Brown, his amiable boy-nurse, had been forgotten, for Nicketty Nock's discharge did not arrive, and he, together with his guardian Crosstrees, had been draughted in the interval of three years into three different vessels, and they remained together so long as they both belonged to the service.

## THE TANKA GIRL.

"The Tanka, or egg-boat girls of China, are many of them extremely well-looking and engaging: their duties at Macao are similar to those of a Thames waterman in London: while, setting duty aside, their conversation and merry laughing faces give them the advantage over, perhaps, any water rivals in the *fare* department."

TELL me, little Tanka girl,  
Art thou ever smiling?  
Hast never felt care's cruel dart,  
Or lives there that within thy heart,  
All sorrow reconciling?  
If thy lot be such, I vow,  
You and I are strangers now.

Pretty, laughing Tanka girl,  
Hear a Fanqui's ditty;  
If thou hast won grief's antidote,  
Suffer me step within thy boat,  
To share the prize—in pity.  
Scarce could fulminating Lin  
Deem such friendliness a sin.

What avails the Fo-yeu's ire,  
The Hoppo's\* execrations?  
While you and I, with merry chat,  
Discuss the charms of this or that,  
Without the law of nations?  
Pillars of the state are they:  
We will keep all state away.

Pouting, little Tanka girl,  
Jealous, too, already!  
Of what, of whom? yon green coquette,†  
Whose prison'd legs 'ne'er served her yet,  
To keep their owner steady?  
Hence from me the maiden, whose  
Charms are in her baby shoes!

*Tsing-à* ;‡ well, a brief *tsing-à* :  
Wherefore part in sorrow?  
False may the Lins a Fanqui call—  
I'll prove 'tis not the case with all,  
By calling here, to-morrow.  
Should the Hoppo grumble, we  
Hush him with another fee.

F. J. G.

"*Bocca Tigris*,"  
24th December, 1840.

\* "Fo-yeu," and "Hoppo," both government officers; the latter, we believe, chiefly a collector of customs, &c.

† The vulgar Chinese call a certain class of women with small feet "green girl," probably from the colour of their dress.

‡ *Tsing-à*, a form of salutation, or "good-bye."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOD-SPIRIT."

## THE POLISH HARP-GIRL.

" Wir schlingen unsre Händ' in einen Knoten,  
 Zum Himmel heben wir den Blick und schwören,  
 Ihr alle, die ihr lebet, sollet es hören  
 Und, wenn ihr wollt, so hört es auch ihr Todten!"

" Wir schwören stehn zu wollen den geboten,  
 Des Land's, des Mark wir tragen in den Röhren,  
 Und diese Schwerter, die wir hier empören,  
 Nicht eh'r zu sen'ken, als vom Feind zerschroten.

*Fahnenschwur.* FR. RUCKERT.

AT the break of early dawn we issued forth from our concealment, and in detached parties advanced along the road to Warsaw. We felt altered since yesterday, the blood seemed to flow with a prouder current through our veins, our hearts to beat with a freer throb, for we had crossed swords with the oppressor—we trod as freemen in the land of heroes. As we advanced, the towers of Warsaw arose one by one before us in the far distance, the towers of that famed capital, on whose spires centuries of glory seemed concentrated. We halted—we listened for a sound—the mighty heart lay silent before us—we almost expected to hear the roar of artillery—the deep descant of thousand-fold shouts; but the country around was still, and the November sun gleamed coldly and cheerlessly along the voiceless plains. Still we advanced, and I may not describe our feelings as the full import of the approaching event impressed itself on our thoughts, as we seemed to hear with prophetic power the deep outburst of the life and death-battle which would soon rage far and wide along those silent scenes. Still we advanced, the red sun rolled away, and the bleak shadows of evening rushed down around us. The distant bell of a church came knell-like across the country, and told how near the mighty hour was approaching.

The barrier of Mockotow rose gloomily before us, but we gained admission and passed. During the whole of our march Count Theodore had kept by my side; a sudden friendship had arisen between us—a sudden, for true friendship, like true love, is of sudden birth—soul understands soul, and baffles the dictates of experience. The streets were silent, dark, and deserted, except by the never-absent patrol, but here and there the sound of loud voices came from the houses, and from one we heard a national air of Poland. At length the notes of music came floating down a street, and as we turned the corner a full blaze of light fell around us. It proceeded from the mansion beneath which we stood. The shadows of the dancers within were thrown against the casement; we could see the gleaming girandoles, and distinguish the merry measure of the minstrelsy.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from vol. xxx. p. 400.

"A Russian tyrant, revelling amid the spoils of Poland," I exclaimed.

"Not so," whispered one of my companions; "those are all true hearts within. They are conspirators who have gone to enjoy one hour of gaiety, before they perish in the battle for their country. Let us enter—you will there find the noblest of my countrymen."

We ascended—we were admitted—thanks to the well-known name of him who led the way. Our entrance seemed to diffuse additional pleasure amid the revellers, for our travel-soiled garments told of our lengthened wandering, and the conspirators saw heralded, with joy, that a kindred spirit dwelt in the remote confines of the country.

And true was it, the noblest and the fairest of Poland were there— assembled, it might be, for the last time ere they laid cold upon the field of murder, or mouldering in the dungeon's vault. And eagerly they snatched the fleeting joy, even as the drowning mariner fixes his sinking gaze for the last time on the sweet blue of heaven. That was a strange ball, a memorable night, and many a guest, now vowed a soldier of liberty, left the darkening hall with an unutterable pang.

The evening of Monday the 29th of November came at length. The city was perhaps even more tranquil than it had been lately, and no one might dream of the mighty outburst that was at hand. The simultaneous rising was to take place at six o'clock; the attack on the palace was entrusted to eighteen young men, mostly students, among whom I contrived to be one; the signal was to be the firing of an old brewery in Solec, at the southern end of Warsaw, and in the immediate vicinity of the Belvidere. The evening closed in dark and cold, with a cheerless November blast. The streets were silent as death, but I knew what direful preparation was making amid that silence. In conformity with the directions I had received, I was arming, and about to issue forth in order to join my companions, when looking in the direction of Solec, I beheld a red light in the sky; it was evidently the old ruin on fire—but it wanted still half an hour to the appointed time. We knew not how to act—to make the attack now would be rash, and we therefore decided upon assembling by the bridge of Sobieski in the park of Lazienki, which extends from the palace to the barracks of the Russian cavalry.

Impenetrable darkness shrouded every object, and we waited in the silent park for some sound or signal. But none came; the last red hues of the conflagration were fading from the sky, and we waited in cheerless suspense. Presently we heard a commotion in the distance, for we could see nothing amid the gloom until we discovered lights advancing across the park in all directions. The cavalry and the police had taken the alarm, our presence had been revealed to them, and they were seeking for us everywhere. We stood motionless, hiding our weapons as best we might, lest the lights should glance upon them and reveal us. The darkness saved Poland on that night; several of the patrols passed within a few yards, but they discovered us not. After a time the alarm passed, and we were left to solitude again.

Thus an hour elapsed, in which we waited for a fresh signal, and waited in vain. Every spirit sank, every heart beat faint—death would have been preferable to that dreadful suspense. At last the signal was renewed; the delay had been occasioned by the absence of Wysocki, the gallant superintendent of the school of ensigns, who dwelt in barracks not far from the Belvidere. When he appeared among us, fresh courage animated all. He addressed us in a few stirring words, and then hurried on to place himself at the head of the ensigns.

Our leader, Louis Nabelak, now divided us into two equal bands, and instantly led us on to the attack of the palace. One party was destined to guard the rear, whilst himself, at the head of the other (to which I belonged) rushed into the court, shouting "Death to the tyrant!" As we burst through the outer gate, the report of firing rang in the neighbouring barracks. Animated by the sound, and by our own wild cry, we rushed up the marble steps. No one opposed us; around was deep silence, save the fall of flying footsteps in the distant galleries. Door after door fell shattered beneath our blows, but the rooms beyond were deserted.

At length we found the president Lubovidzki crouching for concealment—a few strokes from our swords stretched him lifeless on the floor—but Constantine had fled; surrounded by women, and guarded by prayer, he knelt in the pavilion of the princess Lowicka. Thus we rushed like a storm through that long-dreaded prison-palace, and were retreating, when we met the Russian general, Gendre, whom even his own master, the grand duke Constantine, had named the basest of the base. He fell dead at our feet, and, rejoining our comrades without, Nabelak led us to the bridge of Sobieski. Here we found the ensigns; and fortunate was our union, for a part of the Russian cavalry was hastening to the Belvidere.

"Poles!" cried Wysocki to the assembled ensigns, "the hour of vengeance is come—to-night we must conquer or die!"

"To arms! to arms!" rose their responsive shout, as in a body they marched upon the barracks, firing their muskets as a signal to their friends in the city. The next instant a deep volley rang along the park—the Russian cavalry were mounting in haste, but fifty fell, never to rise again: the rest fled, when Wysocki drew off his ensigns to the bridge of Sobieski, in order there to await the arrival of six companies of Polish grenadiers, who were simultaneously to march to his aid.

But the delay had given the enemy time to rally, and, indignant at being beaten by a handful of youths, they came down from all sides. Soon the clashing line of cuirassiers was heard closing in upon our rear, intercepting our retreat to the city. In a moment Wysocki led us on, and, charging with the bayonet, those proud troops were driven back in confusion, and dispersed by this desperate onset of the ensigns. Scarcely was this danger conquered, when, in simultaneous attack, two Russian regiments of cavalry came down to destroy us. Our powerful fire, and a charge with the bayonet, sufficed to drive them back, and they fled—the brilliant cavalry of Russia—before the



devoted bravery of these young warriors ;—but they were Poles, and they knew that on them depended the fate of the movement of that night, for as yet none had joined the rising, and the mighty event at present hung in doubtful balance. They pressed forward in desperate struggle till they reached the Radzivill barracks. Here Wysocki kept the three Russian regiments engaged, to prevent them from crushing the insurrection in the city. A furious contest ensued in the darkness of night, and in the intervals of the clamour we listened for some sound of movement from Warsaw—but in vain ; it lay silent and dark ;—no note of approaching thousands—no cheering shout—no measured tread as of Polish troops advancing to our aid.

“Hold out, my brave comrades!” cried our leader, “they must hear the firing, if they saw not the signal, and all Warsaw will soon be stirring!”

But at that moment a fearful cry from a part of his troop arose for help, and, as a last alternative, he headed a desperate charge. Again each of the Russian regiments was attacked in turn, and eventually dispersed by our bayonets. The road was now open to the city ; the enemy did not pursue us, believing our force much greater than it was, and unimpeded we marched through the New World Street, leading us into the heart of the capital.

A fearful silence met us at every step—not a footfall on the pavement, not a light in the houses. Darkness hung like a curtain before us, concealing our onward path, and with anxious hearts we passed on through its impalpable folds. Our spirits sank within us ;—it was impossible to deny the fact, we were alone in arms against the man who reigns from Kamschatska to the Vistula.

With foreboding ear we heard the cannon rolling on, and the Cossacks drawing near from the heart of that vast empire. Every step we took was a challenge to their approach, and yet we were alone ! “To arms ! to arms !” we shouted again and again ;—the long sepulchral echo answered, but not a patriot appeared, not a door opened, in the long line of silent houses ! We halted ; we listened for the report of cannon from the Radzivill barracks, which were to have been fired as alarm guns, but there came no shot booming a welcome to our isolated band. To the westward we could distinctly hear the assembling of troops, and by their silence we knew they must be Russian detachments. Despair now began to weigh down our hopes. At this moment a solitary individual crossed our path—it was General Stanislaus Potocki. We had always considered him a firm patriot, and we now besought him to place himself at our head, and lead us on ; but he refused, and we permitted him to pass, little aware that the troops we heard defiling in the distance were six companies of Russian infantry sent by him to the defence of the grand duke. We missed them but by a few streets ;—had we met, it is more than probable we should have been overpowered, and the rising of the city prevented. Shortly after we met General Trembicki, the commander of the ensigns, hastening with important tidings to the palace. To him we made the same offer as to Potocki ; but he reprimanded us as traitors, and advised us to throw ourselves on the mercy of the grand duke. He too wanted to pass on, but we detained him, and forced him to ac-

company us. Soon after we met three more Polish generals, hurrying to the Belvidere, to lead the Russian troops to the massacre of the patriots—they were known enemies to their country, and we moved on over their lifeless bodies. “General,” we exclaimed, “you have beheld the fate of traitors! Once more we ask you to join the nation. Still he refused, and dauntlessly accused us of rebellion and murder. There was something noble in his bold bearing, and we bore him along with us down the Bielanska Street. In vain; he still resisted, and he fell a victim to his unbending fidelity to Constantine, and his treachery to the fatherland.

Soon after this, a deep sound was heard in the heart of the city, as of gathering multitudes, and by the faint gleam of the flickering lamps we beheld detachments of Polish troops marching in all directions. We breathed freer;—we knew by their appearance that the patriots at the northern end of Warsaw had succeeded in rising before the enemy had come down upon them. They immediately took possession of Praga and the two bridges over the Vistula, while other troops were hastening to the arsenal, situated in the midst of the city.

We were greatly surprised that the numerous Russian forces had as yet remained quiet, for, save our desperate encounter with the three cavalry regiments, not a shot had been fired. It seemed as though a divine Providence had withheld and paralyzed the enemy, while, on the other hand, the insurrection was taking a strange, silent course, utterly at variance with the preconceived plans of the conspirators. The people had not risen, the Russians were under arms before the Polish troops, they were informed of the rising, and yet Warsaw remained silent, yet we had marched unmolested through its deserted streets. Thus wavering and slow were the measures of a cowardly tyrant.

But now, in the last hour, the conspirators suddenly awoke from their supineness, which had been equally unaccountable as the dilatory movements of the Russian. They had succeeded in collecting crowds in the old town, the hotbed of former insurrections, when suddenly a deep dull roar broke upon the heavy hush of the night—red flashes mounted against the dun clouds that hung volumed in the air, and a distant clash beneath the walls of the arsenal told that the battle of liberty had commenced.

Steadily the Russian column advanced upon the arsenal, but a line of fire blazed in an instant before it, and, charging at the point of the bayonet, the Polish troops drove the enemy before them.

The liberty of Poland was now at issue, but it was now in open fight; conspiracy had changed to war, and we feared not the event. Before, a thousand trifling circumstances might have crushed the incipient and wavering revolution; now it could be silenced but by the roar of cannon and the flash of steel. But the Russians were at present far superior in numbers to the Polish troops, and it was deemed expedient to arm the people, to whom thirty thousand muskets taken from the arsenal were accordingly distributed. Ere an hour had elapsed, the city was in our power, the prisons broken open, and the long-suffering captives stood once more as freemen among their countrymen. Dreadful were the secrets those prisons disclosed; many of

their victims died on being brought to the light ; some placed themselves at the head of their friends, and led them on like spectres risen from the grave. The armed multitudes now spread about the city, and where before was sepulchral silence, were heard the joy-shouts of a nation, awakened from its long slumber of slavery, while amid the din arose the report of the volleys of musketry, and the deep groan-like sounds of the artillery, as along the whole line taken up by the patriots the sharp conflict was unremittingly continued, particularly in the square of Saxony, where the Polish regiment of horse chasseurs still sided with the enemy.

Strange as it may seem, all this time the insurrection had no head. Every one acted and kept together from impulse, and as yet the utmost unanimity prevailed in an army without a general, a multitude without a leader ; what say I—without a leader ? the spirit of Poland soared above its capital on that night.

General Chlopicki was by all considered as the head of the insurrection, but he was nowhere to be found. At the first outburst he had concealed himself. In him alone the army reposed its confidence, him alone it would obey. In every horseman that dashed past the Polish troops on that eventful night, the patriots thought they beheld the veteran soldier, the friend of Napoleon, the hero of many fights—and loud acclamations greeted his supposed arrival ; but he came not, and the cheers subsided into heart-oppressing silence, save when the occasional roar of musketry came from the square of Saxony, like a deep-muttered denunciation of Russian vengeance in perspective, a deep omen of coming battles !—still the troops kept at their posts during the night, but when the first gray dawn stole over the spires of Warsaw, and afar were seen the Russian troops in order of battle, a misgiving seized all, a commotion was seen among the crowd, an irresolute welking to-and-fro. With every one morning is the hour of reflection, for sad and sober thought, and perhaps many might now feel the mighty import of the step they had taken, the dreadful power now arming against them for a war of extermination.

With the dawn, however, a thousand students of the University appeared before the lines of the insurgents, sons of the noblest houses ; their appearance gave the sanction of time-hallowed names to the national impulse, and these gallant youths, headed by Lach Szyrma, their professor of moral philosophy, marching through the capital, destroyed the emblazonments of Russia, and, followed by vast multitudes, beat back its troops in the square of Saxony and avenue of Cracow. Ever and anon came a fierce encounter, and then the combat sank into silence as though either side was exhausted.

After a deathlike pause the action was again renewed with considerable advantage on the side of the insurgents, and the Russian battalions began to fall back.

During all this period no revolutionary government had been organized ; several patriot names had been associated with that already existing, and an order of the council summoning the insurgents to return to their duty, and adorned with these illustrious signatures, was circulated among the people. It might have destroyed all that had been done, but fortunately the multitude, looking only at the names

affixed, read it not, and those few patriots who did, hastily destroyed it.

A grand pageant closed this first day of liberty, the procession of the council to the Bank, where Prince Lubecki thought it would be more out of the reach of popular clamour. The line of senators, and the thronging masses extended over a space of two miles, proceeding slowly on account of the great age of the venerable Niemcewicz, the bard of Poland. When the people saw their national poet thus advancing beneath the banner of liberty, the assembled thousands rent the air with acclamation,—“All must succeed since Niemcewicz is there!” and indeed all now seemed to prosper. The gallant general Sierawski joined the patriots in the evening, and was appointed military governor of Warsaw; in the night Chlopicki himself at last appeared.

That night, when triumphant joy sat throned in Warsaw, a stern and gloomy man might be seen resting beneath the trees before the barrier of Mockotow, and with him one long used to luxury, one young and fair, and in sooth a daughter of Poland; it was Constantine and his consort the Princess Lowiecka. Around him gathered a dispirited soldiery and doubtful friends, while often the cheers from the capital might reach the ear of the fallen tyrant.

I will not narrate the stormy scenes that were enacted in the council and the patriotic clubs; the noble but vain exhortations of the high-spirited Mochnacki, whose youth had been spent in prison, but whose unfettered mind roved from his dungeon walls, through time and space, till that hatred of tyranny grew within his heart, which made him burst armed into the council hall, and alone, at the risk of his life, accuse the wavering of treachery. Neither will I narrate how Chlopicki mistook the spirit of the insurrection; how, notwithstanding he was the idol of the army and the students, who formed themselves into a guard of honour; how one by one the heroes of Poland arrived, and entered the ranks of her defenders; and how Constantine and the deputies from the council of administration met in a small house near the barrier of Mockotow, where the grand duke spoke of amnesty and showing indulgence to the guilty, and the deputy Ostrowski, pointing to his sword, said, “There are none!” but will at once proceed to the last scene in the first part of this grand national drama.

On the following morning a commotion took place in Warsaw. A part of the Polish army still remained with Constantine, and the report was circulated that he forcibly detained it. As the rumour spread, countless crowds gathered in the avenue of Cracow; all pressed eagerly on to the Russian line, and Chlopicki with the troops was forced forward by the general impulse.

Zamoyiski, an aide-de-camp of the grand duke, had just left his presence, and was proceeding to Warsaw in order to negotiate between the fallen but still powerful despot and the insurgents, when he met these mighty masses. He was honoured by all as a true Pole, and it was perhaps owing to him that the revolution in its first commencement had been successful. His aim was to prevent bloodshed, and now, true to his plan, he conjured the eager thousands to pause, while he returned to the grand duke, promising to bring with him the per

mission of the latter for the Polish troops to join their brethren, or, in case of refusal, to lead them back in person.

"I give you half an hour, Colonel Zamoyski; longer than that I cannot restrain the ardour of the troops," replied the general.

Zamoyski instantly hastened back to Constantine, and finally urged him to permit the Polish troops to join their comrades.

"But what equivalent do they offer me as an inducement?" demanded the prince.

"None!" rejoined Zamoyski. "But lose not a moment, or your flight will be intercepted. Every soldier, every citizen of Warsaw, is even now pouring down upon you. Hark! hark!"

Loud came the dreadful clamour of the advancing multitudes down the avenue of Cracow. The tyrant turned pale; Zamoyski continued, "Follow my advice, or it will be too late; the only time yet given you for flight is that which will be spent in the mutual greeting of the reunited soldiers."

The Princess Lowicka, whose high courage formed a strong contrast with the pusillanimity of Constantine, exhorted him to remain firm.

"His honour forbids him to adopt such a measure," she continued.

"But his safety, his very life renders it necessary," rejoined the Pole. There was a pause, and at length Constantine broke the silence.

"You may go," he said; "I permit the Polish troops to rejoin their brigades."

"Remember," added the princess, "the grand duke does not command nor authorize them to depart; he has only given them his permission."

Her words awakened the fears of Constantine lest Zamoyski should exceed his directions, and he then wrote the following document:

"I permit the Polish troops, who have remained faithful to the last moment, to rejoin their countrymen. I am now about to lead the imperial troops away from the capital, and I expect from Polish loyalty that they will not be molested on their march to the empire. I likewise commend all national establishments and property, public as well as private, to the protection of the Polish nation, and place them under the safeguard of all that is most sacred."

He then turned away with the words, "Count Zamoyski, I have no more orders to give, and you have duties to fulfil. Adieu."

Zamoyski then galloped off, exclaiming to the Russian officers, "Farewell, gentlemen, till we meet again—perchance on the field of battle!"

In the mean time the Polish troops had joined their comrades in the avenue of Cracow, and a memorable scene took place. Shame sat on the brows of the returning warriors, as with downcast eyes they stood before the tumultuous thousands. But enthusiastic was the greeting of the people; they surrounded the silent chasseurs, and conducted them in triumph through the streets. Every soul in Warsaw, the old and young, the strong and the sick, came out to meet them; military music pealed in thunder on every side, banners waved from the houses, the bells rang a glad alarm from the old towers of Warsaw, till the graves of Poland's warriors, slumbering below, echoed to the mighty sound. This outburst of national feeling was like the thunder-

storm that clears the long-burthened sky while, even as the sunbeams smile through its majestic clouds, the fair daughters of Poland looked down from balcony and window on the stirring pageant moving through the streets below.

There was but one shadow to cast upon the scene, and it was but transient. Two generals, Vincent Krasinski and Kurnatowski, had dared to accompany the returning troops; they had headed the chasseurs in their attacks on the populace. Already had the procession reached the Bank, when they were recognized, and suddenly the cry, "Death to the traitors!" was raised thousandfold around them. They were torn from their horses; Chlopicki and Szembeck interposed, and at length placed them in safety; but they could not calm the indignation of the mob, that was preparing for an assault, when Lach Szyrma arrived with the academical guard of honour, entered the building, where the obnoxious generals had sought safety, and soon appeared with the two generals, the objects of the people's fury, on a balcony, accompanied by two standard-bearers with the national flags. They waved over the heads of those devoted men, and Lach Szyrma motioned the crowd to silence. The clamour ceased, and pointing with his sword to the banners of Poland, he dictated in a loud voice an oath of fidelity, which the captive generals repeated, swearing to serve as private soldiers in the ranks of the Polish army. This satisfied the generous spirit of the people, and the glad festivity of the scene was protracted undisturbed throughout the night. Bonfires blazed in the streets, and the names of those ancient heroes who fell, the holy martyrs of liberty, resounded in joyous shouts.

The fifth of December beheld the revolution established, by Chlopicki seizing the reins of power and becoming irresponsible dictator; while the provisional government had been self-instituted by Prince Zartoryski, the castellan Kochanowski, general Pac, Niemcewicz (the bard), Lelewel, and the deputies Dombrowski and Ostrowski.

A general call to arms was addressed to the nation, all disbanded officers and troops called into active service, and proclamations issued to the palatine councils, summoning them to meet the diet on the eighteenth of December, and thus the last decisive step was taken, from which there could be no return.

Constantine was permitted to retire from Poland with the imperial troops unmolested—a great and generous, though an impolitic act. The fortresses of Zamosc and Modlin capitulated, and Poland for the time was free. \* \* \* \*

The assembly of the army and the people in the field of Mars was over; but the shouts of "Long live the Dictator!" that greeted Chlopicki's assumption of power, and the thunder of applause that burst around, when that aged and stately warrior uncovered his head, and with enthusiastic devotion exclaimed "Long live the Fatherland!" were still echoed from every side, as the tumultuous joy of the liberated nation rose in one deep choral to the throne of God!

For the first time, after a long interval, the national theatre was reopened; the banners of Lithuania and Poland waved over a countless audience, and a solemn hymn commenced by the performers, but in the chorus of which ("To arms, Poles!") all joined, opened the fes-



tivities of the evening. Then came a piece long banished by Russia from the stage, entitled "The Cracovians and the Highlanders," and the old forbidden songs, so dear to the heart of the Pole, the Polonaise of Kosciuszko, the March of Dombrowski, and the Mazourka of the Polish legions who fought in Italy. As its first tones were heard floating over the crowd, a sudden and simultaneous feeling seized every one present. All rushed forward and joined in the dance; the high and the low, the young and the old; distinctions were forgotten; the free are equal; and when the musicians ceased from exhaustion, the inspiring melody was continued by thousands of voices, and the festival was prolonged till break of day.

Theodore was there, but he joined not in the dance; the smile came not to his pale lips, but the fire grew deeper and more intense in his eyes. He felt not less than those around him, but his thoughts were on the future and the past.

I was standing by him, when some one pressing with difficulty through the crowd drew me aside. "You must come," said the stranger; "one awaits you without; there is no time to lose."

I obeyed, and followed. We descended the crowded staircase, and as the glad sounds from within grew fainter, there was heard the loud and joyous acclaim of the multitude without, while the long lines of illuminated houses, the bright bonfires, and the clamouring bells, told how Warsaw joyed for her liberty. But my attention was suddenly diverted to far other objects. A group stood close by the entrance-door, with difficulty maintaining their position, while, further on, a horseman was rushing with frantic speed, heedless of the mob around, that parted before the career of that fiery courser. "Stop him! slay him!" cried a hundred voices; but every moment the fugitive sped farther, and soon this dark phantom-like figure was lost amid the crowd. Whether he had been struck down or had escaped at the time I knew not, and I heeded little, for amid the group beside me I beheld a sight that banished every other thought and feeling.

KARL.

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# SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

## CHAPTER I.

### Riverley—Its inhabitants and neighbours.

SOME fifteen miles on the high North Road lies the scene of our history, the half-town, half-village of Riverley, the second stage out from the metropolis. It is a curious place that same Riverley, a perfect specimen of a town in a state of transition from old-fashioned ways to new-fangled fashions; from old English feelings to nineteenth-century notions; from old gable-ended houses to white fronts, pilasters, and plate-glass. The double principle was universally recognized in Riverley, whether or not from any latent Platonism, neo-Platonism, or any other "ism," I cannot now find time to decide; but there it was, and there it had been, and would be, for many, many long years. The river divided the town into the above bridge and below bridge, genteel expressions for the somebodies and the nobodies. As you pass over the bridge, which was itself double, to accommodate the duplicity of the stream, the till then narrow road diverged right and left, leading on the one hand under the Old Town Hall, and on the other under the New Town Hall, to the broad expanse of the market-place. They were a curious pair, that Old and New Town Hall, the former all gables and ends, deep-set windows and solid frames, carved beams and capacious chimney-corners, latticed windows glittering with the arms of the Lords of Riverley. Tailed on to the old relic, now converted into a corn-dealer's warehouse, stood the New Hall. The basement was cold and white, and of that peculiar build which reminds one of plaster got the small-pox, but which builders call rustic; a square door, with square windows, supporting it on either side, and square wire blinds completed the useful and ornamental part of the basement; over this arose four round pilasters with gay capitals and square bases, and over head a lofty pediment internally graced with allegory, and externally with chimney-pots.

During the erection of this building, many were the opinions given as to what really was the order, according to which the New Hall was being built. Some said it was doric, others composite, a third party that it was according to the order of the corporation. To have asked Mr. Inigo Wren Stubbs, the Riverley chief architect, would have only shown the ignorance of the inquirers, many of whom had formed the architectural committee, which had decided on his plan; his rival, Mr. Vambrugh Stoneanwood, always curled up his mouth with such a tight sneer when referred to, that no answer could be elicited. At last, one more bold than the rest strolled down to the embryo building, and after chatting with the head workman on things

in general, and the hall in particular, tucked his hands under his coat-tail, and peering up most knowingly at the already rising pediment, put the all-important question,

“According to what order did you say the hall was, Simpson.”

“Woi, sar,” replied Simpson, “I beloive it bee Muster Hindigo’s Stubbs’s horder, sur.”

And so it really was. But the glory of the hall was the allegory on the pediment, devised, designed, and executed by a native Riverleyan, and only to be rightly understood by one of similar birth.

Immediately under the peak of the pediment stood a fat-faced good-natured female, over whose shoulders the tips of a pair of wings peered forth, descriptive of her unearthly character. Her dress was such as genii always wear; their fashions never alter, a clear proof of the unearthliness of the wearers, as no one but angels could go so lightly dressed in winter. Around her head floated three pair of wings, each pair bearing a very chubby head, such as on tombs are called cherubs, on pediments attendant geniuses. Thus did the genius of Riverley stand with outstretched hands, extending her influence and her patronage over two other demi-dressed females, the one of whom presented a corkscrew, the other a loaf, and were fabled to represent manufactures and commerce. Behind Commerce knelt one who bore an open book, and was called Religion, whilst high above Agriculture stood an Amazon with a drawn sword, who rejoiced in the name of State. Squeezed into the right-hand corner was a naked, wreath-crowned man, diligently washing his lower limbs from a water-jar which he bore beneath his left arm, whilst he extended the other towards the genius of Riverley, as if supplicating for some detergent mixture; he was held to be the river god; whilst the other unclothed gentleman, who occupied the further corner, and sat rather uncomfortably on a ploughshare, rejoiced in the title of God of the Land. However the old hall might bear up against its daily increasing neighbour, and strive to equal its dimensions, it was never known to make any further attempt after the allegorical group on the pediment was unveiled to the eyes of the wondering Riverleyans.

But to return to the market-place. The transition state was here shown by the gradually-retreating ends which even then stood forth from between the white fronts and stuccoed balustrades of their modernized neighbours. In this elite locality were two houses, the one an old red brick building, bearing on its front the name of the Crown, the other a gay glittering palace, all front and little back, with a great quantity of glass, and very little comfort. It was in former days, in the days of its quiet soberness and wooden front, the hostel of the Wheatsheaf, the weekly ordinary of the neighbouring farmers: It now called itself the Liberia Hotel and Posting-house, and misnamed the old one o’clock ordinary, a table d’hôte. One side of the market-place held little converse with the other, for one was Tory, the other Radical; one was the property of Spencer Middleton, the squire of River Hill, the oldest family in the county, the constant supporter of his king and his church. The other was on the land of the Honourable Russell Fitz-Russell de Mowbray, the Whig lord of

the manor of Riverley. On the Mowbray side lived the liberal attorney, the independent and unitarian ministers, who not being able to build two chapels, or support two distinct congregations, shared between them the same place of preaching, and divided between them the services and the income. There too lived the liberal library-keeper and bookseller, who supplied the honourable lord of the manor with the "Chronicle" and the "Globe," the dissenting ministers with the "Watchman," and lent out the "Independent Whig" to the mixed multitude of Riverley. Here too were the Liberal grocer, butcher, and baker, for, as true liberality always begins at home, the Honourable Russell Fitz-Russell de Mowbray never patronized any but sure votes. The Middleton side of the market-place had its array of shops, duplicates of the other side. But there was a great difference between them ; the De Mowbray tenants were always changing, squabbling with the steward, and altering their houses, indeed hardly a gable end remained among their dwellings ; whilst the Middletons cultivated deep windows and ends, large storehouses, and small shops, and long leases handed down from fathers to sons. They were a quiet respectable tenantry, the constant attendants at the church, little talkers at vestries or hall meetings, and so generally looked up to by the whole town as strictly honest in all their dealings, that though the De Mowbray party had succeeded in ousting their less numerous opponents from nearly every corporation office, the treasurer, and the treasurer alone, was always a Middletonian ; and though at the last election the liberal banker himself had stood for the office, he was nevertheless defeated by the Middletonian draper.

The present inhabitant of River Hill, for he had no other claim to it, was the Reverend Spencer Middleton, a younger brother of the squire's, who had resided there for nearly twelve years, not only rent free, but had received a noble allowance from his brother to keep up the mansion and bring up his only boy Spencer as befitted the intended heir to the Riverley estates. The founder of the family had been one of those who at the time of the Reformation remained in the old paths, and preferred the faith of Rome to that of primitive Christianity. It was a severe blow to that honest and faithful Romanist to see his religion, the faith in which he and his sires had lived, supplanted by one which he could not but regard as a mere creature of a day. Daily did he droop, and seem to pine away in anguish for his lost faith, until at last the conversion of his only son to the reformed religion struck the final blow, and laid him on that bed of sickness from which he never rose again. During his last illness he was constantly tempted by his priestly advisers to alienate from his son his entire property, and transfer it to those who would devote it to the furtherance of the Roman faith. Long and fearful was the contest—night after night did he weigh the matter in his mind, and drive from his wearied frame that sleep which was so necessary for it. He loved his son, he dearly loved him, he saw him keeping nightly watch over him, listening to his every complaint, and, without a sigh or a murmur, anticipating rather than fulfilling every wish. Then he thought of his religion ; so much power, so much

property thrown into the hands of an heretic ; Rome's enemy supported by the wealth of her dearest friend. Two days before his death he sent for his lawyer, and for several hours remained alone with him ; no one knew or could guess at the result of that meeting, excepting that a deed was drawn and executed, and his servant called to witness it. At last the old man died, and was laid with his fathers, for though he had risen above his sires, he desired to be laid with them in the grave—death made him their equal.

The will was opened, and contained one all-important clause. He had left the whole of his property to trustees, renewable for ever, who were to permit his son, and the heirs of his son, to enjoy all the estates for their lives, without impeachment of waste. "But," said the will, "should any of the possessors of this my estate, during his said possession or previous thereto, be reconverted to the holy Catholic faith, which God grant, then shall such his possession for life be forthwith and from the day of such his conversion, or as soon after as he shall come into possession, be enlarged into an estate of fee-simple."

On this clause turned the fortune of our hero nearly three centuries after the deed was executed.

Our hero's grandfather had three sons, Aubrey, George, and Spencer. George was always, even from a boy, of a retired and deceitful spirit. He never told a direct falsehood, because he calculated that the lie, if discovered, would bring on him more harm than would compensate for the present benefit that might be obtained from it. But he would evade a question, answer away from the point with such jesuitical excuses, even when he admitted a fault, as made all regard him rather as a tool in the hands of a more powerful leader, than really penitent and sorry for his fault. In early life he had been trapped into a marriage with the daughter of his father's gamekeeper, from whom, after the birth of a son, he fled to the continent, and there immediately, with every publicity abjured the Protestant faith, and became reconciled to the church of Rome. In a few years his poor wife died, and his son, on whom he now looked with horror, for he had entered into a Benedictine monastery, and assumed the habit of a monk, left with the relations of his mother, uneducated and unknown, at last passed away from his mind as though he had never known him. The young man spurned every proffered act of kindness from his father's relations, for he hated them for being of his father's race ; he soon left Riverley, and became a wanderer about the metropolis.

Over his elder brother, Aubrey, no one had such influence as the monk ; sullen and morose in his disposition, untractable even to brutality, he seemed to quail before the covert and insinuating speeches of George, before whom he dared not to show his temper, to whom he bowed, yea, even as to a god. It was not long after George's return from abroad that he became as a god to Aubrey. Day after day did he tempt him with the prospect of free and unfettered rule over Riverley, and set forth the high place to which the Roman Catholic lord of such estates might aspire among the most ancient families of the land ; then would he pretend to defend the positions

of the Protestant faith, state the case so broadly, that when answered there seemed not a tittle of evidence in its favour—hint an error here, a slight mistake there, question the character of this reformer, or the acts of that, insinuate that interest, and interest alone, had led Henry to break with Rome, and then dilate on the iniquity of the king's life, and congratulate the Protestants on the morality of their defender of the faith. In fine, Aubrey declared for Rome, and was publicly acknowledged as a convert. Years rolled on; Spencer, now a married man, the favourite mark of his brother's wit, had retired to a small living near Riverley, where he lived retired and happy. Their father was dead, and slept with his sires in the old vault; the Lord of Riverley was a declared Roman Catholic, the entail broken, and the estate entirely in his power; his priest was George, his guide was George, adviser and master his brother George. A few more years are past, the monk is dead; the manor-house, deserted by its owner, receives Spencer as its inhabitant; its lord, broken in spirit and in health, haunted by fears, crippled by disease, leads a miser's life in the environs of London, and sorrows deeply for his past offences, amassing his treasures, and knowing not who shall gather them. For twelve long years he drags on his solitary existence, whilst his brother enacts the squire's part. He has sworn to do justice to his brother, to make peace with the world, and Spencer Middleton his heir.

Spencer Middleton, not his reverend father, is my hero; let him have another chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.

Spencer Middleton.—School and college—First night in Oxford.

In his twelfth year Spencer, then a long fair-haired boy, with bright laughing eyes, and a brow which care had never ruffled, who had never known what it was to be contradicted in his slightest wish, was packed off to one of our great public schools to learn patience, boxing, and the classics. At his first introduction to his scholastic friends at Boxinton, he sighed oft and deeply for the down bed and tender nursing of Riverley, dimmed his senior's boots with his tears as he acted as blacker, and was in all respects as miserable as a gentleman's fag should be in order to lay the groundwork of his education—patience. In a little time, that part of his education being completed to the entire satisfaction of his prefect, he was duly initiated into the art, science, and practice of boxing, diversified occasionally as a great treat with a little single-stick play, in which he was confined to guarding, whilst his instructor took the hitting part to himself. As for the third part of his education, he came on, no one knew when or how, but in no long time had established himself as first classic, and had by no means been gulphed in fisty cuffs. The life of a public school-boy—let us be duly grateful that they are still called boys, and not the young gentlemen of Eton or Rugby—is so similar in every respect to that of his predecessors and successors, that to enlarge on his deeds at Boxinton would be but a repetition of old stories and



older jokes. Of course he fagged for his time, and had fags for his time ; slipped out of bounds for porter and sausages for his master, fought a due allowance of battles, and received an equal proportion of quiltings with the rest of them, as all school-boys do in novels, and in reality besides. Two of his exploits deserve recording, and two alone. The one caused him solitary confinement and bread and water for a week, the other sent him home to Riverley, not expelled indeed, but with a quiet recommendation of a private tutor as preparatory to his visit to Oxford.

The dormitories at Boxinton were in that part of the building which had been a monastery in the days of the Edwards. Between two of these rooms, in each of which were some thirty beds, a long and irreconcilable feud had arisen some years before our hero entered the school. Once every week did the tenants of the prior's room, and those of the sub-prior, have a fair and regular battle with bolsters, and every other kind of weapon which is wont to be used in the night conflicts so common in public school dormitories. To these rooms there were but two entrances, the one by a long corridor, which led to a huge oak staircase, the other by a secret winding stair, the one end of which opened into the middle of the south wall of the prior's room, the other into what was once the prior's, but now the head-master's private garden. It was near one o'clock in the morning, and the battle between the rooms raged most violently. Spencer, the watchman of the evening, was standing at the head of the staircase, ready to cut and run with the news, should he see an enemy approach. Happening to look out of the window near which he stood, whence he had a full view of the master's garden, he saw the door of the house open, and the master, the all-dreaded Doctor Woolly, proceeding across the garden towards the door of the secret stair. To run and give the alarm was useless ; the doctor would be there as soon as he could, so short was the way across the lawn to the long corridor through which he must run. Close to the window ran a water-pipe, which stood a sufficient distance from the wall to admit of a man's hand behind it. Spencer looked out once at the doctor and once at the pipe ; jumped on the window sill, seized the pipe, and being without shoes, managed to keep as firm a hold on the iron as a fly does on a pane of glass. He was down in a moment, for it was but a two-story window, and behind the doctor ere the latter could put his key into the lock. Out went the doctor's candle, and over went its owner into a lavender bush, whilst Spencer with the stolen key opened the door, and having carefully relocked it, scudded up stairs, apprised the combatants of the danger, threw the key back into the garden, and stole off to bed. Next morning the whole affair was investigated, and when no one could be persuaded to give tongue on the daring one, and the doctor threatened to wreak his vengeance on all indiscriminately, Spencer came forward, confessed the matter, got his week's imprisonment and his bread and water awarded him, the former of which he enlivened by singing songs all day long, and from the latter experienced little annoyance, from the adroit smuggling of his friends. On his release he was publicly chaired by the lower school, to which he still belonged, and elected an honorary member of their aristocratic body by the prefects.

Adjoining the school bounds was the park of a Mr. Brandywine, a rich retired ginspinner of London, who had bought the estate of Boxinton Manor from the last and poorest of its old possessors, the Boxintons of Boxinton. Across this man's park, quite away from his house, was a short cut through which the boys of the school had been accustomed to find their way home, and thus to save two long miles—a great blessing to those who had run their time to the last minute. Ever since the ginspinner had come there, he had been endeavouring to block up the track, had established a gate instead of a gap in the hedge, and when he found that the atmosphere did not agree with locks and hinges, had set a watch on the path, and determined on catching the very next intruder. It was nearly three years after Spencer's solitary confinement that a party of four Boxintonians, having but a few minutes to spare, leaped the ginspinner's hedge, and immediately lost two of their party through the strong arm of the constable of Boxinton and Mr. Brandywine's gamekeeper. The news of the mishap was no sooner brought to the monastery, than a council was called by Spencer, now, by right of time and servitude, senior prefect, the roll-call was smuggled through without discovery, and a scout was sent out to discover what had become of the captives. Back came the youngster with the news of their being taken to the constable's house, as there was no cage at Boxinton that would hold even a lame duck, the door and window of the old one having long since been burnt. That night they must be released, as on the following morning they would be taken before a magistrate, and then all must come to light. So the council met again in Spencer's room. It was a cold, dark December evening, the ground hard as a rock, the moon just new, and rather hazy. Each prefect chose two of his best hands, enjoined obedience to orders, silence, and coolness.

It was now near six, and the roll-call would be again repeated at nine. The constable's house lay nearly three miles off, on the solitary heath of Boxinton. Sticks were now distributed to the party, P jackets buttoned up close, and black cravats transferred from the neck to the lower part of the face, that recognition might be the more difficult.

As the school clock tolled six, the party started, in three divisions of ten each. Three prefects headed each body, whilst the other two remained in the school to keep up appearances, and mystify the masters if necessary. Away went the companies, each by a different route, towards the common, at a long swinging trot, which brought them all in less than forty minutes to the edge of the heath. Here they again joined company, and, having received their last orders, separated again, and proceeded to their positions. One party watched the windows, doors, and gates of the house; another separating themselves into couples, kept watch on every road and track that led towards the scene of action, whilst Spencer, at the head of his detachment, marched up to the front door, and, without any summons, drove it in, through the agency of the trunk of a small tree that happened to be nigh at hand.

"No noise," said Spencer, as he walked into the sitting-room of the

affrighted constable, where he and his wife sat drinking gin and water over the fire, and calculating the benefits of the last capture.

"Constable, where are your prisoners?"

The man stared, and seemed afraid to answer, whilst his wife proceeded to attempt a scream, which was soon stopped by a gag, just in time to prevent her noise disturbing the inhabitants of the neighbouring cottages. Seeing that resistance was in vain, the jailor gave up his key, and submitted to be gagged and pinioned, whilst Spencer, proceeding to the upper room, released the captives, summoned his forces, and set off once more towards Boxinton.

As he passed the last of the cottages on the heath, Spencer, in consideration of the constable having been merely the tool of Mr. Brandywine, knocked at the window, and, imitating a countryman's voice, informed the inmates that "Mister Thompson would be glad if Mister Giles could come up to him in about an hour or so." In less than two hours the whole party had returned to their rooms, the roll-call was read over, and all were there. On the morrow came the day of reckoning. Recognise the assailants the constable could not, and as Mr. Brandywine had very wisely determined to compromise the trespass, Mr. constable got nothing by his walk. Dr. Woolly, however, was not so easily appeased. He could not but feel gratified at the readiness, tact, and ability with which the rescue had been effected, but yet he felt that some notice must be taken, or all rule would be at an end. As soon as he declared his intention, Spencer confessed the affair; and though every one of the party immediately claimed their share in the plot, still Spencer held out, and no one could deny it, that he, and he alone, had planned and conducted the expedition. His display of right honest, public school feeling so affected the old man, that he burst into tears, and, as he left the room, could not forbear from muttering, half aloud, "The boys are my boys—right Boxintons."

To the entire of the party save Spencer a slight punishment was awarded, whilst the old doctor, having summoned him to his private study, told him, with tears in his eyes, that he was compelled to send him from among them, though sore against his will. "Go," he said, "go, dear, generous, noble boy, and believe me it is not I who send you away, but your own act, which, though I may excuse as an individual, I cannot overlook as a master."

That night was a night of unfeigned sorrow to every soul in the monastery. Spencer Middleton, the best friend, the truest companion, the kindest master, the bravest heart, and best head in the school, was gone. No one who has not himself witnessed the love which can be gained at a public school can rightly understand the feelings which prevailed among those old and young hearts on that sorrowful night. Home came Spencer, took to a private coach for a year, and then started for Oxford—a man.

What a philosophical crucible is a vice-chancellor's audience-room at Oxford! A college tutor, after due preparation, and mixing of ingredients, adds a youngster of some sixteen or seventeen summers to the materials; the said youngster d—ns the Pope, or, as the ancient mariner

did, blesses him unawares, swears to keep the contents of a calf-bound duodecimo, kisses a book, pays some three or four pounds, and comes out a man. Medea only made old men young—the Vice makes boys into men, and that without cutting up the subject.

About a month after, Spencer proceeded to residence, under the guidance of his old schoolfellow, Tom Davis, now a two-year-old Oxonian; he secured the last place in the Blenheim—an interior—saw his portmanteau added to the luggage pile overhead, and his hat-case to the onion-string behind, and settled himself down in his corner.

"Hilloa, Davis," sang out an outsider, "where do you stow?"

"A babe in the wood," replied Tom, as he paused on the steps and took a survey of the interior. "One old woman; one saint, very fresh; ditto Spencer; and one old 'un—self," muttered Davis, as he stowed himself away by the side of our hero.

"What have you been doing, Spencer," said Tom, "since the Brandywine affair?"

"Cramming with Doctor Doddletum."

"Ay, like a Strasburgh goose, for the liver complaint. Curious process, ma'am, that cramming"—the old lady opened her eyes;—"first take your goose, then two nails, then nail him down by the feet before a broiling fire, and feed him like nothing."

"Pray, sir, what may be the good of the fire?" asked the lady.

"Big liver, ma'am, big liver."

"But why nail the poor animal by the feet, sir?"

"Why, you see, ma'am, though the caloric of the igneous matter tends to superinduce a tendency in the anseric liver to fructify, which fructification can only be maintained by the continued radiation of the aforesaid caloric, still it is absolutely necessary that the animal should be incited to voracity, in order to supply that strength which is necessary for the full developement of the liver—this appetite is supplied by the nails."

"Lord, sir, a goose eat nails!" gasped his auditress.

"Why, look you, ma'am, to speak unphilosophically—heat makes goosey's liver swell, but goosey still must eat; well, goosey does not like the fire, so he pegs away at the nails like winkin, until he gets so hungry by the exercise, that he takes to eating again; so, ma'am, the balance is maintained on the most philosophical principles—the great rule laid down by Newton, 'One down, t'other up.'"

Tom having fairly mystified the lady, took a nap until the next change.

"Dick," said he to the coachman, as he got out to stretch his legs, "who's white-face inside?"

"Mr. Abbot, St. Edmund's Hall," replied the driver with a wink—"fresh."

"So I guess," said his passenger, as he got in again.

"Dreadful thing this about the tea," observed Davis, as soon as they were off again.

"Tea, sir?" asked the female opposite, whilst the white-face put down his book and looked interested.

"Poisoned, madam!—all the last batch poisoned!"

Horror was plainly depicted on the faces of his auditors.

"My friend, Dr. Theophilus Fitzflummery, analyzed the last batch. One ounce yielded—hydrargyri damnati, three grains; ext. coloc. amari, five grains; salis dei byani, six grains."

"Dear, dear," said pale-face, "I bought six pounds before I left London, only two days since."

"May I ask where you purchased it?" inquired his tormentor.

"The Platina Tea-chest," replied the victim.

"Platina Tea-chest," said Davis, musingly. "In—in—"

"Lombard Street, sir."

"Ay, Lombard Street. I remember Fitzflummery sent there for that which he analyzed."

The victim looked most uncomfortable.

"I should recommend you to throw it away as soon as possible, as even the smell is poisonous, and brings on cholicum ventrale maximum."

"Pray, sir, do you know of any house in Oxford where non-poisoned bohea can be now obtained?" asked the freshman.

"Let me see," mused Tom. "Birchbroom and Beans, top of the corn-market, laid in their stock nearly two years since."

"Thank you, sir," replied the man. "I suppose I shall be able to find them?"

"Plain as a pikestaff. Up Skimmery Lane, down Vanity Fair, cross Pactolus, through Christ Church, up St. Aldate's, down George Lane, through Jericho, and then first door on the left, small private house."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," replied the victim, jotting down his route on the fly-leaf of his book.

"And if you don't get hauled up for going after improper ladies, I'm no geographer," muttered Davis to himself.

"Statutes, I presume," continued Davis, pointing to the small calf-bound volume which the Edmund Hallite was digesting. "I am glad to see you working at them; you will be quite up with them for lecture to-morrow."

"Lecture, sir! what lecture?"

Lecture on statutes, first day of term, eight A.M., at the vice-chancellor's—white ties and bands."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir," said sappy.

"And so am I to you," whispered Davis to our hero, "for being such a beautiful fool. Now for a finisher with the old lady. Going to Oxford, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well acquainted with the place?"

"No, sir. I am going to look out out for a nice college to send my nephew to."

"Indeed, ma'am; I suppose you've got the Vice's permit?"

"The what, sir?"

"The vice-chancellor's permit, ma'am. Don't you know, ma'am, that no ladies are allowed to walk in the streets of Oxford, and much less to enter within the gates of her monasteries, without a written permission from the vice-chancellor, countersigned by the proctor?"

"Lauk, sir, you don't say so?"

"Only last term, two women—ladies—were chevied all down the High Street by the bulldogs—"

"O sir!"

"And lodged in the castle for three weeks, for walking down High Street without permission. And as for speaking to a gowman, or entering a college, you'll be sent to the treadmill without a chance of less than six weeks."

The old lady groaned—"What shall I do, sir?"

"Why, ma'am, you had better shut yourself up in the Angel, and then write a note to the vice-chancellor, stating that you are desirous of walking the streets of Oxford—that's the proper phrase, ma'am—and of entering into and visiting the various colleges, and requesting his permission. Send that up, and wait for an answer."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you, sir—exceedingly."

"Here we are, Middleton," said his friend. "Jump out. Give Dick a half-bull. Here, porter—Davis and Middleton, St. Luke's."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Come along." And away they shot over the road to college.

"Tom!" sung out Davis, as he passed under the gate—"Tom, one devilled chicken, two pots of porter, like lightning." And away went Tom to the buttery one way, and our hero and his friend the other, to Davis's room, to eat broiled chicken, and finish their laugh at the tea and permit affair.

About a quarter to twelve, Middleton turned into his first college bed—a very spare bed, in a very spare room. "Come," he thought, "I am outrageously tired, I shall be off in no time." Round he turned, composed his limbs, and drew down his lids. He had hardly become semi-sensible, than his college clock, just over his head, proceeded leisurely to strike the chimes and the hour. "Well," thought our hero, "you'll be done soon, and then," he would have said, "I'll sleep," but in cut great Tom, booming over the city; then came All Souls', followed hard by New College, backed up by St. Mary's, and but a short way ahead of Magdalen. For nearly ten minutes, the twenty-four colleges and nineteen churches in Oxford told out the midnight hour, and caused the sleepy Spencer to wish them at the old gentleman's palace. Who ever forgets his first night in the city of bells?

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE COLLEGE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

As our hero was under the special protection and guardianship of Tom Davis, he was soon initiated into college life, with as few misfortunes as was possible. By the tutors he was drafted into some fifteen lectures; by the racing committee he was nailed for number two; he found a place in the archery club, credit wherever he asked for it, and companions in abundance.

"Come, Middleton," said the venerable Tom, as he passed the bottle from his friend Gerard Hamilton to our hero, one dull November evening, some few weeks after our hero's arrival in Oxford, "take ano-



ther pull at the port, and then let us know what you think of the kennel."

"Kennel!" Davis? said Middleton, with astonishment.

"The college, the college, Spencer," said Tom.

"O, I like it very well," replied Spencer.

"Like it," growled Davis, "what on earth is there to like in it but the cook and the porter?"

"What, surly Joe?" inquired Hamilton.

"No, Barclay and Perkins, friend Gerard."

"Why, there's the principal," suggested Middleton.

"Ay, old Doctor Magnificus Puff. I won't deny he's a good Don, and pulls the reading men up to the scratch; but as my health is too delicate to admit of very close application to—well, Hamilton, you may laugh, but if it were not for the porter—"

"And beefsteaks," said Hamilton.

"Taken medicinally, as the teetotaller said when he got blind drunk, I should not be what I am."

"The best steersman in Oxford," cut in Hamilton.

"That's neither here nor there," replied Tom; "but the doctor and I don't agree. He likes Plato and Aristotle, I like—"

"Gin and water and canaster."

"If you interrupt me again, Gerard," said Davis, "I'll be as dumb as a Dutchman for a month of Sundays."

"Mum," said Hamilton.

"Now, this little doctor not only thinks himself the head cock in Oxford, but has actually proved that he is first chop of the whole creation," continued Davis.

"Proved himself? How do you mean?" asked Spencer.

"Why, by a sorites," replied Tom.

"Don't know the gentleman—who is he?" asked our hero.

"What is it, Gerard?" asked Davis, rather nonplussed.

"A series of syllogisms, with all their conclusions, but—"

"Pooh, pooh, Hamilton, that's too fine. Look you, Middleton," cut in Davis, "you know what a plate of anchovy toast is; well, first round like the second, second like the third, third like the fourth—therefore, first like the fourth;—that's a sorites."

"I think I see," said Spencer.

"I wish I did—the toast," said Hamilton.

"Now," says Doctor Magnificus, 'Europe's the first quarter of the globe; England's the first country in Europe; Oxford's the first city in England; St. Luke's'—

"Is the greatest madhouse in London," said Gerard.

"St. Luke's," continued Tom, "'is the first college in Oxford, and I'm the first man in St. Luke's—ergo, I'm the first man in the world.'"

"The truth is," said Hamilton, "that he thinks he knows everything, and therefore not unfrequently makes a fool of himself. If he would but be content with being what he really is, a very good scholar and college Don, he would do very well; but he will have his finger in everything."

"Mathematics to wit," said Davis.

"Precisely so, Tom; one collections; Middleton, you know what they are," said Hamilton.

"Terminal blow-ups," said Davis.

"Not unlike," continued Hamilton. "Well, it was my second show-up, and having been tolerably good that term, the affair passed on pleasantly enough; 'Mr. Perkins,' said the doctor to the mathematical tutor, 'has Mr. Hamilton satisfied you in his mathematics?' 'Perfectly so,' replied poor Screwy, 'perfectly, Mr. Principal.' 'Ah, Mr. Hamilton,' continued the doctor, 'I consider mathematics absolutely necessary for the education of a Christian.' I bowed. 'Yes,' young man, four books of Euclid, and four of algebra'—Perkins began to burst—'are absolutely requisite for every gentleman's education.' 'Pray, Mr. Principal, may I ask you what four you recommend?' said I, with as serious a face as I could muster. 'Oh, the four first, Mr. Hamilton—the four first,' replied the doctor, highly delighted with my appeal to him. 'Cocker, Walsingham, Bridge, and Wood,' I suggested. 'Yes, sir; yes, sir; you are a very respectable young man, Mr. Hamilton,' said Puff. So I got off without bursting a blood-vessel."

"He's a good horseman, is he not?" inquired Middleton.

"Ay, he is a good 'un. Why, he bought his nag for thirty pounds, feeds him low, and then sends him out with his servant for a couple of hours every day to take his edge off, before he rides out for his constitutional. One day last summer, when he was vice-chancellor, a party of us overtook him on the road from Wycombe; as we pelted up to him, off went his Rosinante, and in a few minutes off went the rider, and into a ditch on the roadside; one of our party, Dick Chapel, of Christchurch, got down and helped the little vice out of the ditch, rather the worse for wear. Vacey thanked his deliverer, asked his name, took his card, promised a call, and then begged him not to ride on with him, as his horse was given to bolting; so with a bow away went Dick to college. Two days after the vice determined to call on his friend, and accordingly walked off in mufti to Christchurch, found out Dick's door, and gave a modest tap. 'Come in,' shouted out the occupant of the rooms, who was cramming a card of logic and smoking a weed at his window; 'come in.' 'No,' thought the vice, 'this will be derogatory;' so there he stood and tapped again. 'Come in, can't you? and don't stand knocking there,' shouted Dick, taking the reverend the vice for some tailor's dun, or wine-merchant's touter. Again the vice tapped. 'D—n you, you fool,' sung out Dick, 'go to the devil, or come in!' for Dick was just then in a mess with an undistributed middle, which did not tend to improve either his temper or his language. The vice was shocked, slipped his card under the door, and departed. Dick heard him go, and, determined on paying him off for his knocking, he rushed into his bedroom, which looked into Quad, seized a tumbler of water, and putting his head half out of window, saw a hand protruded from the entrance door-way, to see whether it rained or no. 'Here goes,' thought Dick, as he shied the water out, just as the doctor was turning his eyes upwards to see whether he could discover a drop of rain; the aim had been too good, so the doctor received the present. 'By the holy poker,' said

Dick, as he read the Vice's card, a few minutes after, 'I've washed his reverence.'

"I suppose you've heard Delany's plucked," said Davis, as soon as he could make himself heard amid Middleton's noisy laughter.

"Plucked!" re-echoed both Middleton and Hamilton.

"Even so; he construed *δικαιος ανηρ* into a white horseman."

"A white what?" asked Hamilton.

"Horseman," replied Davis.

"Come, do let us hear," said the friends, and Davis made himself up for a story.

"Take that book," said Griffiths, the examiner, to Delany, pointing to an Euripides curá Tauchnitz. The poor creature obeyed, and having found out the place, began to construe. '*δικαιος ανηρ*,' said Delany, 'a white horseman; *αει*, always.' 'What do you mean, sir?' said Griff., looking half mad. Delany stared. 'What is *δικαιος ανηρ*, sir?' 'A white horseman,' replied Delany, with considerable assurance. 'Do you know what you are saying, sir?' 'Well,' said the sufferer, 'I don't pretend to know all the words in these plays; but I do know that *ανηρ* is a man.' 'Certainly, sir,' cut in Griffiths. 'And *δικαιος* is a white horse,' continued Delany. 'How do you know that, sir?' asked his examiner. 'Why, sir,' said Tom, brightening up, 'I looked it out in Hederic this morning.' 'And pray, sir, what did you find?' continued Griffiths. '*Δικαιος, æquus candidus*.' 'Well, sir!' 'And if *æquus candidus* isn't a white horse, I don't know what is,' replied the fated one, amid a regular roar of laughter."

"That comes," said Hamilton, with a slight sneer, "of young ladies wasting their blessed little lives in torturing card-board and paper, and perpetuating miles of worsted flowers, such as Nature never saw, or hoped to see."

"As how?" asked Davis.

"Because if they would try their hands at the Latin and Greek grammars, their sons would not make such splendid examples at Oxford," replied Hamilton.

"What! suck in Homer with their pap, and Virgil with mother's milk?" said Middleton.

"No, learn to read their grammars at their mother's knees, and take that part of their education so early, as to be rather a pleasurable novelty, than the odious dose it becomes in a few years after," was his friend's reply.

"Perhaps," said Davis; "but then there are those delectable show-schools, where the precocious infants read *Æschylus* before their grammars, and *Thucydides* before they know the outside of old *Schrevelius*."

"Yes, where they learn to read *Æschylus*, and not Greek."

"But why is this, Davis?" said Hamilton.

"Because the mothers like their infants to come it stronger than Mrs. B.'s, their neighbours."

"And all this," said Hamilton, "arises from their entire ignorance of the value of grammars, which might well be acquired in a short space of time, and would save many a boy from months of hard lag at school, or more distasteful cramming at college, in order that

he may not conjugate *cano cani* at his little-go. I remember old Delafield used to say, that a mother was the best lower master for a public school, and I believe him now."

"A parcel, sir, brought down by Black Will," said Middleton's scout, entering the room; "said it was of consequence, sir."

Middleton took the packet, and opening it hastily, found a letter from his father. It was in these words.

"Long's Hotel, Wednesday.

"My dear boy,—

"Your poor uncle has been seized with so severe an attack of his old complaint, that his life is in imminent danger. I have been with him since Monday, at his earnest request. He wishes, he prays to see you directly, in order that he may do his last act of justice to the family, in the presence of us all. I fear that unless you use the utmost speed, you will hardly arrive ere he is no more, as he fails hourly. Come, my dear boy, directly, and delay not to call for me here, but make the best of your way to your uncle's, where I am sure to be.

"In greatest anxiety and haste,

"Your affectionate father,

"SPENCER MIDDLETON."

"What can I do?" said Spencer deplorably, as he handed the letter to Hamilton. "Dr. Puff has confined me to college for shooting that confounded cat of his; and—"

"O hang the cat and the doctor too," said Davis; "here, Hamilton, you're a bachelor, so cut off to the doctor's with the letter, and bully him into a permit. Spencer, get out your carpet-bag, and cram in all you want, and I'll off to Squeaker, and turn out his chariot and pair in twenty minutes, and then if you don't get to London in four hours, may I ride postilion to the old gentleman from Easter to Ballinasloe."

Davis was not far out in his reckoning; in about half an hour our hero was flying through the turnpike in a light travelling chariot, as fast as the prospect of an extra fee and a decent allowance of thong could induce Squeaker's best pair of posters to put their hoofs to the ground. When the first whirl of the excitement was over, Spencer became truly miserable; solitary travelling even by daylight is nearly bad enough, but when to the darkness of the night was added a cold drizzling rain, that dimmed the glasses, and cast a dull chill over everything, the nature of the journey, the prospect of death which awaited him at its close, the death of one, who to him had been at least a generous, if not a kind uncle, we may well conceive how the spirits of our solitary traveller sank, as his flying steeds left milestone after milestone behind them. Within Davis's appointed time Spencer was within the bounds of the great metropolis, whence he bade his postboys diverge from the high road, and make the best of their way towards Kilburn. His uncle's solitary residence was soon found, for Kilburn was then a country village, and the cottage of one so wealthy, so eccentric, so charitable, as Squire Middleton, was not unknown to the poorest inhabitant of the place.

## CHAPTER III.

## The Invalid's chamber.

The house to which the broken-hearted Squire of Riverley had long since retired, was no new-built impudent white-faced villa, such as now dot and spot every road, lane, and field within that distance from the Bank which omnibus cads include within a shilling'sworth; but a retired farmhouse, standing in a small garden, whence in the summer the fragrance of the rose and the jasmine often floated into the sick man's chamber. For nearly a week, during which his brother had scarcely left him for a moment, Aubrey Middleton had been hovering between life and death; his body, for years powerless and attenuated, had latterly become more and more emaciated; his mind was at one time torpid, at another wandering in delirium. With closed eyes he would lie for hours, seemingly called back to the scenes of his happy youth, muttering to himself of Riverley and his most favourite haunts, in a subdued tone—now speaking to some old servant or friend, now talking to his hounds, or even caressing, in his reveries, some fore-footed pet of his childhood. Then on a sudden would the veins of his forehead swell, his eyelids be suddenly raised, and the pupil of his eyes fearfully dilated with a fixed gaze at some phantom of his brain, his hands wildly grasping at some object which he could never reach, whilst he murmured in subdued accents, "George, brother George, save me!" and then the veins would gradually subside, the eyelids slowly fall down, and a deep and quiet sleep of several hours' duration succeed, the certain precursor of an interval of consciousness and freedom from pain. It was during one of these intervals that he besought his brother to summon our hero from Oxford, that he might see him once more ere he died—for his life was now in the most imminent danger—and might in his and his father's sight set his hand and seal to that his last will, by which the lands of Riverhill were once more, he trusted, to revert to a Protestant.

"Are you refreshed by your sleep, Aubrey?" said his brother, as he sat by the sick man's couch, and watched his gradual awakening from a long slumber produced by the opiates which had long been necessary to induce repose, and alleviate in some slight degree the spasms by which the invalid was ever and again tormented.

"Ay, sleep—sleep—sleep on for ever," murmured the half-conscious man; "the babe sleeps on its mother's breast, the old man in his home of earth; sleep—all sleep," he continued, as with a glazed stare he regarded his watching brother. "Brothers come to watch for the old man's sleep. Ah! I remember now; brother, are we alone—quite alone?"

"Yes, Aubrey," replied his brother, "I have sent Martha to get some refreshment, and have taken her place until Spencer arrives."

"Is he not come?" asked the sick man,

"No, brother, it is but a few minutes past eleven, and he cannot be here until midnight."

"It is well, brother; let the house of Middleton be present when

its head is dying; no, not all of the house. George, George, where is thy son? perhaps ere this a convicted felon."

His brother started at the last words of the invalid.

"A felon, Aubrey! know you aught of that misguided youth?"

"Hear me, Spencer; it is about two years ago, that about this time of night, whilst I lay on this couch of sickness, that I heard a scuffling below; it continued but a short time, and then all became still again. Ere I could determine to disturb poor Martha, as she sat nodding over the fire, I heard cautious steps, as of men stealing one after the other up the stairs; in a moment the lock of the door turned, and two men in fustian jackets and black masks entered the room. Resistance was useless; they had evidently secured my other servants, and now that Martha was gagged, pinioned, and watched over by one of the robbers, I submitted to my fate, resigned my keys, and saw my bureau cleared of all its valuables before my very eyes. As the leader of the party was proceeding to close the bureau, one of its handles struck his mask, and tore it from his face; before he could replace it, I had recognized those features which the monk had handed down to his boy;—yes, brother, there, in this room, stood poor George's son, the robber of his own uncle. Could I prosecute him—bring one of my nearest relations—my eldest nephew—to a felon's death?—and yet, what could I do? they had been tracked and captured by an over-vigilant neighbour: O how I hated that man for his officiousness! The money was found on them, the proof was all too clear. What could I do? I bribed the attorney's clerk to whom the conduct of the prosecution was committed to make a fatal flaw in the indictment—it was done—and he was once more free. I wrote to him, I sent others to him to beseech him to accept my assistance, to retire to a quiet country life on such an allowance as would enable him to shake off his vile associates; he spurned me, he cursed me;—yes, in this room he stood, and dared me to expose him; laughed at my threats; scouted my advice, openly cast off every relative on his father's side, and imprecated his curse on them: from that moment I cast him off."

"Do you know anything of him now?" asked his brother.

"I have been told that he has long since left the country. I trust it is so; but I fear me he is yet in London. Sampson has told me of repeated visits here of one of those who were implicated in the robbery, and talkings with that old nurse of mine, who I fear is but a treacherous character. Hist! some one is listening at the door! Stay, Spencer, let me ring my bell; it will conclude the listening better than detection, as things are now."

To the old man's bell his nurse's reply was almost instantaneous; indeed, she had not been above a step from the room-door during the greater part of the conversation. In a short time our hero arrived. There are scenes such as surpass the pen of every one to delineate; the meeting between the uncle and the nephew was of this kind.

Shortly after our hero's arrival Aubrey ordered Martha to descend to the sitting-room, and tell the lawyer's clerk, who had been sitting there these five hours, solacing his solitariness with brandy and water, to prepare the will for his signature, and to bring it to his room as



soon as his bell should ring; she was also to fetch one of his female servants to assist in witnessing the execution.

"Brother," he said, as soon as the nurse had closed the door, "the time is now come that our father's lands should return to one of his own faith; on you and yours is the entire property settled; be to them, who will soon look up to you as their lord, the same as when they called you friend; but why should I tell you your duties?—promise this one thing. I have provided in my will that a small sum, about a hundred pounds, should be young George's if he should claim it. I have done this," he continued, almost in a whisper, "rather to enable you to learn whether he be alive or no, than with the idea of profiting him; by this I shall disappoint those to whom he may have sold his prospects at my death; but I charge you, should he claim that sum, that you make one more effort to recal him from his vicious courses."

The bell was now rung, and the keyhole-keeper, Martha, soon introduced the half-fuddled lawyer's clerk and the requisite witnesses; the will was soon signed and attested, enclosed in its parchment cover, on which appeared in large text, "The last Will and Testament of Aubrey Middleton, Esquire," and deposited in the bureau, the key of which was given to the elder Spencer, the lawyer's clerk dismissed, and the sick man's chamber once more quiet.

"Leave me, Spencer," said Aubrey to his nephew; "your father will remain in London as long as I am alive; and, glad as I am to have seen you once more ere I die, I would now rather have you at Oxford than wasting your time in London. Return early to-morrow, and leave me to your father and my nurse. Good night, brother; pray for the old man's peace on earth, and a painless passage for him to the grave. Farewell, my dear nephew, for ever; learn from one who once was the gayest of the gay, the most choice of the choicest spirits, that birth and wealth cannot buy off sorrows and disease, that the poor man is superior to his lord in health and happiness, and that they are but his equals in the grave. Farewell! farewell!"

Spencer and his father returned to town to their hotel, whence the former sped for Oxford on the morrow, with a saddened brow and a heavy heart, whilst the latter returned to his daily watch by the bedside of his dying brother.

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## MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.

## CHAPTER XII.

## The Skirmish.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,  
 And near the beat of the alarming drum,  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! they come, they come !"

FIORENZOLA, unlike most of our Italian boroughs, is not a walled town. It boasts of

" ——— No bulwarks,  
 No towers along the steep,"

none of those proud monuments of by-gone greatness, which add so much to the romantic and picturesque of our dismantled Italy. It is merely a market town, and owes its rise and present prosperity, I believe, to the fine cattle and the renowned dairies of its well-watered neighbourhood. It lies on an open plain, surrounded by wide pasture grounds, open to the four corners of the wind, the main road crossing it from east to west for the length of nearly a mile. The last skirts of the distant Apennines are seen sloping gently on the south, down to the verdant prairie, through which the Arda, a mountain stream, just freed from the rocky prison of its native alpine region, breaks forth, raging and roaring, in all the exultation of its happy enfranchisement.

At the distance of nearly half a mile from town, on the west, where the torrent crosses the road, a long, low stone bridge is thrown over it, and on this Captain Pelosi, finally yielding to the importunities of his officers, had consented, by way of strategic precaution, to station a detachment of twenty of our *tirailleurs*, to whom Captain Gottardi had added one of his men-at-arms on horseback. The horseman and one of the sharpshooters performed duty together, standing on the middle of the bridge, from which they were enabled to command a vast extent of the main road and of the adjacent meadow-land. The rest of the little troop had repaired to a small hut, or toll-house, at the head of the bridge, and had there established their headquarters.

The horseman was no other than our heroic farrier, Lione, of whom honourable mention has been made in our last chapter. The sentinel on foot was a mere lad from Borgo San Donnino, by name Paolo Mazza. He was the son of a poor widow, and had been picked up by our demagogues during our short stay in that town ; his young head

had been filled with bright visions of glory and patriotism, to the desolation of his old mother, whose affecting parting with her son at the gates of San Donnino, on the foregoing morning, was among the incidents that had most deeply excited my interest on the very outset of that short but eventful expedition.

The night was dark, as I have already observed, and a cold north wind swept adown the open plain. The torrent, owing to the hard frost in the Apennines, and the long continuance of dry weather, was fordable in every direction. Our unsheltered sentries, perched in the middle of that low-parapeted bridge, were struggling hard against the piercing night-blast, by wrapping themselves closer and closer, over head and ears, in their martial cloaks, and, regardless of disciplinary duties, they were engaged in as companionable a talk as might be compatible with their difference of age, ideas, and pursuits, when, with the suddenness of lightning, they found themselves surrounded by a party of armed men, who jumped from the parapets as unexpectedly as if they had fallen from heaven, and before the two were well aware whether they had to deal with friends or enemies, the poor youth from San Donnino fell, without uttering a groan, pierced by more than twenty bayonet-thrusts.

The brave Lione behaved with a valour and a presence of mind that could well justify his claims to that proud appellation. He snatched his heavy gabardine from his shoulders, and dealt with it so heavy a blow on the head of the luckless fellow that had ventured to seize hold of his horse's rein, that he fell back reeling and staggering among the crowd of his compeers. Hence drawing his sword, and dealing blindly to the right and left, the mighty farrier succeeded in extricating himself from his, as yet, unknown assailants, and giving his horse the spur, he rode towards the main body of the little vanguard quartered in the toll-house, roaring "To arms!" with all the might of his lungs.

Taken by surprise, and unceremoniously roused from their slumbers, our twenty young men rushed from their night-quarters with the countenance of men determined to face the sudden danger. But after having exchanged a few random shots with those nocturnal marauders, hearing the measured tramping of several companies of infantry who advanced at the *pas-de-charge* down the bridge, they soon felt the utter impossibility of further resistance, and hurried to the town in great confusion to give the alarm.

"Fire!" "The brigands!" "The Austrians!" exclaimed our equestrian friends at the Osteria del Sole, rising on their elbows from their uncomfortable beds on the wooden floor of the parlour, startled by the first report of those guns. Captain Gottardi was up first of all, with his hand laid on the hilt of his broadsword. We rubbed our eyes and looked into each other's faces, listening in so awful a silence that the hearts of many of us could be heard fluttering with tumultuous emotion.

Presently a horse was heard galloping full speed on the flinty pavement of the main street. It stopped at our door, and in a few seconds our brave Lione stood before us with drawn sword.

"Arm! arm! To horse! to horse! the enemy have forced our outposts, and are pressing hard on our footsteps!"

"The enemy! what enemy?" inquired the captain.

"The brigands, the Austrians, the fiends of hell, for aught I know," quoth the Lion. "But we have not a moment to lose. To horse, captain, for God's sake, to horse!"

"The Austrians! impossible!" cried one.

"We are betrayed!" said another.

"Betrayed!" said the captain, frowning disdainfully; "who betrays you? are not our horses saddled in the court-yard, and our swords by our side? To horse, Lione. Austrians, or devils, we'll meet them like men."

Down we rushed in a crowd. In less than a minute we were all mounted. The innkeeper half dressed, holding his nether garment with his left hand, while his right threw open the stable-door, bowed to each of us as we issued into the open square, and took particular care to fasten and bar the door after us. Having thus ushered his knights into the lists, he precluded against them every chance of retreat.

The main square of Fiorenzola was yet silent and dark. Our hostelry was situated on one side of the square, facing the town-hall. A torch was still burning before the door of that clumsy municipal building, and our tricolor flag was seen waving lustily from the balcony where it had been left in the evening.

"Ho!" said our captain, Gottardi, "one of you go and fetch me that banner. 'Sdeath! those municipal cravens have deserted their post."

I jumped from my saddle, and ran to the town-hall. It was not without difficulty that I groped my way along its dark galleries and benighted staircase. But having finally reached the balcony, I snatched up our national standard and handed it to our chieftain.

"Now, my friends," said our captain, in a blunt and plain mode of harangue. "Nothing can be easier than to do as I bid you. Let your pistols sleep in their holsters. It is a dark night, and fire-arms can be of no use. Draw your swords, and when I say 'Charge!' plunge your rowels into your horse's sides and follow. Mind you, don't lose sight of me. As long as you can get a glimpse of these colours," said he, waving his banner after the most approved style, and with an air that reminded me of Henry IV. and his *panache blanche*, "be sure to follow. Strike for God and our country!"

Then he moved off, pacing leisurely towards the invaded bridge. The mighty cavalcade, mustered up in five ranks, advanced. It was a solemn and an anxious moment. The eyes of all were turned towards the western avenue of the town whence the first alarm had been given. On that side, however, all was still, and as far as our eyesight could reach through the dead, dark night, the streets were empty and mute.

Our drawn blades were now gleaming ominously in the pale light of that solitary beacon, and our eyes were widened and strained in our eagerness to pierce through the gloom. As it was in that hour when all colours melt into one sable hue, I cannot fairly assert that

the cheeks of none of us were blanched, and that our pulses beat calm and regular in presence of that imminent and yet vague and indeterminate danger. All I can say is, that we stood at our post and gained our ground in the best order and silence, and I owe my comrades this justice that, whatever their feelings in the circumstance, they all seemed to breathe freely and await the result of that doubtful conflict with all the firmness and dignity of experienced warfarers.

I know not, however, dear reader, how far you will credit my words. If you are an honest John Bull of the old school, and will therefore scarcely allow that any man may have blood in his veins unless he feed on English roast beef and plum-pudding; if you have made up your mind to admit as gospel all you read of the faint-heartedness of the southern race from which I sprang, and implicitly rely on the witty anecdotes collected by your clever tourists; if you think, with Ferdinand of Naples, that his cuirassiers should wear a back, instead of a breast-plate, the back being the only part that Italians ever show to their enemies; if you believe, with Charles Felix of Sardinia, that, train them as you will, Italians will ever fly "*fuggiranno sempre*:" then I stand judged and sentenced—then I am, to make use of one of your phrases, "done and dished." Then is it useless for me to say—for you will only look upon it as a vain bragging of a second Bombastes Furioso—that never in my whole life did I feel my heart expand with such a trance of ineffable delight; never did my face glow with such a flush of intense heat; never did such a thrill of wild combativeness run throughout my veins, as when I found myself for the first time in the cold open night air, mounted on my brave steed, brandishing my brown scimeter, standing, as I firmly believed, in presence of my country's foes.

So easy, I then thought, and think so still, it is to bring into the field and teach even the rawest recruits how to behave with honour and bravery; so soon learnt, so simple, so natural to man is that soldier's trade to which the northern nations seem to attach such a paramount importance, and to their superiority in which, they think, are the present division and vassalage of our devoted country to be mainly attributed. That we are enslaved and divided, is most undoubtedly true; so, however we may, individually, smart under it, the charge of cowardice is one from which, as a nation, as long as we remain as we are, we cannot escape.

Our small column advanced, with four abreast, along the narrow street; we had reached the outskirts of the town without meeting one living being. But as we cleared the last houses, a wide array of men and bayonets were seen drawn up in a formidable line before us, covering the road and the meadows around as far as our eyes could reach, all dark and silent, like a legion of phantoms.

"*Qui fa là?*" cried a shrill northern voice, with a strong German accent.

"*Italia e libertà*," was the reply, uttered in the firm, deep tones of the south. It was the voice of our undaunted leader.

"*Fate foco*," again shouted the counterfeited Italian voice from the opposite ranks, and instantly a lightning rent the air, and was immediately followed by the detonation of no less than three hundred muskets.

The shots were aimed at chance, and from a considerable distance ; so that, however strange it may appear, none of them had fatal consequences. But the suddenness and violence of that tremendous explosion so dazzled and scared our ill-trained horses, they began so furiously to plunge and rear, they became so ungovernable, that as we were immediately afterwards saluted by a second discharge, we gave it up in despair, and were, willing nilling, brought back in great disorder to the square.

"*Dio Sacrato !*" swore our captain, in a towering rage, as he arrived the last; accompanied by his lieutenant, Modesti, and the brave Lione, after having honourably covered our precipitate retreat. "*Dio Sacrato !* have you got no bridles or spurs, that you suffer your horses to get the best of you ? However," he added, with a deep sigh, " all the saints of heaven could not help us through that forest of bayonets. Come ! we must to the head-quarters : we must join our commander-in-chief."

The head-quarters were at the "*Osteria del Cervo*," on the eastern end of the town. So eastward we moved—I am grieved to say—from the enemy.

All began to be stir and bustle from this side of the town. As we advanced with our wonted cautiousness and on our guard, we were met by a few of our young national guards, who, distributed as they were in private lodgings, had dressed themselves in great haste, and loaded their guns, issuing from the houses, by two, by three, by small parties, at a loss what to do or whither to go. Various and extravagant was the information we picked up on our progress.

"The brigands, sir, ay, ay," cried one, " they are coming down from the road of the Apennines."

"The Austrians, by Jesus," shouted another. " I have seen many hundreds coming up from the rice-grounds."

"The Hungarians, brave captain," said a townsman; " there are many of their hussars stationed at Widow Melli's farm, on the bank of the river."

"This way, my friends," screamed another. " You are just marching into the lion's jaw : we are encompassed on all parts: half the garrison of Placentia is here."

Presently a drummer of the national guard came down the main street from the east, belabouring his instrument with a zeal and intrepidity that Napoleon would have rewarded with a red ribbon.

"Stop your infernal noise, you fool," exclaimed our incensed captain, distracted by so many alarming tidings; " what the devil are you about ?"

"The *generale*, sir captain," answered the fellow. We knew him : he was a poor hatter's boy from town, who having been refused as a fusileer, on account of his stature, had volunteered his services to his country in that humbler capacity. " I am waking the sleepers, sir, to call them to their duty."

"Good," said the captain; " where is captain Pelosi ?"

"Gone, sir; gone to meet the enemy."

"The enemy? but where is the enemy?"

"Plenty of 'em, sir! 'Tis here, there, and everywhere. Please



make haste, sir ; Captain Pelosi and the grenadiers of the line are gone to meet 'em."

" Rap on, then, my friend, there's a good fellow," said Gottardi, as we passed on. The good fellow, encouraged by the captain's flattering appellation, redoubled his efforts, and went rapping on with admirable activity, till he was met by a party of Hungarians who hewed and trampled him down.

Meanwhile a brief consultation took place between Gottardi and his lieutenant. The two officers marched at the head of our little column, while Lione and I, who followed at a little distance behind, were enabled to hear their conversation.

" What's to be done, Modesti ? I hear no report of muskets. By G—d, our commander has bolted."

" Likely enough, if he was warned in time. We shall not get out so cheaply."

They were right in their surmises. A countryman from a neighbouring farm, awakened by a company of hussars, who wished to force him to show them the way, had providentially made good his escape, and hurried to the Osteria del Cervo, where the commander Pelosi, the three commissaries, and a few other officers, profiting by that timely information, and seeing the utter madness of useless resistance, had called to arms the sixty grenadiers of the line, quartered at the casern, and at their head stolen out of town, directing their course towards the hills, through a mountain path that had hitherto escaped the notice of our nocturnal invaders ; thus leaving the divided and unprepared national guards to shift for themselves as they could best.

Those of our young tirailleurs who had been undutiful enough not to comply with the commander's injunction in the evening, and had not gone to sleep, had, on the first report of hostilities, crowded to the head-quarters, where having found the house deserted, and their rulers gone, they had entrenched themselves within the walls of the hostelry, uncertain what course to pursue.

The Osteria del Cervo was, as we have said, situated at the entrance of the town on the eastern side, and faced the main road that led to Borgo San Donnino. Our enemies had so warily encircled us on all sides, that before the bridge on the Arda was attacked on the west, a battalion of Hungarians was equally stationed on the eastern road, and we were so completely beleaguered, that, with the exception of Captain Pelosi and his followers, none of us had a chance of escape.

Our captain and his fellow officer, Modesti, were well aware of our situation. " Well, my friend," concluded the captain, " there is no other remedy, we must cut our way through thick and thin, and get out through the midst of them."

But the brave Modesti shook his head moodily, and as, before being a fencing-master and a soldier, he had been a bit of a scholar, he uttered solemnly, with death's prophetic tone,

" Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus."

By this time we approached the Osteria del Cervo : our band halted at a little distance, our two officers, Lione and I, advancing alone to reconnoitre.

A body of Hungarian cavalry was seen slowly advancing from the road, headed by a tall dark man, wearing the tri-cornered hat of Maria Louisa's dragoons. He rode alone several rods in advance of his troop; as he arrived at about fifty paces from the inn, he was challenged by a sharp voice from the windows. I recognized the voice of our riotous revolutionist, Count Berardi.

"Halt!" cried the count. "Stop, or by God Almighty you are a dead man."

"Lay down your arms, ye rebels," cried the horseman; "surrender, ye traitors, or you will die on the gallows."

"Brigadier Anselmi, I know you," replied the count; for that was indeed one of the non-commissioned officers of Maria Louisa's dragoons, and was well known as one of the most zealous and insolent satellites of the ancient government. "We have old scores to settle between us. One step farther, by God, and I fire."

The brigadier nothing daunted, rode forward; but he had scarcely advanced a few steps, when he rolled on the dust, struck on the head by the unerring carbine of the young nobleman.

The Hungarian hussars rode forward to the rescue of their leader. But as they advanced blindly and madly, without any determined purpose, they found themselves exposed to the galling fire of our thirty riflemen, hidden behind the windows, so that after a vain disorderly charge which brought them nearly to the door of the inn, they were obliged to fall back in utter confusion, many of them leaping over the ditches and galloping away through the open country.

"Now is our turn, my lads," cried our captain; "charge, my friends—charge, in God's name and viva l'Italia!"

So off we started unanimously. The captain, his lieutenant, Lione and I, were riding in front, all abreast, while the other ranks followed at no great distance behind in the best possible order. We had soon overtaken the fugitives who, already disbanded and disheartened, gave way before us, and hastened to join their comrades on the fields, leaving us the sole masters of the road.

Presently we came into contact with a body of infantry. The day began slowly to dawn, and we were almost enabled to descry their white Austrian uniform.

"Halt, wer da!" cried their sentinels, or something that sounded like it; evidently mistaking us for their Hungarian brethren; but without giving them time to recover from their error, without slackening our course, without uttering one word, down like thunderbolts we plunged among them.

For the whole world I would not give the excitement of a moment like that!

Our gallant captain had couched in rest the spiked staff of his flag, as we closed upon our adversaries; and one of them fell before him, pierced through the body. The weighty farrier and his still weightier charger dashed through the ranks with the impetuosity of an avalanche, and opened a breach through which my slenderer steed could plunge with comparative security. I thought I saw a tall swarthy Croatian standing on my way with his bayonet levelled to my horse's breast. The generous animal gave a sudden bound, and reared up in

a fright. For a moment I thought I had lost all control over him, and gave myself up as undone, but Lione, who saw me in jeopardy, seized hold of the rein of my restive steed, and by all the might of his iron hand forced me along in his course.

I bit my nether lip and set my teeth hard, and brandishing my sword with so frantic a rage that the weapon quivered in my grasp, I aimed at the Croatian a blow which I flattered myself would have power to cleave that famous giant helmet,

“ Which fell from the sky,  
And stuck very hard  
In the tilting yard  
Of the castle of Otranto.”

My ponderous *Oderisi* fell with all its weight upon something that rang under the stroke; what, however, the result of the stroke was I never had means to ascertain, for, dragged by my valiant comrade, in less than three seconds I found myself clear of the enemy, and out of the *mêlée*.

The Austrians, thus taken by surprise, were not, however, slow in recovering from their panic. They rallied, they closed their ranks after us; they drove back with their bayonets our less fortunate companions, and turning abruptly, they sent volley after volley in our direction, which had the effect of adding wings to our flight.

On we rode for our lives, without looking backwards till we were fairly out of reach of their shot. The moment we halted, my poor charger gave one more desperate plunge, and fell, head foremost, to the ground—the Croatian had buried his bayonet in his breast.

“ My poor horse,” cried I, as I jumped on my feet, with the assistance of the brave Lione, who seemed to take care more of me than of himself; “ but,” I added, with a feeling of pride, “ I hope my hand has avenged his fate.”

So saying, I lifted up my claymore, and what was my surprise when I saw that brave ancient blade on which I had put such implicit reliance, which I had selected as the best in a hundred, broken in twain! What resistance that trusty weapon might have met that could so successfully resist the much-lauded temper of its old steel, I was at a loss to divine; for whatever opinion I might entertain of the thickness of an Austrian skull, still I flattered myself that nothing less solid than an anvil could stand the weight of my blow.

However there I was, dismounted and pretty nearly disarmed, and not a drop of blood on my shattered blade to soothe my sorrow for the loss of my charger.

“ Turn to the right,” said our captain, “ and leave your dead horse on the road; our friends are not able to follow us, and we must provide for our safety.”

So saying, he led the way through a narrow wagon-road, overgrown with thick bushes on both sides, and winding through the verdant prairie to the south-east.

No sooner had we disappeared behind the shrubs that hid us from the main road, than we heard the tramp of the Hungarian cavalry,

which, having rallied around the battalion we had almost miraculously cut our way through, galloped furiously on our footsteps.

We counted more than fifty of them. On they rode, in hot haste, waving their broadswords aloft, uttering their savage war-cry; away they passed, enshrouded in a cloud of dust, unaware that the objects of their pursuit were riding safely and leisurely on their way to the Apennines. We stopped to look after them, and I could scarcely refrain a cry of admiration at the glorious inspiring sight.

But as one of their stragglers came last and alone, making his best speed to join his companions, our brave Lione sprang forward like a panther from his thickets, and assailed the Hungarian with so felon a shock, that man and horse went down rolling and sprawling on the dust.

"Here's a horse for you, young gentleman," cried the sturdy farrier, as he led by the rein, as a prize of victory, the charger of his fallen foe. I jumped on the empty saddle, and we were now enabled to set off at full speed.

We had scarcely ridden half a mile, when the lieutenant, Modesti, who had followed in silence, suddenly reined up his horse.

"Ride on, captain, and heed me not," he said faintly; "I am a dead man." As he said these words he dropped from his saddle. He had been shot through the loins, as we ran from the Austrian infantry, and had thus far, with heroic firmness, continued his course, regardless of his wound, till exhausted with the loss of blood, and overcome by the faintness of death, he sunk to the ground, whence he was never to rise.

We all alighted and crowded round him. He waved his hand with impatience, and motioned us away.

"Heed me not; I am a dead man. Take care of yourselves. Farewell!" Then he sank down once more, and murmured a few unintelligible syllables, among which I thought I could make out the words of his favourite quotation from the Latin poet:

*"Venit—summa dies—et ineluctabile tempus—"*

There he died!

The day had now fully dawned, and the pale light of the morn rested faint and languid on his exanimated face. The last sounds of the receding Hungarian squadron died away in the distance, and the sharp firing at Fiorenzola, of which the frequent report had accompanied us during our hasty retreat, had now either entirely ceased, or was lost in the vastness of the deserted plain. There was nothing to interrupt the imposing solemnity of the hour, and overawed by the sudden calamity that deprived our country of so valuable a champion, we stood for several minutes with our eyes rivetted on that manly countenance already reposing in the calmness of death.

At length the captain broke silence.

"Farewell, then, brave Modesti, and may we all live to avenge thy death!" Then stooping on the dead body, he laid his hand on the sword, which the lieutenant held still unsheathed in his grasp; but meeting with some resistance on the part of the rigid hand, which clung to the hilt with all the tenacity of death, "Well, so be it then,"

said Gottardi ; “ Rest thy sword with thee, my poor friend, since it could never pass into better hands. De Negri,” he added, throwing his flag towards me, as he sprang on his saddle, “ there is a weapon for you. I thought you might just as well inherit the sword of our lieutenant—but let the dead have their own way.”

The firing had ceased, as I said, and everything seemed to announce that the unequal combat had been brought to a close. We had found no trace, we had heard not a word of Captain Pelosi and the main body of our little army, which he had so successfully led out of danger, and nothing remained for us but to look for the shortest and surest way to our metropolis. To Parma, therefore, we determined to ride, and, guided by a peasant lad who volunteered his services, we rode across hills and dales, always on the outskirts of the Apennines, till after a toilsome march of three or four hours, we arrived in sight of San Donnino.

The Austrians, we soon learnt, had not appeared before that place. Those Hungarians who had been sent to scour the main road on our tracks, had ridden no farther than to the bridge of the Stirone, a torrent flowing at the distance of three miles from Fiorenzola, and which in olden times constituted the boundary between the Parmese and Placentine territory. There they halted and encamped for a few hours ; but after a vain display of equestrian evolutions, and a lusty blowing of trumpets, intended probably as a proclamation of their glorious victory, they raised their camp and marched back for their breakfast to the head-quarters.

On our arrival at Borgo San Donnino we found the little place plunged into a terrible alarm. Captain Gottardi, aware of the influence that a man of his rank and character might exercise among the good people of that town, resolved to remain at Borgo, in order to make the best of the shattered old walls, and of the ill-armed militia of the place, to oppose the progress of the Austrians, who, he could not doubt, would make all possible speed to march against Parma.

At Borgo, therefore, we parted. Gottardi, and Lione who was to serve him as his aid-de-camp, took up their quarters at the Town Hall, and I received orders to repair with all diligence to the capital, to bring tidings of our mishaps at Fiorenzola.

Every one must be aware what imperfect and unsatisfactory account I could give of that nocturnal affray. It was only after several days, that comparing notes with some of my friends, who were up and in arms before us, and others that remained in the beleaguered place long after we had made good our retreat, I was finally enabled to master all the circumstances of that most untoward event.

It appears, then, that at about a quarter past ten in the evening, a body of twelve hundred Austrian infantry, and two hundred horse, led by Maria Louisa's brigands, at the head of whom rode the brigadier Anselmi, started from the citadel of Placentia, taking the best precautions to elude the vigilance of the town. They had marched during the whole night, and arrived at Fiorenzola two hours before daybreak. There they had distributed themselves into various detachments, with admirable manœuvres contriving to possess themselves simultaneously of every avenue that led to the town. Their plan of encompassing

us all round before any alarm could be given, was, as we have seen, partly frustrated by that farmer's boy, who, terrified and breathless, had ran to town, startling with his amazing tidings the still perplexed and incredulous Captain Pelosi.

Had our commander-in-chief thought less of himself and preserved sufficient presence of mind to act coolly and deliberately, he might, with the sixty well-disciplined men he had already under arms, and with our little body of national cavalry, have kept the Austrians in check until, at least, our youths had been roused from their slumbers, when we could at our choice either have forced our way through the enemy, or fought with considerable advantage behind shelter of the houses.

But the suddenness of the attack, the number of our assailants, exaggerated, no doubt, by the terrors of his boorish messenger, and above all the flagrant breach of that non-intervention of which he was one of the staunchest propugners, so overcame the otherwise imbecile understanding of our good generalissimo, that he thought if he could only get out of the scrape with all those who were ready to follow him in his flight, he would have reason to thank his good stars during the rest of his life.

He marched off towards the Apennines, as we have said, and after having entangled himself in strange and narrow defiles, he led his troops, weary and starved, at dead of night, to Borgo San Donnino.

Irritated at the sight of so many of those whom they already regarded as their prisoners, so easily eluding their grasp, the Austrians invested more closely, without, however, venturing to enter, the town. A detachment of Tirolese sharp-shooters were ordered to possess themselves of the bridge on the Arda, and their sudden and well-managed, but not altogether successful attack, had given rise to that first alarm that had roused the silent town from its slumbers, and called us into the field.

Out of twenty horsemen that we had mustered in the field, only four, the reader is aware, had the good luck to carve their way through the iron circle with which we had so unwittingly suffered ourselves to be encompassed all about by our wary assailants. Our followers, entangled among those same ranks we had so happily and so valiantly pierced through, were driven back at the point of the bayonet, and hurried to the town to place themselves under shelter of the fire of our brave *tirailleurs* at the Osteria del Cervo.

Before the walls of that ever-memorable hostelry the main action was now reduced. The doors of the courtyard had been thrown open to receive our routed horsemen, and the few other militiamen, who wandered from street to street uncertain of their fate.

On their part, the Austrians, feeling now the necessity of coming to a decisive engagement, poured down *en masse* from the six different avenues of the town they had hitherto so closely blockaded, and chasing before them the few helpless stragglers they met on their path, they all crowded—a tremendous host—before the walls of that inn which our daring rebels had, like Don Quixote, dignified into a citadel.



There began a lively and obstinate *fusillade*; and although the Austrians kept themselves at a reasonable distance, although the double-barrelled guns with which most of our sportsmen-warriors were armed were ill suited to cope with the formidable rifles of the famous Tirolese sharp-shooters, still the fortune of the day seemed, for some time, in favour of the smaller number. No less than thirteen Austrians lay stretched under the walls of the inn, while our friends, thanks to their sheltered position, escaped almost altogether unscathed. The front of the house in the morning appeared all dotted and scored with the effects of the leaden hail that had been uselessly showered against it.

The fire of our brave patriots, however, was silenced, owing to the scantiness of their ammunition and the mad prodigality with which it was wasted; and the besieged, reduced to their last cartridge, found themselves at length at the discretion of their enemies.

Luckily for them, the Austrians dared not or cared not to pursue their advantage any further: and, either through prudence or humanity, they seemed abhorrent from the scene of strife and bloodshed that would have been the consequence of any attempt on their part to take the house by storm; and leaving a strong body of their infantry to guard that well-garrisoned but ill-ammunitioned fortress, they hastened to secure the rest of the town.

'Twas morning meantime, and the honest burghers of Fiorenzola, though not a little panic-struck at the bloody drama that had been acting within the peaceful precinct of their walls, yet began to stir from their beds. They peeped out of the windows; they called to each other across the street; they congratulated each other on being yet alive, and reassured by prevailing silence, the boldest ventured to throw ajar the shutters of their shops.

They looked with awe and mistrust on the flushed faces of their hungry northern conquerors, not well satisfied with the share that their larders and cellars might come in for, in the tribute that would most probably be exacted from the town as the prize of combat. There was a stir, a bustle, a whispering, an ominous staring and wondering, which seemed to foretoken the most appalling events. Mingled with the crowd of those gaping townspeople, disarmed, crest-fallen, uncockaded, might be seen a few stray members of our dispersed national guard, who either voluntarily issued or forcibly expelled from their hosts' inhospitable dwellings—in hospitable through fear—had rid themselves of their arms and national insignia, and walked uneasily about, looking as foolish and sheepish as may well be imagined, with no better hope than either to pass unobserved and be lost among the crowd of the inoffensive natives, or to be enabled to sneak out through some unguarded outlet, and baffle the pursuit of their foe.

The number of these luckless wretches so unwittingly entrapped considerably increased, when "In the name of Maria Louisa, arch-duchess, &c., duchess, &c., and by the order of the Cavalier De Ferrari, commissary extraordinary, &c., and of Colonel Radivisky, or Archduke Leopold's hussars, it was enjoined to all and each of the inhabitants of the loyal borough of Fiorenzola, and of its immediate appurtenances, that whosoever of them had either voluntarily or com-

pulsorily given shelter, lodged, fed, and entertained any of the rebels belonging to the *soi-disant* national guard from Parma, should, within an hour from the promulgation of the present edict, eject the intruders from their domicile, and convey their arms, stores, ammunitions, &c. to the Town Hall, under penalty of incurring themselves the charge of rebels and traitors, and being treated with all the severity of the martial laws." It was added, that wherever the townspeople should meet with any resistance on the part of the intruders, "they could rely on the support and armed interference of the troops of her majesty, and of those of her august father and ally, Francis I., emperor of Austria, &c. &c."

This precise and peremptory proclamation, backed as it happened to be by twelve hundred bayonets, could not be void of effect on the simple minds of the alarmed townsmen; and although there were not a few that braved the danger to the last, and vindicated, with passive resistance, the sanctity of their dwellings; although a few others found themselves hectored and browbeaten in their own houses by our audacious rebels, who, with the dogged determination of wolves at bay, refused to abandon their place of refuge, and kept their hosts prisoners under their own roofs,—with these exceptions, I say, the order of the commissary was executed to the letter; most of the landlords beset with tears and supplications their troublesome visitors; they pleaded their own state of utter helplessness, the dangers to be apprehended from the brutality of an exasperated soldiery; in short, they reasoned, remonstrated, conjured their guests out of their doors.

"Great was our astonishment," said my friend Pippo Galli, the armourer's son, from whom I derived all the information relating to this part of my narrative, who had been one of the brave *tirailleurs* at the Osteria del Cervo, and soon after the cessation of their firing had, with his thirty companions, been let out by mine host of the "Stag Inn," through a secret door at the back of the stables, and wandered with many others in quest of a good opportunity of escape.

"Great was our astonishment, but greater our uneasiness, as we met on the square, without daring to address each other, or to raise our eyes into each other's faces. We put on our boldest look as we walked by the long rows of Austrian infantry, who, resting on their muskets, gazed vacantly and listlessly upon us in return.

"However, as long as we had only to deal with those brutal northerners," said my good Pippo, who, as a good Parmese,

"Era nemico alla Tedescheria"

—"As long as we were suffered to wander unmolested among the motley group of the churlish peasants, things went on smoothly enough. We lighted our cigars, for the sake of company; strolled up and down with perfect unconcern, humming and whistling our favourite tunes, making ourselves utterly new to the business, staring and gaping like the rest, and wondering what the devil had happened."

But when among the ranks of the Austrians they began to descry

other and better-known faces; when they saw the *mouchards* of Maria Louisa's carabineers, performing the odious office of blood-hounds to their uninitiated allies; when a few among our patriots, either by the direction of the gendarmes, or betrayed by their beards, by their looks or bearing, were picked out from the midst of the crowd and laid hold of by those rude customers, and with a hemp rope tied round their necks dragged with every kind of ill-treatment to the Austrian head-quarters at the Town Hall; "then," said Galli, "I confess that the darkest thoughts shot across my fevered brain, and grasping the hilt of my dagger, which I still hid under my waist-coat, I prepared, since I looked upon myself as a dead man, to sell my life at the dearest rate."

It was thus that Crispo, Lusieri, Marchi, and my fellow-captive Gasparino, the *petit-Savoyard*, with perhaps fifty others, fell into the hands of our adversaries, whilst their captors very ostentatiously purchased a few halters from a ropemaker's shop in the square, where-with they loudly proclaimed in their broken Italian they were going to hang the rebels from the Town Hall windows, as soon as they had taken their breakfast.

This news spread fresh alarm among the compassionate country-folks of Fiorenzola, many of whom, especially the women, by their awkward signs of condolence, by pointing to the poor wights whom they looked upon and bewailed as devoted victims, most unwittingly designed and betrayed them to the vengeance of their persecutors.

"This," again observed Galli, "I began to think, would never do;" and roused by despair into immediate action, whilst many were providing for their safety by absconding to the churches, or other public buildings, he nodded to five or six of our most noted dare-devils, walked deliberately from the square, and crossed street after street at random, till they arrived in sight of the open country.

The entrance was, at this as at every other avenue, completely blocked up with soldiers, but *tout-en-ayant-l'air* of not minding them in the least, our young captives perceived with inward glee that there were no officers among them.

"A good German," observed Galli, "never presumes to think for himself." *Pensa caporale* is the watchword among the Austrian soldiery; so our friends walked on deliberately on the very toes of the good Croats, who stared at them with a puzzled face, suspecting, perhaps, that all was not quite right, but never taking it into their heads that they were, in the least, authorized to interfere.

So they passed one after another, walking leisurely, talking calmly, gesticulating and switching their canes, looking like fine gentlemen bound on a matutinal excursion. But no sooner had they got clear of the redoubted line, no sooner did they see the wide country lying invitingly open before them, than, Galli foremost, clapping his hands with wild exultation, and crying at the top of his voice "Devil, take the hindmost," they all took to their heels.

"Bricanti! Bricanti!" shouted the Germans, now aware of their error; and about a score of them fired their muskets and darted after the fugitives. But the Italians ran for their life, and the Austrians for their kreutzer a day; besides, these last had had no breakfast, and had

watched the whole night; moreover, the grass was wet, half-frozen, and slippery, and the sharp north wind blew piercingly against their faces. Besides, their officers were not there. They soon gave up the chase; and our naughty young patriots, seeing themselves at a safe distance, had impudence enough to turn round and look back grinning and grimacing, and—if I can thus design a vulgar but most significant gesture, for which I know no better expression—*thumb-and-fingering* at their baffled pursuers.

The good success of the daring attempt of Galli and his followers gave encouragement to many others of our ensnared associates, so that either through similar clandestine evasions, or through the sympathy of the townspeople, who afforded them the means of escape or concealment, the greatest number were fortunate enough to avoid falling into the hands of the Austrians, till noon, when, with universal astonishment, the colonel commanding the expedition ordered the *generale* to be beaten, mounted his horse, marshalled his troops, led out his prisoners, and prepared to march back to Placentia. The Austrians had already stripped all the myrtle boughs from a neighbouring churchyard to ornament their bonnets with the leaves of that national emblem of victory; so with all their colours unfurled, their drums rolling, and their *fanfares* braying lustily, the victorious host moved triumphantly away from the scene of their gallant exploits.

Thus ended the campaign and battle of Fiorenzola, in which—to assume the lofty strain of historical narration—the glory of the day is to be adjudged to the Austrians, who by their unlooked-for attack, by their able combination of wary manœuvres, succeeded in surprising, surrounding, and disabling their unsuspecting adversaries, without running the chances of a serious engagement; whilst, notwithstanding the blind confidence, the relaxation of discipline, and the total disregard of the most obvious rules of military caution, which our commander-in-chief suffered to reign in his camp, notwithstanding the rather precipitate retreat with which in the hour of need he withdrew with the most effective body of his little army; full justice is to be rendered to the self-possession, calmness, and intrepidity of those few among the Italians who were allowed by circumstances to have a share in the action.

The bearer of the tidings of that unlucky but not inglorious encounter, I rode in great haste towards our threatened metropolis; my heart beat with a mingled feeling of awe and exultation at the thought of the tremendous sensation that my news would create among our unprepared fellow-citizens. I brought with me the solution of long doubts, the disenchantment of fond illusions, the dissipation of a great bugbear—the breach of the Non-Intervention. “Now,” thought I, “there is an end to all hesitations and tergiversations. Thank God, the Austrians have spared us the trouble of cutting the knot.”

As I was thus soliloquizing I arrived in sight of the Porta Santa Croce; it was then nearly twelve o'clock at noon, and the long street that leads to the main square of our little capital was, as usual in those days of liberty, almost obstructed by a crowd which increased as I advanced. I was soon recognised, and as it was generally known that I formed part of the expedition, they began to wonder what the mat-

ter could be. But their surmises and conjectures were soon changed into loud exclamations of utter amazement ; they crowded around the messenger of evil news with an eagerness and anxiety of which I was at loss how to guess the real cause. All-engrossed by the excitement of the events of the morning, all-absorbed in the meditation of its probable consequences, I was not aware that the horse I rode on wore the trappings and insignia of the imperial cavalry, and that the letters " F. I." (Francis the First) were written in red characters on the white cloth of his housing. " The Austrians ! The enemy ! You have met the enemy !" But to all these and a thousand other questions and vociferations, I made no answer. I forced my good Hungarian through the thronged mob, and made my best speed till I alighted at the door of the palace, and was immediately ushered in the presence of the honourable members of our Provisional Government.

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## THOU ART NOT BEAUTIFUL.

### A BALLAD.

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Thou art not beautiful nor fair,—  
 Yet, when I watch thy smile,  
 I know the thoughts that linger there  
 Are all devoid of guile.  
 I would not change thy pleasant face  
 For one whose classic brow  
 A regal coronet might grace,  
 But be *less* loved than thou.

Thou art not beautiful nor fair ;—  
 But beauty is a flower  
 That blossoms in the summer air,  
 And shuns the wintry hour.  
 Thy loveliness is in thy mind,  
 Where pure affection dwells,  
 And in thy gentle heart I find  
 A thousand magic spells.

MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.<sup>1</sup>

## No. III.

Terrified and vexed, Sophia paced her chamber, pausing to catch the faintest sound that might proceed from the lips of the drunkard. His ashy face, cold hands, and the death-like stillness that pervaded every limb, was so appalling, that it required the utmost exertion of her reason to assure her that he still lived. Sometimes she sought his pulse—it was oppressed and languid; then she bent over to ascertain that he yet breathed, but the fumes arising from his blackened lips disgusted her, and she threw open the casement to relieve the suffocating sensation that was stealing over her frame. Painfully waned the hours, unvaried except by the groans of the sleeper, who, as time went on, began to struggle with the sickness that succeeded insensibility. Still Sophia attempted not to retire;—memories of the past, and anticipations of the future, crowded on her mind. She thought how bright the world's glories had appeared to her, how perfect she had believed the happiness of those who flitted amidst splendour and gaiety; she had attained the advantages once believed so valuable—and was she happy?—no! She remembered the joyous buoyancy of her unmarried life, and wondered whither had fled the contentment of her youth.

Macgregor was not a person to love or to be beloved; but she had ever laughed at the passion, and thought herself insensible to its power. He was not unkind, nay, he was considered a most indulgent husband, for he was always ready to escort her into public, and, on retiring, never failed to conduct her to her carriage. Was not that marvellous attention? He neither circumscribed her expenses nor amusements, and what more could a *reasonable* woman desire? But Sophia, I suppose, was not reasonable, for, with all this, she felt that she was not happy.

Whilst absorbed in unenviable reflections, the notes of a guitar stole gently on the silence of the night. It sounded close under the balcony. She extinguished her lamp, lest its light should betray her to the musician, and it required not the throbbing of her heart to inform her that the following stanzas, which now gushed upon her ear, were breathed from the lips of the too fascinating Spaniard:—

## SERENADE.

Oh! thou art Beauty's child, my love,  
Young Beauty's playful child,  
Heaven on thy birth hath smiled, my love,  
My heart for thee is wild, my love,  
Oh! thou art Beauty's child.

Oh! thou hast dark-blue eyes, my love,  
Soft, eloquent blue eyes,  
The light that in them lies, my love,  
Is autumn's evening skies, my love,  
Oh, thou hast dark blue eyes.

<sup>1</sup> Continued from p. 111.



Oh, thou hast raven hair, my love,  
 Long black and flowing hair.  
 Whilst o'er thy bosom fair, my love,  
 It falls, Love nestles there, my love—  
 Oh ! thou hast raven hair.

Oh ! thou hast teeth so white, my love,  
 Sweet laughing teeth snow-white ;  
 The meteor of the night, my love,  
 Whilst falling 's not more bright, my love—  
 Oh ! thou hast teeth so white.

Oh ! thou hast winged feet, my love,  
 Small, light, and silvery feet ;  
 In friendship ever fleet, my love,  
 But when thy love thou'dst meet, my love,  
 Oh ! thou hast winged feet.

Oh ! would thou wast mine own, my love,  
 Heart, soul, and lip, mine own !  
 Life, wanting thee, is lone, my love,  
 For like thee there are none, my love—  
 Oh ! would thou wert mine own !

She listened with eager interest to his rich mellow voice, utterly unconscious of the running *bass* accompaniment of Macgregor's nose. Breathless she pressed her hands upon her bosom, and tried to still its wild pulsation, whilst tears strayed unheeded down her cheeks. Involuntarily she stretched forth her arms, unconscious that she stood alone. She had forgotten the world—all ! but when the last tone of the music had died away, and all was again silent, a sob, a heart-rending sob, spoke the reaction of memory, and, shuddering, she sank upon her knees. Her clasped hands were raised to heaven, though she ventured not to lift her eyes from the earth—a prayer trembled upon her lip. The veil was rent from her struggling heart, and she felt herself a wretch, for it was now too plain that she, a wife, had dared to love, idolatrously to love, a stranger.

It was the first time that Sophia had known the horrors of self-condemnation, and many a vow did she make steadily to shun the society of one so dangerous to her peace. But although she meditated that which was right, she well knew that her purpose could not be easily effected, because, apart from the pleadings of her own heart, and the Spaniard's ever-ready attention, she was aware that any marked change of manner would draw remarks either from her husband or others which could not but prove highly embarrassing. And her determination was destined to be put to a speedy trial ; for, scarcely had she entered the drawing-room the following morning, before a party of officers made their appearance, his excellency of Seville along with them.

Passing him hastily, and without notice, she turned to receive the apologies of Major Hindsley, who was no sooner assured of forgiveness for their exploit, than he proceeded to banter Macgregor on Sophia's causeless alarm. The colonel turned on his wife a scowling frown, and muttered something about affectation. Her pale cheek reddened with vexation, and her eyes sparkled fire, while Mrs. St. Clair maliciously observed, that "Colonel Macgregor must feel highly flattered in possessing so *exclusive* an interest in the affections of his wife."

"The dignified love of *some* women, madam," said he, bowing to

the lady, "is indeed flattering, that of *others* serves but to render a man ridiculous."

Sophia turned upon him a look of surprise—it was the first time that the colonel had committed himself in the presence of others. For a moment her better feelings struggled, then a smile of scorn curled her lip, and, drawing herself proudly to her full height, she turned one haughty look upon the colonel, and approached Don Pedro, who leant gravely against the window, and extended her hand towards him, which he appeared to accept as a mark of peculiar favour, and, after a few moments, he was seen darting from the apartment.

"Whither in such haste, whither, I pray, your excellency?" said Mrs. St. Clair.

"Mrs. Macgregor has consented to try the efficacy of the sea-breeze for her headache;—perhaps you will honour my felucca with your presence?" said the don.

"Certainly, most gracious don," replied Mrs. St. Clair, whose spirits seemed to have reached the utmost point of vivacity. "But this is astonishing, absolutely wonderful!"

"What is wonderful, madam?" inquired Sophia, proudly, as his excellency left the room.

"Your consenting to a request of that most puissant don."

"And why, madam?"

"Why, child? Because you are such a young prude."

"It is better to be that than an old coquette," retorted Sophia, sarcastically.

"All in good time, child," added the hostess, provokingly; "she who is in youth the former is generally the latter in age."

"*Experiencia docet*," rejoined the guest.

Mrs. St. Clair doubtless felt the point, but she concealed her anger, merely remarking, in an equivocal tone, that she never before saw Don Pedro approach Sophia without her seeming ready to cry out, "Oh! hubby, hubby, take the naughty man away!"

"My introduction," said the colonel, sullenly, "might secure him from impoliteness."

"I cannot conceive the reason of Mrs. Macgregor's dislike," persecuted Mrs. St. Clair.

"I plead not guilty to your charge," retorted Sophia, "and I assure you that I am as conscious of his excellency's merits as even Mrs. St. Clair."

As she turned, the Spaniard was by her side, and Mrs. St. Clair burst into a loud laugh, that had something more sardonic than mirthful in its sound.

"Upon my word I believe her," whispered Major Hindsley to his companion, Captain Brown.

"And not without some apology," said Brown, "for how can she help 'looking upon this picture and upon that?'"

"'Hyperion to a satyr,'" whispered the major.

Meanwhile Don Pedro had grown so exhilarated that his gaiety became contagious, and Sophia found it impossible to resist the influence of the hour. So day followed day, diversion succeeding diversion.

It was vain for my friend to avoid the society of one so sedulously thrown into her way by the blind agency of her husband. He, indeed,

was too much occupied by his own affairs to render that attention to his wife which her position so peculiarly required. To do him justice, the danger of her intercourse with the Spaniard never entered his head. Perhaps he thought too highly of himself, perhaps too highly of Sophia. He had, however, in the mean time, transferred his wavering admiration to Mrs. St. Clair, whose ready wit and independent manners suited his own aristocratic notions, and whose endurance of his attentions arose partly from the pure spirit of mischief, partly from coquetry, and lastly from the ready supplies his well-stocked purse afforded to her somewhat scanty resources—supplies which her address in all games of chance or skill enabled her to transfer from the possession of her easy dupe. His gambling propensity, which, since his marriage, had lain dormant, now became fearfully developed to the amazed Sophia, who secretly mourned over the mutual errors of herself and her husband. He, too infatuated to perceive the perils which encompassed him, and flattered by Mrs. St. Clair's supposed preference, became daily more anxious to prolong the visit. Not so Sophia; she had painfully learned her danger, and many an anxious hour did she devote to the examination of her heart—a task more necessary since our departure was still constantly deferred. Sometimes she would remain whole evenings in her chamber, where vainly she tried to read or write—her thoughts were vagrant.

In such a mood, Sophia had declined joining a party to a ball given by Mrs. Holland, of the engineers, when the colonel, armed *cap-à-pie* for conquest, entered her dressing-room, and, greatly to his consternation, found that it was not her intention to accompany him, and, perceiving her in tears, inquired the cause: she muttered something about being ill, and dashed them away.

"Ill!" said he. "How is it possible that a person so admired can be ill? I am never ill. Besides, it was my intention that you should have caused a sensation; but you always thwart my wishes, and impose upon my good-nature—instance your conduct to his excellency Don Pedro Valdigo, madam."

"To Don Pedro Valdigo! How?" tremulously inquired Sophia, a bright suffusion overspreading her cheek.

"How, madam?" pursued the enraged little colonel. "Is it not notorious to the whole garrison that your behaviour is most indecorous?"

Sophia trembled violently, and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, madam, well may you be overwhelmed with confusion."

"Confusion," she echoed, vainly endeavouring to compose herself. "Colonel Macgregor, really I don't comprehend."

"Then, madam, in one word, I consider it indecorous for my wife to treat a man of Don Pedro's station in the slighting manner which you affect."

Sophia breathed again.

"I insist upon knowing the reason that you so scornfully decline the attentions that his excellency offers in consideration of my introduction. Mrs. St. Clair asserts that it arises from my jealousy and secret lectures; therefore I request, nay command, that you will free me from such a barbarous aspersion."

"Colonel Macgregor," said Sophia firmly, yet calmly, "I am not

ignorant of the mercenary arts to which your fatal love for play has rendered you a ready victim. I think and hope, however, that your attentions to the wife of your general are no more than courteous. That lady's views regarding me, I fear, are dangerous and malicious. She calls me a prude, others think me a coquette. You think that I only exist in the breath of adulation or glare of society, and I would have the world think so; yet, believe me, that you are all mistaken; still, colonel, you trust largely to my honour; suffer me also to exercise discretion, and be assured that you shall never find me capable of abusing your confidence."

It was some time before he could find courage to break the awkward silence that succeeded, but at length in a somewhat timid tone he ventured to entreat that she would oblige him by joining the party, having promised her hand for the evening to Don Pedro, "however disagreeable."

"Disagreeable!" sighed Sophia, with an impatient gesture, as she paced the room.

"It is no use denying it to me, Sophy—I see you really hate his excellency."

She stopped short, and looked fully in his face, for it was evident that he meant literally as he had expressed himself; and she felt as if she were acting a despicable deceit, yet she hesitated; her colour went and came, whilst the confession of her heart's secret trembled on her lip; her eyes were fixed anxiously upon him, seeking but a word, a look of kind encouragement to support her in a frank avowal.

He kissed her hand, begging she would gratify his pride and redeem her promise. The action was gallant, but not affectionate. The tone of his voice was the most utter commonplace, and chilled the resolution which the warmth of his feelings had for a moment excited; therefore, changing her intention, she demanded if her present compliance would insure her future freedom of action? The colonel promised that it should. "Then, sir," said she, "you shall be obeyed."

"A thousand thanks," said the gallant husband, and kissing her hand, after many injunctions as to her toilette, he departed.

Never had Sophia dressed with such care, never had she been less satisfied with her appearance, yet perhaps never with less cause. "This one more indulgence," said she, "and then I will devote myself to self-restraint; Macgregor loves me not, but I will be true to his honour and my own."

"I fulfil my promise," said the colonel, as he placed the hand of his wife in that of Don Pedro.

"Yes," added she, "I am bound to obey my liege lord; so here I am, despite headache, nerves, etcetera."

"But, colonel," asked the Spaniard, "has Mrs. Macgregor further honoured me by complying with my other request?"

"No," said the colonel, "for that I must refer you to herself," as he hurried away.

"May I inquire what that refers to?" asked Sophia.

"That you would visit me at Seville, donna."

Sophia started.

"Mrs. St. Clair and the general have promised; the colonel, too,

accepts my invitation. I venture, therefore, to hope that I shall not be denied where I could least endure disappointment."

Sophia resolutely averted her eyes, as in a low voice she answered, "It is impossible; I cannot visit Seville."

"You are not serious, donna?"

"Most serious, your excellency; let us join the dance."

The Spaniard coldly bowed an acquiescence.

Sophia saw that his feelings were wounded, but affected not to perceive the change in his demeanour, and endeavoured to draw him into cheerful conversation; but receiving no response beyond monosyllabic replies, she in turn began to feel depressed, when observing the eyes of Patrisinia Vialli anxiously fixed upon her, she determined to seize that opportunity to secure Don Pedro's interest for the lovers, believing that at this critical juncture no undue hopes could be founded "on his part" by her interference, and trusting that such proof of the conviction of his magnanimity might contribute to soothe his wounded pride. With a tremulous voice she therefore intimated a wish to stroll through the illuminated garden, having a request to make that required privacy.

Pleased and surprised, her companion instantly conducted her from the ball-room.

"The fact is," said Sophia, struggling to conceal her timidity under an appearance of gaiety, "that your excellency possesses a secret which was only intended for me, and unfortunately you are the last person to whom that secret should have been revealed."

"I will not affect to misunderstand that you allude to Patrisinia," said he gravely.

"You have the power of destroying her dream of happiness—will you be so cruel?"

"And wherefore should Mrs. Macgregor feel interested in the question?"

"Patrisinia is my friend," said Sophia, with naïveté.

"She was my friend also, donna; betrothed to me before she knew that Captain Westron was in existence."

"Of which I was not aware until pledged to promote their views," replied Sophia.

"And suppose I love Patrisinia?" archly inquired his excellency.

Sophia coloured deeply, and spite of all her heroism a pang shot through her heart, whilst she faltered, "I thought—I was told—it is believed that you do not love Patrisinia."

"I swear that I do not," he impetuously exclaimed, clasping the hand of his companion. "No, donna, well do you know that I do not love her."

"Then promise that you will not betray her."

Don Pedro hesitated.

"Think of those who must be innocently involved. Think of the wretchedness to which you would doom two persons tenderly devoted."

"It is indeed most sad to part from those we love," said the Spaniard, as Sophia shrank from the meaning of his eyes. "But in my official station," he continued, as if recollecting himself, "I am so

connected, that passiveness becomes a breach of duty. Let Patrisinia forget the captain, and from my claims she is freed."

"How," pleaded Sophia, "can you expect her to forget the being whom she fondly loves, by whom she is beloved?"

"There is but one invocation," said Don Pedro, "that can move me, and that you have omitted."

"For—for the sake, then, of her whom you love," faltered the petitioner.

Pressing her hand to his lips, he passionately exclaimed, "Yes, for your sake, donna; for your sake I promise."

"A thousand thousand thanks; let me hasten to my friend with the joyful tidings."

"Not so," said the Spaniard; "I commit a breach of duty at your intercession, but that is a secret which must be confined only to your keeping. Pursue your plans cautiously, and let the lovers beware of Patrisinia's kinsmen; there are those amongst them that the tears of beauty could not soften, nor the power of love influence; and now that I have given so strong a proof of my submission, do not refuse me the pleasure of being near you. Why of late have I been avoided? How have I offended?"

Sophia was silent.

"At least pronounce my fault, that I may endeavour its expiation."

"Your excellency has not committed one. Let us go; we shall miss the waltz."

"'Tis ever thus, signora; but I must be heard. In three days you leave Ceuta, and I return to Seville, to be more wretched than language can express, unless you accompany Colonel Macgregor thither."

"It cannot be—speak of it no more."

"The colonel has promised."

Sophia raised her eyes reproachfully, and asked, "Is your request a generous one, Don Pedro?"

His eyes sank beneath her scrutiny. "Can you blame a wretch for seeking happiness?"

"I blame all who would betray confidence."

"Do not think so meanly of me, signora."

"Do not injustice to your own honour, Don Pedro."

"How, donna, have I incurred your contempt?"

"By believing it possible that I could deserve yours."

"Is it too much for a captive to pray for the sun to shine when its rays may cheer his heart, yet lose none of its own brilliancy?"

"Don Pedro, I am an Englishwoman, and perchance my notions on those points may differ from yours. Convinced, however, that you would not intentionally offend my principles, I am willing to believe that your words mean no more than common gallantry. Let us return to the company."

Sophia moved on, but the Spaniard took care that it should not be towards the house.

"I would not breathe a thought," said he, "to sully your purity, a wish that angels might not register. Tell me but that you forgive—that you will remember me with pity—and I will live upon the recollection."



"You shall have my kindest thoughts, but you must not forget that I am a wife."

"Of one who values not the gem he possesses."

"It matters not, he is my husband still."

"And can you love a gambler and a sot?"

"I must abide my destiny."

"So lovely, yet so cold!"

Sophia could not repress a sigh, for her heart told her that her lips were traitors to its anguish.

"But one word more," said Don Pedro; "were you free?"

A sigh quivered on her lip as she looked to heaven. Their eyes met as if in fascination for a single instant, and Don Pedro questioned no more.

"Well, Mrs. Macgregor, I begin to have some hopes of you," said Mrs. St. Clair, as she met the strollers re-entering the ball-room.

"Why so, madam?" inquired Sophia.

"Because you have transgressed your code so far as to have indulged in a *tête-à-tête* of a full hour."

"It appeared only five minutes," said Sophia ingenuously.

"Better and better; then his excellency, I suppose, has prevailed with you to join our party to Seville?"

"In that, I regret to say that I have failed," said the Don.

"Insufferable chit," thought the lady; "then no more winnings from the colonel; so heigho for a new favourite!" and she kept her word, for when the colonel left Ceuta he found that his temporary distinction had been purchased by the sacrifice of a serious sum in hard doubloons, and before he had been absent a week, Mrs. St. Clair had transferred her smiles to Captain Dashwood, the most heartless libertine in our regiment.

During the remainder of our visit Sophia rushed eagerly into dissipation, and few who gazed upon her sparkling smile, or listened to her joyous laugh, could have believed that the cankerworm was gnawing at her heart; yet so it was. Still she was more admired than ever, and never had been so much envied. She rode her spirited charger up the rugged ascent that led to the citadel with a fearless grace that excited the wondering applause of the Spanish ladies, who, ensconced in their curiously cushioned pillions, timidly suffered their muleteers to guide them in the track of the heroine.

Preparations for our departure were at length making, amongst which those for the smuggling of the lovers formed the most onerous part, it being as requisite to conceal Captain Westron as Patrisinia, lest his presence might induce a scrutiny too rigorous to escape detection.

There was not an English vessel in the port, and the harbour was guarded by Spanish sentinels, who, however inert upon other occasions, were generally watchful enough of all English movements; while, as if to increase the difficulties of our undertaking, the colonel, in utter ignorance of the affair, had accepted for our party a passage in the Spanish governor's felucca, who, being about to visit Algesiras, proposed that after landing him there, his vessel should take us to Gibraltar. Several hogsheads of accoutrements had been placed

in the hall, destined to be shipped under Colonel Macgregor's orders, and it was thought not impossible to conceal our adventurers in them ; but to effect this object the colonel's concurrence became indispensable, who, greatly to his consternation, learned for the first time our perilous design ; he was, however, too gallant as well as good-natured to refuse, as he said, " a petition from the Graces," and agreed to place himself for the nonce under petticoat government.

The vessel was to sail at day-break, and a splendid parting entertainment at the government-house was to terminate our visit. From this we arranged that Patrisinia should retire early, on the plea of indisposition, and having amused her duenna, and enacted a little domestic farce, she was secretly to leave her home, and, while dark, to join Sophia in her dressing-room, when the lovers were to be separately secured in hogsheads pierced with holes, and thence to be shipped on board the vessel as military stores.

Perhaps the intense anxiety respecting the morning's events was to Sophia a fortunate circumstance. It diverted her mind in some degree from the contemplation of Don Pedro's misery ; yet the paleness that overspread his noble features, the calm abstracted air which he had worn ever since his passionate declaration, the quivering motion of his lips as mournfully he gazed upon her, the tremulous touch of his hand, as he led her for the last time to join a circle of dancers, whose gaiety seemed but mockery—all appealed but too powerfully to her sympathy.

Sophia took advantage of the confusion after supper to retire with the colonel, and with many injunctions to the tearful Patrisinia, and many earnest aspirations for success in their perilous enterprise, she saw the captives securely packed in their respective hogsheads, and scarcely was all completed, when a party of soldiers entered to carry them to the ship, and, with reiterated injunctions to be careful in their transport, Macgregor marched them to the port.

The final moment was now come, and Don Pedro advanced with an air that forbade denial, had denial been intended, but in truth it was not ; so after many embraces from our Spanish friends, and after many lip-deep professions from Mrs. St. Clair and others, we took leave of our Ceuta friends, leaving none with more regret than the amiable gobernadora, and the homely but kind-hearted Mrs. Douglass, the former of whom, we had reason to believe, was not entirely ignorant of our plot. After our adieus had been completed, Sophia gave her hand to Don Pedro, who having placed it in his arm, proceeded to the pier, whither the governor and his suite had already gone. Conversation on the way was wholly suspended, for their hearts were too full. But when he handed her to the boat, he significantly bade her not to fear the dangers of her voyage.

At this moment one of the sacred casks that was being hoisted into the felucca struck against her side, the hook slipped, the cask tottered, Sophia half shrieked, and would have started from her seat had not Don Pedro held her firmly down. The men had caught the reeling cask in their arms, and guided it safely on deck. The governor and his officers were otherwise too busily engaged to notice Sophia's agitation, but it served to inform Don Pedro as to the manner in which Patrisinia had escaped.

"Calm your agitation," he whispered, "I will watch over you." A glance alone answered, and Sophia stood trembling on the deck, her hand resting on the cask that contained Patrisinia. Macgregor, in seeming carelessness, leant on that which concealed Westron.

The little anchor was soon weighed, the pointed sails of our felucca were rapidly spread out to the favouring breeze, the vessel shot a-head, and Don Pedro, who stood silently watching the preparations of the sailors, now started forward, bowed courteously to the gentlemen, and grasping Sophia's hand with a fervent pressure, sprang without a word into the boat which awaited him alongside.

Sophia watched till it touched the pier, and when she saw him bound on shore, and stride rapidly towards the town, she stirred not until his stately figure was no longer discernible, and then, unable to repress her tears, she allowed me to hurry her to the cabin which had been prepared for our reception.

She still wept when the sound of a gun from the citadel broke the silence of the morning. The next moment the course of our vessel altered, and in another, obedient to the signal, she lay like a log upon the water.

Patrisinia was already missed—we were suspected—pursued, and about to undergo a scrutinizing search—a few moments would decide the fate of the culprits. Our hearts beat so violently that we could hear their pulsation, yet we feared to go on deck, lest our agitation should betray us. The silence of expectation reigned above; we tried to look towards the town, but the vessel had swung round, or was returning to it, for we could only see the mountains and the white aqueduct of Algesiras; presently there was a slight shock, and a low grating sound, as of a boat grazing the side of our vessel. Then we plainly felt the heeling of the light felucca as she yielded beneath the sudden boarding of several persons at the same moment. Then came the tramp of many feet, and a confusion of voices, and as the steps approached nearer, Sophia, conscious of her incapability to conceal her terrors, and the danger that awaited her betrayal, flung herself on the couch, and, burying her head in the clothes, feigned sleep. We heard the voice of the governor expostulating, "Impossible! Signor Vialli," said he, "I tell you it is impossible! The signoretta cannot be on board without my knowledge. There is no one here but Colonel Macgregor's party, and I request that you will not distress the ladies."

"Pardon me, governor—I am convinced that she is here," said a voice that we recognized as Patrisinia's brother, a man of overbearing temper and repulsive manners. Westron is likewise missing, and there is no other place of concealment;" and the young cavalier impatiently flung open the cabin door. We both started up as he threw a searching glance around, muttered something between an apology and threat, and retired.

Greatly excited, we both rushed on deck, which we found crowded with priests and civilians, many of whom were recognized as members of the Vialli family; a weight, however, was removed from our breasts when we beheld Don Pedro leaning in a lounging attitude upon the cask in which Patrisinia was deposited, and the colonel still

stationed upon that tenanted by Westron—a look from the former reassured us.

“Well, signor,” said the governor to young Vialli, as he returned from searching the hold, “you have examined every part of our vessel, and must be satisfied that your sister is not here; therefore I have to request that you may not interrupt our voyage.”

“I must first see the contents of these casks,” said Vialli, bending an eye of suspicion on Sophia.

“These casks, signor,” said Macgregor, “contain property belonging to his majesty, my master, and it is my duty to preserve them untouched. Should you so far forget yourself as to demand their inspection—”

“I know my duty, colonel, as well as you,” said the other doggedly, “and I am determined to have them opened before I quit the vessel.”

“Then, signor,” said the irritated Scot, “it must be by passing over my body.”

“Tut, tut,” interposed Don Pedro, “Signor Vialli does but jest. He is not so unwise as to waste time in tumbling out a parcel of soldier’s belts, caps, and jackets, when he should be galloping into Barbary. ’Tis plain that the signoretta is not here, and far more probable that she has passed the Moorish lines by this time;” adding, with an admonitory glance to the governor, “Colonel Macgregor is a guest here, and we are bound to protect him and his.”

The haughty nonchalance with which he looked around forbade reply, and the party slowly descended into the boats, the reverend fathers growling hints about excommunication and the inquisition; not, however, before Don Pedro coldly intimated his intention to accompany the voyagers to Gibraltar.

“We are all greatly indebted to your excellency’s interference,” said Sophia, as they walked apart.

“I am overpaid by the acknowledgment,” he replied, “nor shall I leave you until you are beyond the possibility of danger. Should we ever again meet, dearest donna, I trust that I shall have learned to think more calmly, or that it will be under happier auspices.”

Sophia could not speak, and the Spaniard continued, “Should you ever need a friend, signora, deign to remember that you have a sincere and disinterested one in Pedro Valdigo.”

“O, fear not,” said Sophia; “I cannot, if I would, forget you.”

“Thanks, lady! and think not I will presume upon that assurance; but it is—it must be a sweet consolation in my lonely exile. This breeze will soon bear us across, and then, most excellent, most dear, a long, long farewell!”

Sophia turned to conceal the vagrant tears that started to her eyes.

After a pleasant sail, a boat with its crimson silk awning and gay rowers emerged from behind the pier of Algesiras, and shot alongside in order to take our hospitable host and suite on shore, after which we rapidly neared our homes.

It was a lovely morning; the dense cloud that rested half way down the rock became every moment less opaque, and finally rolling

back, displayed the majestic summit of Gibraltar, with its signal-tower peering on its topmost height. Below lay the town, with its many-coloured buildings, and green vines mingling their vivid decorations. On the left frowned the ruins of the Moorish castle, and to the right the south pavilions, dazzling in the morning sun. Everywhere batteries, cannons, and shot, with all the appliances of war—emblems of destruction—sleeping on the bosom of peace. Then came the martial music from the grand parade, and presently might be seen troops of soldiers dispersing towards every avenue to relieve the wearied guards, who anxiously waited for them and their breakfasts.

Our felucca ran beneath the ports of the *San Juan*, the old seventy-four, which lay as a depôt-ship in the harbour of the New Mole. The accommodation chair was lowered, and we ascended. A conference for a few minutes took place between the colonel and the first-lieutenant, who laughed heartily, ordered that two particular casks, marked, "This end up," should be instantly brought to the state cabin.

The chaplain was summoned, Patrisinia and her lover were released from their imprisonment, and were for ever united in the bonds of marriage ere they had well recovered from their surprise on finding their wedding honoured by the presence of his excellency Don Pedro.

"'Tis enough for you," said he to Patrisinia's inquiry, "that your safety is secured."

"You have preserved us all from the inquisition," said the colonel. "Egad, my teeth chatter at the thought; so pray, Mrs. Macgregor, unless you have a design on my life, never again play the confidante in a Spanish elopement."

"Westron, I give you joy," said Don Pedro; "be kind to your wife. Gentlemen, farewell! Patrisinia, sometimes speak of me to those you love;" and he glanced at Sophia, which the penetrating Spanish girl was not slow to understand. "May you always continue friends, and in your happiness remember that at Seville there lives one who can never forget you." He pressed their united hands to his lips, and when they looked up he was gone.

Mrs. Westron entered British society under the powerful auspices of her colonel's wife, and Sophia found in the sympathies of friendship a constant consolation under the afflictions in which her union with an ancient libertine subsequently involved her. Too late she had learned the capabilities of her own heart, and although her principles had enabled her to sustain the trial, she never ceased to lament her involuntary error. The reflection made her lenient to the failings of her husband, and she bore with magnanimity the vices of the man whom she had sworn to obey, but could not honour.

It may be expected that I should now wind up my story by dealing poetic justice to my heroines, and tell how Patrisinia's happy love refuted Sophia's arguments against a marriage founded on enthusiasm; but, unfortunately for such a purpose, mine is a tale of real life, and truth compels me to confess that our Spanish friend's experience only too faithfully substantiated the justice of Sophia's lecture. She was not, however, destined to undergo all the ordeals of wedded life,

for little more than a year had elapsed when she stood by the side of him for whose sake he had periled so much—a grief-stricken widow ; soon after which she bade adieu to her English friends, and returning to Ceuta, after due penance done, was again received into the bosom of her mother-church.

From that hour our friendship became a tale of the past ; for, however satisfactory might be the English gold and widow's pension, which her marriage with poor Westron had secured, her reverend uncle found no inclination to permit further intercourse with heretics, whose acquaintance might lead to a second marriage in the corps.

Sophia was destined to a much more eventful life, but she and the governor of Seville never met again ; yet both survived their protracted separation, nay, more, they survived their passion, and lived to form new ties and new affections, so true it is that the object which constitutes our happiness of to-day seems like a fading dream when reason wakes upon the morrow. It is only when we yield without a struggle that passion conquers. It is subdued to be our slave, once we determine that principle shall be victorious. Would that we could always imitate the discretion of Sophia, and so vanquish the foe that smiles but to deceive ! But alas for poor human nature !

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IMPROMPTU TO MRS. "SAVAGE," ON THE AUTHOR  
MISTAKING HER NAME.

DELIGHTED with the charms that beam  
From your sweet face, that hearts must ravage,  
How could I, gentle lady, deem  
That you were, for one moment, SAVAGE ?

But since, in mock'ry, you must be  
Known by a word *once* so alarming ;  
Henceforth that word shall bring to me  
A sense of all that's soft and charming.

*Savage* and you are not the same,  
Although in that disguise you're seen in ;—  
Or you *must* get another name,  
Or *Savage* get another meaning !

E. H.

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## AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

CONNECTED indirectly with the history of the unfortunate Thomas Drummond, and his claim to the earldom and estates of Perth, a very interesting paper appeared in the Metropolitan Magazine for February, 1832, from the admirable pen of the Ettrick Shepherd. I remember well to have read that paper at the time with the highest interest, and I have since referred to it with renewed delight. The story is written, as were all those which emanated from that son of genius, in a style at once natural, felicitous, and life-like; and the bearing which it has on the untoward destiny of Drummond, of whom and his claims I then knew nothing, has, of course, added largely to the interest with which I first perused it.

It is called "A Tale of an Old Highlander," and it refers more particularly to a contest, which arose at the time the various forfeited lands were about to be regranted by the crown to the heirs of the original owners, between a Mr. John Drummond, a gentleman born in France, and claiming to be lineally descended from the fourth Earl of Perth, grandfather of him of Culloden, and Captain James Drummond, who was only collaterally related, being a descendant of his younger brother, the first Earl of Melford, but who, on the supposition of the total extinction of the elder branch, succeeded in carrying off the grand prize of the Perth estates, and was some years afterwards, as I before narrated, raised to the peerage, though by the inferior title of Baron Perth. I have been greatly surprised and pleased with the general accuracy with which the Shepherd relates such of the circumstances as I am now enabled to compare with those facts and proofs, which have since come to my own knowledge. Indeed, I have noticed no more than one single error, which is in the degree of propinquity in which Mr. John Drummond stood to the ancient house of Perth, the narrator supposing that Lord Edward Drummond, his father, was uncle of James, the first duke, whereas he was uncle (of the half blood) of James, the third duke, the unfortunate exile of Biddick, and son of the first duke, by his third wife, the Lady Mary Gordon. But even this variation cannot properly be called an error, because the narrator expressly says, "I cannot be sure that I recollect exactly the relationship; but I think his father was uncle to James, the first Duke of Perth." Now, when it is considered that the old Highlander related his story to the Ettrick Shepherd in the year 1789, upwards of forty years before it appeared in the "Metropolitan," it must at once be admitted, to the immortal honour of James Hogg, not only that it furnishes a striking instance of the marvellous retentiveness of his memory, but a still more pleasing proof of the full reliance which may be placed, on any and on every other occasion, on his narrations of facts. The only mistake he hap-

pened to commit furnishes to my mind an affecting proof, now that nobly-gifted individual slumbers in the grave, and reckes not of either praise or blame, of that beautiful moral rectitude which formed a distinguishing feature of his upright and guileless character, and was inwoven in his very nature.

It appears from the old Highlander's statement, that Mr. John Drummond claimed to be the son of Lord Edward Drummond, by his wife, the Lady Elizabeth Middleton; while Captain James Drummond, of the Melford or junior branch, being at that time in ignorance of the existence of the Duke of Perth's family at Biddick, had to prove the final extinction of that, the elder branch, in Lord Edward. He therefore asserted, and brought forward certain witnesses and letters to prove that Lord Edward's wife never had a child, and he ultimately succeeded in obtaining possession of the Perth estates, thus negating the fact of his rival's legitimacy. Certain it is, according to the authentic information obtained at Biddick, that Captain Drummond's father, on the death of Lord Edward in 1760, was served and returned (according to the Scotch law) as his nearest heir male, and assumed the title of Earl of Perth. It is clear, however, that on the supposition that there was no issue, or no male issue of the duke himself, and that the claim of Mr. John Drummond, as the supposed son of Lord Edward, was wholly untenable; still Captain Drummond, who obtained the estates, was not the real heir. On this two-fold hypothesis, the right of Count Melfort, who, as I have mentioned in my former statement, called upon Mrs. Peters to obtain information respecting the family, was indisputably superior to that of Captain Drummond, because the count represented the elder branch of the Melfort line, which had been living in exile in France, from the period of the abdication of the second James.

Count Melfort himself was a Romish priest, and officiated some years ago at the chapel in Moorfields. At the time he came forward to establish his own claim to the Perth estates, about the year 1815, he presented a petition to the Houses of Parliament, which I have recently seen, and which contains some very curious statements as to the mode in which possession of the estates was gained by the supposed substitution of a Captain Drummond of the seventy-third regiment of Highlanders, for Captain Drummond of the forty-second, (who died at Lisbon in the year 1780, on his passage to the East Indies,)—the son of a Mr. Colin Drummond of Megginch for the son of Mr. James Drummond of Lundin—in a word, a living man for one who had been dead three or four years. I say supposed substitution; for although Count Melfort, in his petition to Parliament, relates some startling and singular circumstances respecting the successful claimant, and the mode of his transfer from the seventy-third to the forty-second Highlanders with a view to this scheme, yet I know nothing further on the point than what is stated in the petition, and it has of course no bearing whatever on the superior right of the Drummonds of Biddick. It was while Count Melfort was engaged in the prosecution of his claim that he paid the visit to Mrs. Peters before alluded to; and having then learned, for the first time, that the duke, her father, had left two sons, he appears at once to have

abandoned his own case as hopeless, for no farther proceeding was ever taken by him. Indeed, there is reason to believe, from information obtained by Thomas Drummond, that the count then agreed to accept a pension of two hundred pounds a year for his life from the possessor of the Perth estates, which was paid at the family bankers, near Charing Cross. It was this, doubtless, to which the hostess of the little inn at Biddick alluded when she spoke to my friend of the allowance which the great lord made to a Frenchman, a popish priest. I read not many months ago an account in a newspaper of the death of Count Melfort\* in France, at an advanced age.

With respect to the substitution alleged by Count Melfort to have taken place at the time the Perth estates were restored by the crown in 1785, it is extremely difficult to believe that a gallant officer, and one whom the old Highlander himself, in spite of his partiality for the rival claimant, (who had married his young and beautiful mistress, Barbara Stuart,) admitted to be "an excellent man, a gentleman of high honour and integrity," could possibly have lent himself to any such deception. It is true, that according to the Highlander's tale, as narrated by the Ettrick Shepherd, there would appear to have been a still stronger motive in operation than even the splendid prize of the Perth estates. Miss Barbara Stuart was the reigning beauty of the day; and such was the surpassing loveliness of her form and face, that there was hardly "a young nobleman or gentleman in the (sister) kingdom who ever saw her that did not fall in love with her." It was this dangerous gift of extreme beauty which, in the absence of some countervailing qualities of mind, proved to be her utter ruin, and led to that sad catastrophe on which the Shepherd's story mainly turns.

Miss Stuart resided at that time in Edinburgh with her aunt, Lady Livingston, with whom she was a great darling, and Boig, the old Highlander, was their domestic servant. She was unfortunately a young lady of a volatile and coquettish disposition, and flirted with many admirers, without intending to give serious encouragement to any. Captain Drummond, it seems, was her favoured suitor, until his regiment was removed from Edinburgh to the south of England. A Mr. John Lyon succeeded him, and was gallanting her about at the

\* As a proof that a knowledge existed in some quarter of the Duke of Perth's having lived in seclusion at Biddick, I may here mention a circumstance which I omitted in my former statement. At the time my friend visited Biddick, he was much surprised to see two fine vessels on the stocks, intended for the merchant service, this being at a point of the river Wear, several miles above Sunderland, and where formerly he had never seen anything larger than the flat-bottomed burges which convey the coals to the ships lying in the harbour. Having entered into conversation with the master builder, my friend learned that about twenty-five years previously a vessel of similar dimensions was built on the same spot by the person to whom his informant was then serving his apprenticeship, and that at that very time he was requested by a gentleman at Sunderland to take with him and distribute at Biddick a number of printed hand-bills which had been sent from London, requiring information as to any descendants of the Duke of Perth, who was understood to have settled, after the battle of Culloden, in that locality. It now appears probable that these hand-bills might have been published by Count Melfort, at the time that he was engaged in asserting his supposed rights, and that the intelligence he thus obtained led to his visit to Mrs. Peters.

time that John Drummond arrived from France, on the rumour of the intended removal of the forfeitures incurred by the rebellion of 1745. Among other letters of introduction which he brought from several noble jacobite families in London, was one to Lady Livingston, in which he was named as the lineal heir to the great Perth estates.

The young Frenchman's heart was at once enthralled by the charms of the beautiful Barbara; and being "all flattery, wit, and good-humour," he soon contrived to make a suitable impression on the ambition of the old lady, and the affections of the young one. He plied his assiduities with so good effect, that the coquette herself was actually won, to the great delight of Lady Livingston, who had previously favoured the suit of Captain Drummond, but who, being influenced by the still higher pretensions of his rival, as the undoubted heir, now thought no more of the "Highland cousin to the new wooer."

It appears that Mr. Lyon did not tamely submit to abandon his own claims to the young lady. His proud spirit could not brook to be thus unceremoniously superseded, and he sought occasion to offer a personal insult to Mr. John Drummond, which led to a hostile meeting between them, at a place called Burntsfield Links,\* near Edinburgh. They fought with rapiers, in the use of which each was an adept, and after contending for some time, during which Lyon declined the intervention of the Master of Rollo, one of the seconds, for a reconciliation, he was unhappily run through the body, and was carried home a corpse. This was the first sad fruit of the heartless, or at least thoughtless, flirtation of the beautiful coquette; but, unfortunately, the mischief did not end here.

The survivor in this fatal rencontre was put upon his trial, but was fully acquitted, and shortly afterwards he and his beloved Miss Stuart were united. Mean time her original suitor, Captain Drummond, had been apprised of what was going on in Scotland, and how matters were likely to end with his betrothed and his cousin. He therefore obtained leave of absence, and posted to Edinburgh; but ere he arrived, the marriage had taken place. "He had loved," says the Ettrick Shepherd, "with all the warmth of his noble nature, and was so much affected by Barbara's deceit and ingratitude, that he fell sick, and scarcely spoke or saw the light for nearly a month. But, perhaps, during a part of this time he had been studying the most ample revenge, which he soon found the means of putting in practice. He conceived himself to have been exceedingly ill used, and without seeing either Barbara or the fortunate lover, he again posted to the regiment, and from thence to London."

\* At a short distance from the old town of Edinburgh, and to south-west of the Meadows, (the ornamental park of the Scotch metropolis,) lie the downs, called the Burntsfield Links, where the citizens in summer amuse themselves at the favourite Scottish game of Golf, and where the troops stationed in the city generally perform their exercises. A little farther to the westward is the Borough Moor, where the gallant James IV. reviewed his brave army, (in which were many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, with their chief magistrates at their head,) before he marched to the fatal field of Flodden.

It was now that Captain Drummond brought forward his own claim to the Perth estates, in which, as has been already shown, he was as completely successful over his rival in law, as the other had been in the affair of love. Barbara had accompanied her husband to the continent, to endeavour to obtain the necessary evidence as to his birth and legitimacy, and their faithful domestic, Boig, went with them. "On reaching Calais, on their way home, Lady Perth (as she had been styled ever since her marriage) was left behind, being unable, from the state she was in, to proceed further, and Boig remained with her. She was there delivered of a son; but was so meanly lodged, and left so poor, that she was obliged to borrow from Boig till he had not a sixpence left. In this wretched state was the once celebrated beauty lying, when her husband, after long absence, returned to France with the news that they were utterly ruined. He had failed to establish his supposed right as the legitimate son of Lord Edward Drummond and Lady Elizabeth Middleton; and it certainly appears, from the statement of Thomas Drummond of Biddick, to have been an admitted fact, that Lord Edward left no children. However, John Drummond himself, being fully persuaded in his own mind that his right was superior to that of his opponent, and greatly irritated with his failure, published an article in one of the journals or periodicals of the day, accusing Captain Drummond of grievous malpractices against him, in tampering with witnesses in the course of the recent litigation. The captain upon this followed his relation to Calais, accompanied by Major M'Glashan of the twenty-first regiment, and a challenge ensued."

The final catastrophe of the old Highlander's story is so singular and interesting, and is so admirably told by the Ettrick Shepherd, that I cannot refrain from giving it, and in the narrator's own words.

"But the circumstance that rendered this tale so interesting to me at first, and impressed all the circumstances so strongly on my remembrance, is yet to narrate, for, without something a little tinged with the supernatural, a tale has few charms for me.

"Well, it so happened that one fine pleasant day, as Mr. John Drummond was walking by himself on Burntsfield Links at Edinburgh, near by the scene of the fatal rencounter with John Lyon, that gentleman came up to him alive and well, and asked him how he liked to be married. The other, struck with astonishment, made no answer, but stood and gazed at the querist, who again accosting him, said, 'You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, but I shall be even with you to-day, and the next time I meet with you I'll shoot you through here,' touching his head with the point of his fore-finger, close above the right ear.

"The vision of course proved a dream, for instead of being walking on Burntsfield Links he was lying in his own chamber in the Horsewynd, with his lovely Barbara in his arms; but the moment that the apparition touched him with its finger he sprang from his bed, and exclaimed that he was shot through the head. His lady started up in amazement, crying out, 'How? Where? By whom?' 'By that scoundrel Lyon,' said he.

"It was eight o'clock in the morning, the sun was shining into the

room, and when Barbara received this answer, she grew pale as death, thinking her husband was deranged.

“‘It is true!’ exclaimed he wildly; ‘I am—I am shot through the head, and my brains are blown out. Look, and satisfy yourself at the hole the bullet has made. Merciful Heaven! was I not on the Links naked?’

“‘You are raving, Drummond!’ cried she, weeping, and throwing her arms about him; ‘seized by some mortal frenzy, I fear. Compose yourself, and lie down; for you were out nowhere, but lying sound asleep with me.’

“He got his head bound up, and lay down, trying to compose himself; but his ideal wound was so painful that he continued in an agony, until a letter was brought up stairs to him. It was that which stated to him the new claims of his rival on the Perth estate, and the strong doubts entertained of his own propinquity.

“This was a most galling business, and the anxiety of mind that it threw him into completely eradicated the vision and the wound from his head, nor did he ever think of them more until the same vision was repeated to him at Calais. He dreamed that he was walking on Burntsfield Links, and that Mr. Lyon came up to him, and asked him how he liked to be married. The dreamer still had no power to reply, while the other continued—‘You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, and sent me, all unprepared, to my account. But I am even with you now, and am come to fulfil my promise. Be expeditious, and I will wait here till I take you with me.’

“Drummond started up in a cold perspiration, with terror and astonishment; and, just as he was saying to his wife that he was going to die, and would never see the evening of that day, the door opened, and Boig handed him a note from Major M’Glashan. Notwithstanding this solemn and dreadful warning, Drummond refused to retract one item of what he had published and signed with his name; and the event was, that he fought with Lord Perth, and was shot through the head at the first fire, the ball entering immediately above the right ear, on the very spot which the apparition touched with its finger.

“The remainder of Barbara Stuart’s history is too painful to relate. Poor Boig, who left her at last, having neither money nor clothes to come home with, often wept when speaking of her. \* \* Never was retaliation on a deceitful lover visited home with such an overpowering intensity.”

This was, indeed, a melancholy catastrophe for the brilliant but brief career of the beautiful Barbara Stuart, and it may furnish an instructive lesson both to young and old. It appears to have been in compliance with the urgent wish of her aunt, Lady Livingston, that Miss Stuart first gave encouragement to the addresses of Captain Drummond, and with the same sanction that she finally discarded both the captain and Mr. Lyon in favour of the new suitor, Mr. John Drummond, the supposed heir to the honours and estates of Perth. She had probably never fixed her affections, except upon the latter, who became her husband; but the course which she had thoughtlessly pursued with the other gentlemen occasioned the ruin and the death of the man she really loved. First it brought upon his head the



guilt of Mr. Lyon's blood ; and then, by a sad retribution, he lost his own life by the hand of her original lover. The governing motives of Lady Livingston seem to have been ambition and interest. It is, indeed, lamentable that parents, and those who have the charge of the young and beautiful, should so frequently attempt to build the fabric of their future happiness on such unstable foundations as these.

Miss Stuart, after her marriage, assumed by anticipation the title of Lady Perth, and it was then expected that her husband would shortly establish his right to the forfeited estates. How vain were these calculations ! Captain Drummond, the discarded lover, obtained both the splendid prizes—first, the estates, and afterwards the title ; and worse, far worse than all, deprived her husband of his life. Thus, without vice, but merely from presuming on the dangerous gift of beauty, and trifling with the feelings and affections of her admirers, was Barbara Stuart, in the height of her youth and loveliness, brought to utter ruin. She was deprived of the object of her affections by a violent death, and she was left in poverty and misery in a foreign land.

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### EPITAPH.

(This Epitaph is by THOMAS CAMPBELL, and was written on the Death of Mrs. and the Misses Shute, by drowning, when on a party of pleasure.)

In deep submission to the Will above,  
Yet with no common cause for human tears ;  
This stone, for the lost partner of his love,  
And for his children lost—a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom  
Tore three-fold from his heart the ties of earth,  
His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,  
And her who gave them life and taught them worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate,  
My life's companion, and my two first-born !  
Yet with this silent stone I consecrate  
To conjugal paternal love forlorn.

Oh ! may each passer-by the lesson learn,  
Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain  
When Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn—  
That, to the pure in heart, to die is gain.

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## THE BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"THINGS THAT WE HAVE, WE PRIZE NOT AT THEIR WORTH."—HOPE WITHOUT FEAR.

THE first, the last, the only subject discussed in the family of Mrs. Hartley, before they retired to rest that night, was the apparition of Mrs. Gardener Stewart in the drawing-room of Lady Dort, just when every one else was preparing to leave it, and apparently, nay evidently, for no other purpose than to be introduced to Constance Ridley. It was a subject which certainly possessed considerable interest for Constance herself; nevertheless, had she foreseen the mass of questioning which was to ensue from her mentioning this new acquaintance to Mrs. Hartley, together with the circumstances attending it, she would probably have thought all the information she could possibly get concerning the lady, dearly purchased by the necessity of submitting to such a lengthened cross-examination.

There is a blundering and self-tormenting propensity, by no means very uncommon even among those who ought to know better, which leads to the setting a very exaggerated value upon what is difficult of attainment, solely because it is so. Had Mrs. Gardener Stewart *not* pertinaciously avoided any visiting acquaintance with the Hartleys, it would never have entered their heads to consider her as a person of so much consequence as they now evidently did; for in fact, notwithstanding both her wealth and her elegance, her acquaintance never could have been of any great advantage or pleasure to them. The pre-eminently quiet love of her mansion, in which an earthquake would have been more welcome than a fiddle; the extreme smallness of her dinner-parties, and her shuddering abhorrence of all evening assemblings, would have rendered the boast of visiting her a very barren advantage to them. But as they could by no means obtain it, Mrs. Hartley did not scruple, at least in the bosom of her own family, to declare, that she would rather have the entrée at the house of Mrs. Gardener Stewart, than at any other in London.

It was for this reason that every little circumstance connected with this most unexpected introduction was drawn forth from the weary Constance, by such a lengthened series of interrogations as kept her standing with her bed-room candle in her hand for half-an-hour before her own door.

"Are you quite sure, my dear, that she had only arrived the moment before she spoke to you?"

"No, ma'am," replied Constance, endeavouring to suppress a yawn,

"I am not sure of it at all—I do not think I said so, did I?"

"Most certainly you did, my dear. I am quite positive of having

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received that impression as we conversed on the subject during the drive home. What is it, Constance, which has led you to change your opinion on this point? I am quite sure you said so."

"I beg your pardon, mamma—it was I who said so, and not Constance. I heard Mrs. Gardener Stewart's name announced a minute or two only before we saw her. Constance, I dare say, did not notice it, because the name was unknown to her," said Penelope.

"Very well," resumed Mrs. Hartley, "that quite explains it. But now, my dear, do just tell me once more how it was all managed. You were walking with Mr. Mortimer, you say? Well, and then—?"

And thus she continued, till Constance, greatly as she had admired the graceful stranger, would gladly have given up the honour she had received, rather than hear any more about it.

This, however, was not destined to be the case. The following day brought a note to Constance, the envelope of which contained Mrs. Gardener Stewart's visiting card. The note ran thus:

"Will you, my dear Miss Ridley, have the kindness to allow for all want of ceremony in an invalid who mixes very little in society, and that little only by the indulgence of friends who have the kindness not to exact from her observances which her state of health would render irksome? I will not, my fair young friend, at this moment, attempt to explain to you why it is that in your case I am tempted to make a greater exertion than is usual with me. The time, I think, will come when I shall have no such reserve. *En attendant*, then, will you grant me the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow at eight? Say yes, and my carriage shall attend you, lest any inconvenience should arise from your requiring that of your amiable friends at a moment that may interfere with engagements of their own. Should you, unhappily for me, have anything for to-morrow night, that you would not like to give up for the cloister-like quietness of my little drawing-room, the coachman shall attend your orders at any hour you will name.

Grosvenor Place,  
Tuesday.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Ridley,

"Very faithfully yours,

"AMIE ANNIE GARDENER STEWART."

So very unexpected an invitation would, under any circumstances, have created some emotion in the mind of Constance; but now, after the immense importance she had heard given to every act and word of this mysterious Mrs. Gardener Stewart, she coloured violently, and placing the note in the hands of Mrs. Hartley, said, in a much more docile tone than usual, "What do you think I ought to do, Mrs. Hartley?"

"Do?" exclaimed her hostess, looking at her with astonishment. "What can you mean, my dear Constance? Certainly you cannot think of letting the Opera interfere with such an invitation as this?"

Now, to say truth, Constance had recollections connected with the Opera which would have led her to give up pretty nearly any invitation in the world, for the sake of certain hopes which she had connected with her intended re-appearance in her brother's box; but, for some reason or other, very vague, floating, and undefined, this invita-

tion from Mrs. Gardener Stewart was felt to be an exception, and she therefore replied with exemplary politeness, "I will certainly accept the invitation, Mrs. Hartley, if you think I had better do so."

"Then, indeed, my dear, you will accept it instantly. I am sure you are not quite aware of the advantage which the notice of so very exclusive a person may be to you; and I consider it is a duty entrusted to me, and owing both to you and to myself, to point it out to you. Do I make myself understood?"

Constance returned no very decided answer to this often-repeated appeal; contenting herself by performing with prompt obedience the act required, and despatching a gratefully-worded acceptance of the honour offered her.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to —"

Heaven knows what—everything, it may be, that they most wish for and desire. So thought Mrs. Hartley, as she sat in her dressing-room, without even calling Margaretta to counsel, and meditated on the many singularly propitious circumstances of her present London campaign.

"I do believe," thought she, "that when I decide upon doing anything, I am pretty certain of success, especially when circumstances, which nobody can control, turn out as they have done this year, so very fortunately. In short, when things go right, I know how to make the most of them."

And then she fell into a reverie of which Mr. Marsh was the hero, which ended by her muttering half aloud, "Well! if such be his whim, I see not why I should disappoint him. As far as I am concerned in the matter, I have but one motive for doing what I am quite sure he speedily intends to ask,—and such a motive as neither gods nor men can quarrel with. I shall prefer, greatly prefer, having seven thousand a-year to spend, instead of two,—so much for my motives; and as for his, I can read them quite as plainly. The young man is conscious that, notwithstanding his large fortune, good education, and so forth, he is not of first-rate *ton* in society, and it is impossible not to admire and respect the excellent tact which leads him to prefer my *savoir faire* to all the mere youth and beauty which he sees buzzing about him."

Such was the state of Mrs. Hartley's mind at the time Mrs. Gardener Stewart's invitation to Constance afforded her so much pleasure. Her views of society, or rather of her place in it, were greatly enlarged since Sir James Ridley's wealthy friend had turned her thoughts towards a second marriage. Hitherto, notwithstanding her strong innate conviction of superior ability, her moderate means had compelled her to follow where nature, as she thought, had intended she should lead; but now, persuaded that fate and fortune were about to atone to her for all their former injustice, she deliberately set about sketching for herself a future, more worthy her ambition than even the most prosperous portion of the past had ever been.

Everything at this moment seemed to favour her. The progress of Margaretta with Sir James Ridley, though as yet he seemed himself

most innocently unconscious of it, was too evident to be mistaken. The purse of his sister was an ever ready and most commodious resource, and the fashion into which she was rising, a ladder by which to climb precisely into the region where she herself soon hoped to follow her.

Notwithstanding all her cleverness, however, Mrs. Hartley had fallen into a very "vulgar error" respecting Mrs. Gardener Stewart; really believing that the rigid exclusiveness which made her acquaintance an object of such eager desire, would give way before the great accession of wealth which her expected marriage with Mr. Marsh was to bring with it, and fondly thinking that the *élégante's* lucky whim respecting Miss Ridley could not fail of opening a path for her own advances. But herein she did Mrs. Gardener Stewart egregious wrong. Diogenes was not less likely to be seduced into intimacy by a large fortune, than was this *bella ritrosa*. It is likely enough that she would have pined away and died, had she ceased to have a large fortune herself, for privation or difficulty of any kind would have been greatly beyond her power to bear. But as to knowing, or caring, anything about the fortunes of others, it never entered her head for a single instant. All she required from those she permitted to approach her, was that they should all contribute, more or less, to the gently pleasing excitement by which the daily routine of her elegant existence was rendered agreeable to her; and had she failed to obtain this, it is probable she would have contrived to procure *quantum suff.* of laudanum, skilfully mixed with orange-flower water, sugar, and cream, perhaps iced, and having taken it with a golden spoon, would have laid herself down amidst hyacinths and jonquils upon her soft silken sofa, the demi-jour admitted through her Venetian blinds rendered beautifully less by gauze curtains, and so have fallen asleep, without struggling longer with a life that did not suit her.

But of all this, the active-minded and ambitious Mrs. Hartley understood nothing, and, like many other people, laid her plots and plans in nice conformity to her own views of men and things, without dreaming that it was possible she could blunder in her estimate of others.

After a delightful half hour thus passed alone, in reviewing all the favourable circumstances by which she was surrounded, and complacently looking through the various vistas which her hopes had cut out for her, leading to fortune, fashion, and fame, she remembered that her career, though bright, could not be idle, that she had an immense deal of business to get through, and that the best way to begin it, would be sending for Margaretta.

"Eh bien, ma chere, vous voilà en route!" she gaily exclaimed, as the young lady entered in obedience to her summons, "imagine that epitome of elegant impertinence, Mrs. Gardener Stewart, beginning to *cotton up* to us, at last!"

"To *us*, mamma?" returned the daughter with emphasis.

"Yes, Margaretta, to *us*, or what is, and will be so very nearly *us*, as to be precisely the same thing to all intents and purposes, as far as my wants and wishes respecting her are concerned."

"I am glad you think so, mamma," replied the young lady, yawn-

ing; "but, as far as *I* am concerned, I confess to you that in the first place I do not *now* care three straws about Mrs. Gardener Stewart; and in the second, that the only *cottoning*, as you call it, that I can value, must be shown to me, and not to any one else, however nearly connected."

"Come, come, Margaret," replied her mother, "you positively must not Lady Ridley it yet. Take my word for it, darling, Sir James is by no means likely to be indifferent about whom you visit. He is as vain as a peacock, and has all the inclination in the world to be superlatively *bon ton*,—though I confess he does occasionally blunder a little in the way he sets about it."

"Good gracious, mamma! Do you really suppose that if I succeed in getting this oaf of a man, I shall give myself any trouble about his likings and dislikings, concerning whom I shall visit? No such thing will ever enter into my speculations, I do assure you."

"Silly girl! How can you suppose for an instant that I meant any thing of the kind? I should have thought you had known me better. What I mean is, that at the present moment, while he is yet wavering, I consider it as very important that he should conceive our set to be a very good one."

"I am quite aware of that, *mamma mia*, and will make all possible use of it, depend upon it. As far as that goes, I will be all observance—and I suspect we shall do, even should Mrs. Gardener Stewart continue to look as if she were dreaming about the man in the moon, every time we happen to meet her."

"It goes well still, then, does it, dearest? Do tell me, Margaret, if you do not think the disclosure will be a treason to the blind god, what was it he was whispering to you so closely yesterday evening?"

Margaret laughed. "Upon my word, mamma, you must think me the most matchless daughter that ever mother had. What a question! Do you really insist upon my answering sincerely, and with no mental reservation whatever?"

"Yes, my dear, I do," replied her mother, in the same tone.

"Well then! Look not at my blushes, I entreat you! He asked me if ever in my whole life I had seen such a clumsy turn-out as Lord John Crosby showed off in the Park on Sunday!"

"Did he indeed?" returned Mrs. Hartley, in the same pleasant vein. "And yet," she added more seriously, "and yet you begin to think that it will do?"

"Yes—I do begin to think so. You may remember what I told you before we left Laurel Hill, about the immense importance of opportunity; and, by-the-bye, mamma, I must say that you have managed that matter most beautifully. Depend upon it I was right—depend upon it there is not a girl in London, let her advantages be what they may, who could compete with me in this charming chase, as long as we can contrive to keep him so constantly near us. He comes to me as constantly, and as naturally, for my little compliments to himself, and my little jokes about all his acquaintance, as Cloe does to the footman to be fed; and you will see, mamma, that before long he will find out that he cannot do without them. Besides, I have another thing for me—very much for me, I am certain, though I con-



fess to you I do not very well understand why it is so; but for some reason or other his dear friend Mr. Marsh patronises me. He does indeed—I am quite serious, I assure you; for some reason or other, Mr. Marsh wishes me to become Lady Ridley, and I look upon him as no unimportant ally, I promise you.”

During the latter part of this speech Mrs. Hartley had occasion to get up, and look about the room for her handkerchief, or her smelling-bottle, or something or other that she wanted, which prevented her making any direct answer to it; and when she returned to her place, she only said, “So much the better, Margaret; in a business of so much importance no advantage should be overlooked. And now, dearest, I want your assistance in writing a multitude of invitations for me, and still more in the business of deciding who must, and who must not, be asked, for my first *positively* literary party. You will conceive readily enough, *ma chere*, without my telling you so, that I am beyond all things anxious that my first step in this new line should be equally decisive and brilliant. I did a good deal in the way of increasing my acquaintance among the set at Lady Dort’s last party, and I have no doubt that I shall have abundant opportunity at Lady Stephens’ next Thursday to swell my list of authors to any amount I choose—in fact, this was my only reason for accepting her abrupt invitation, for I fancy her set is terribly mixed.”

“O dreadfully!” returned Margaretta; “so much so, mamma, that I strongly advise you to get rid of Sir James on that night if you can, for I see that he is excessively upon the *qui vive* to push himself by all ways and means into the first circles, which, by-the-bye, is the only redeeming point about him; and he is quite sufficiently *au fait* to find out that the *omnium gatherum*, upon which Lady Stephens piques herself, is not quite *bon ton*.”

“I do not know how I can manage it, Margaret,” replied Mrs. Hartley. “He will be sure to dine here, and it will be very difficult to shake him off, if he happens to have no other engagement.”

“Will you commission me to do it, mamma?” demanded the young lady with sudden animation.

“Yes, my dear, willingly. I know I may trust you, Margaret, and that you will take care not to chill him by anything which he might construe into your wishing him away.”

Margaretta smiled. “Fear nothing, dear mamma, on that score,” she said; adding, a moment afterwards, “I suppose you will not make any particular point of my going?”

“Do just as you please, Margaretta—I shall make Constance go—Mr. Mortimer’s absurdly vehement admiration of her, which I hear of from everybody, has made her completely the fashion among a certain set, and that set no contemptible one, consisting of course of all his own adorers,—and Mr. Marsh may go if he will—it will be quite sufficient introduction to Lady Stephens to say that he dined here. Penelope, too, will go of course. The carriage will be full without you, my dear.”

Margaretta nodded her head, in token that she was well satisfied. but said no more on the subject; and she and her mother set actively to work upon the business before them, in the course of which Mrs.

Hartley, feeling her courage augmented by the favouring accidents which had attended her introduction of Constance, ventured to announce her being at home on Wednesday next, to many whom heretofore she had not considered likely to profit by the information.

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It was not without some little agitation, and a considerable degree of uncertainty as to the pleasurable result of the hazardous adventure she was about to try, that Constance prepared herself for the arrival of Mrs. Gardener Stewart's carriage. It came punctually, and she was punctually ready for it; but ere it conveys her to Grosvenor Place, a few words must be said concerning what preceded her reception there.

At the very earliest hour *possible*, on the morning after Lady Dort's party, Mr. Mortimer presented himself before his indulgent friend, Mrs. Gardener Stewart, to pour out to her the gratitude with which her unexpected appearance the preceding night had inspired him.

"I have no words," he said, "to tell you what I felt at the moment I first beheld your exquisite figure approaching,

'Comme un jour doux, dans les yeux délicats.'

I winked, and looked again, scarcely daring to believe my senses. Dearest, dearest, Mrs. Gardener Stewart! how can I thank you?"

"I am sufficiently thanked, Mr. Mortimer, by perceiving that the effort I made to please a valued friend has been successful. I was repaid also by the extreme satisfaction I felt at seeing how very charming a creature your Miss Ridley is. I am delighted with her, Mortimer—she is precisely my *beau idéal* of what the beloved of a poet ought to be. She is a most lovely thing! Indeed she is!"

"Imagine what my feelings must be at hearing you say this! Do you not know that without it my heart could not permanently attach itself? Herein, I think, lies the essential difference between Meer and myself. We are both created with so vivid a perception of the beautiful in woman, as to render us—as I know too well—beings in some sort different, and apart from the ordinary race of men. But with him, beauty—exquisite, observe—but still merely beauty, is all that either himself, or his muse, requires. But it is otherwise with me, my charming friend; for not only must I have soul and intellect also, (or at any rate what appears such,) but I cannot love where that perfection of grace is wanting, which—which I have been accustomed to worship—*HERR*."

There was a sort of tacit "so far shalt thou go, and no farther," in the bow with which this was received, that prevented Mr. Mortimer from permitting his gratitude to mix itself into any closer alliance with his love, and he fell back upon the delight he felt at having bestowed his affections upon one approved so cordially by Mrs. Gardener Stewart.

"She is cordially approved, Mr. Mortimer, most cordially," replied the lady; "and I am willing to give you the most incontestable proof of this, by inviting her to dine with me to-morrow. But you must be reasonable, my dear friend. Do not ask more than I can grant, and you will spare me the pain of disappointing you. Mortimer, it

is impossible—nothing less than impossible—that I should have her to dine *tête-à-tête* with me. You know not what you ask. My health, always delicate, received a shock from the effort I made last night, which will require many nights and days of perfect peace to remedy. Nay, Mortimer, raise not your eyebrows at the phrase, as if you meant to say your gentle Constance was no enemy to peace. I know she is not—I see her sweet, thoughtful, classic face before me now, and am ready to allow that there is a delicious calm about it, which it is luxury to look upon. But, O Mortimer! I cannot talk to any female mortal mixture of earth's mould for hours, nay, not for moments of unaided *tête-à-tête*. I have no strength, no fibre, no power to endure it. Let us not discuss the point, I implore you. Believe me sincere when I say that it is impossible."

Mr. Mortimer had not been the most valued of all Mrs. Gardener Stewart's friends for nearly five years, without having learned to know when she was quite in earnest. He saw that she was quite in earnest now, and abandoned, with as good a grace as any petted poet could be expected to do, his favourite project of passing an evening with Constance, with none but his gentle friend *en tiers*. Mrs. Gardener Stewart also knew him well enough to perceive that he intended to submit without farther remonstrance, and therefore, resuming all her indulgent gentleness of manner, she said, "Now, then, we understand each other, and now you shall select the party, the very little party, yourself. I will choose but one, and that choice will prove how much, while amusing myself, I remember you. I will invite Mr. Rolfe; for his quiet enthusiasm and tranquil ecstasies amuse without fatiguing me, while his white locks will effectually prevent any lover-like uneasiness on your part."

Mortimer bit his lip. "Your consideration for my feelings," he replied, "is perfectly charitable."

"You are piqued, Mortimer, at the idea that gray hairs are necessary to guarantee you from jealousy. Is it not so? Foolish man! I shall send you off now, and request you to transmit to me a programme of my party by the post. You really must go, Mortimer, and without a moment's delay, or I am certain you will find occasion to quarrel with your own shadow, and that would so terrify me!"

" 'Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,' "

exclaimed Mr. Mortimer. "I suspect that you fear the probability of my quarrelling with my own melancholy shadow, less than that of saying something saucy to your brilliant substance. But you know, beggars must not be — The proverb is somewhat musty, and therefore, dear, and dearest Mrs. Gardener Stewart, I give up the privilege of forming the programme, and will content myself with saying that I should be much gratified by meeting Mr. Fitzosborne to-morrow."

"O, what a world of confidence that passeth hope may be found in that wish!" replied the lady. "Well, be it so. But, observe, I really would *not* invite Fitzosborne only to torture him. But I think the meeting may perhaps wean him from greater danger. I will write to him immediately."

If Mrs. Gardener Stewart imagined that this prompt compliance would force the peevish poet to retract, she was mistaken. He arose from his chair, smiled with an air of very peculiar satisfaction, as usual kissed her delicate fingers, and departed.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

A SEVERE TRIAL WELL SUSTAINED—A PORTRAIT FROM MEMORY.

It was fortunate for Constance that a sort of constitutional pride of heart prevented her showing any external symptoms of embarrassment on entering the drawing-room of the quietly observant and exceedingly *exigeante* Mrs. Gardener Stewart. Had she blushed violently, faltered, or looked shy, or had she in any way presented what that lady would have expressively termed "*un air bête*," not all the Mortimers in the world could have prevented her showing that the hours which followed were disagreeable. For in a gentle, lady-like way, no one living could exhibit symptoms of being *ennuyée* more conspicuously than Mrs. Gardener Stewart. This might be either because she suffered more severely under such an affliction than the rest of her fellow-creatures, or because, like all other created and sentient beings, she had instinctively recourse to those weapons of defence with which nature had especially provided her, whenever she found herself attacked where she was so peculiarly sensible to injury. Mrs. Gardener Stewart could not, probably, have uttered a rude or a harsh word had her life depended on it, but the enormous weight of fatigue which she had the power of throwing into the expression of her delicate little features must be seen to be conceived.

As it was, however, nothing of this withering kind was called for, and nothing like it came. Mrs. Gardener Stewart had not ordered her carriage to go for the favoured beauty early enough to risk an instant of that species of unbearable *tête-à-tête* of which she had spoken to Mr. Mortimer. Constance therefore found the whole party assembled. It consisted only of the master and mistress of the house, Mr. Rolfe, Mr. Fitzosborne, and Mr. Mortimer.

Her reception by the lady was pretty and picturesque. For an instant Mrs. Gardener Stewart rose and held out her hand, timing the action so as not to render the continuance of it long, (for Mrs. Gardener Stewart hated standing,) and the moment Constance responded to it, by permitting their two delicate little hands to be joined together, she dropped again into her sofa, saying, "How good of you! Do sit down by me. Mr. Gardener Stewart, Miss Ridley."

Constance obeyed. She sat down by her, and she gracefully returned the gracious salutation of the well-made, well-dressed little gentleman, who, by taking two steps towards her when he was named, proclaimed himself to be her host.

Mr. Mortimer, as of right, immediately drew forward a chair, and placed himself beside her. Mr. Fitzosborne, exceedingly surprised, and perhaps not less pleased at meeting her there, approached and spoke to her with the easy friendliness of an old acquaintance. Mr. Rolfe, who was standing at a table in the middle of the room, from

which he had just taken a good pen-and-ink drawing of Madonna Laura's head, looked at her for a moment over the top of the paper, and then read aloud, but in a voice so smooth and still as scarcely to make the air vibrate sufficiently to convey the sound, the following lines, which were written beneath the sketch.

“ Vede quei be' lumi, ond'io giojoso vivo !  
 A lor sempre ricorro  
 Come a fontana d'ogni mia salute ;  
 E quando a morte desiando corro,  
 Sol di lor vista al mio stato soccorro.”

Then gently replacing the drawing upon the table, he seated himself in an easy chair, and continued a conversation with Mr. Fitzosborne, which the entrance of Miss Ridley had interrupted.

The appearance of Mr. Rolfe would have been considered by most people as so very nearly common-place, as scarcely to render it obnoxious to remark of any kind. He was short in stature, and extremely thin. His hands, feet, and ears, were peculiarly small, and his nearly bald head would have been thought small too, had it not been for so strong a developement of that portion of it wherein phrenologists say that imagination resides, as to give the well-set *chef*, in some directions, the air of being more than commonly large. His complexion was darkly sallow, and, though his hair was almost entirely gray, his lips and cheek, albeit very smoothly shaven, still showed that, in the days of his youth, his hair must have rivalled the wing of the raven in blackness. But it was in his blue eye that the few who saw in him what was out of the common way found the *something* which distinguished him. That dark-blue eye, with its coal-black eyelash, could and did express a great deal more than it is usual to find in a face that has been a face for rather more than fifty years, and with no strongly-marked features to help it. It was, perhaps, the most completely tell-tale eye that ever was seen, and its great peculiarity was, that, look at it when you would, it always seemed to be saying something remarkable, so that the few people who thought little Mr. Rolfe worth looking at at all, often found it difficult to look at anything else. Sometimes this eye was *pétillant* with fun, sometimes melting with feeling; sometimes it had a look of abstraction and deep thought which positively approached to the sublime; and at all times showed that vivacity of spirit, and activity of intellect, which announces power even to those who comprehend it not.

It was not the first time that these remarkable eyes had rested upon the face of Constance, and attracted her attention. She had remarked him in complete and undisturbed possession of the front of an opera-box, two or three lounging gentlemen behind seeming to yield it to him as a matter of course; and he had seen her too, and had not been slow to recognize now the lovely “new” face which had almost divided his attention with the Norma.

Dinner was never long waited for at Mrs. Gardener Stewart's, and was announced on the present occasion within ten minutes of Miss Ridley's arrival. Being the only lady, she was, as a matter of necessity, led down stairs by the master of the house, but the petted Mor-

timer was called on to place himself to the left of its indulgent mistress, which not only put him next her, but next Constance also, while Mr. Rolfe sat opposite to him, and Mr. Fitzosborne, notwithstanding his ancient race and noble rent-roll, had the last place assigned him. But the beautifully-decorated table was round, and had, as Mr. Gardener Stewart was wont, in defence of his lady's capricious defiance of etiquette, to observe, neither top nor bottom. Besides, this arrangement placed Mr. Fitzosborne exactly opposite to Miss Ridley, and he felt not the slightest objection to it.

There were many elements of enjoyment among the small party thus assembled, besides those set in action by the Frenchman, commander-in-chief of the *batterie de cuisine*—though, excepting Constance, who was much too ignorant to find much difference between one gay-looking dinner and another, his successful efforts were not absolutely overlooked by any of them. The enjoyment of Mr. Gardener Stewart, indeed, had in it little that was absolutely independent of this very distinguished foreigner, although it was not merely the palate and the *odorat* to which he administered. In his way, Mr. Gardener Stewart had as elegant a fancy as his lady, and a taste for the beautiful as highly cultivated, and as fully developed as that of Mr. Mortimer himself. Though justly celebrated as a professor of delicate eating, this gentleman would have found no joy, or at best a very imperfect one, in viands not gracefully adjusted in their brilliant settings, not gracefully grouped in their general arrangement, or not forming, by the aid of accessories—nearly as important as themselves—a *tableau* which he considered it as the highest triumph of civilized man to possess. It was this perfection of spectacle at his dinner-table which formed the great source of his domestic bliss;—during seven years of married life, he had enjoyed it with a constancy of fondness seldom equalled; no satiety, no indifference, had stolen over his senses, and it seemed indeed “as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.”

His charming wife, who was in this, as in all else, the sweetest woman in the world, sympathized in those feelings exactly as a wife should do, and certainly *did* make it her pride, as well as her pleasure, that her husband should never feel the freezing chill of disappointment on entering his dining-room. But in addition to this truly conjugal delight, she had that of having a charming, though small, group of people round her, selected by her skill, summoned by her word, and in each of whom there was something calculated to assist in making the stealing moments of her soft existence glide on, without her suffering more than was absolutely unavoidable from the torturing effects of *ennui*.

Mr. Rolfe was far from insensible to the goods the gods had provided. He liked a good dinner; he liked a moderate quantity of good wine; he liked pretty women; he liked clever men; he liked wax lights; and he liked the Titian that hung in the full splendour of skilful illumination exactly opposite to him.

Mr. Mortimer liked to be seated near Constance, and Constance liked to be seated near Mr. Mortimer; while the philosophical Fitzosborne, meditative though gay, and satisfied though loving while unloved, was by no means the least contented of the party.



The Gardener Stewart dinners, though never tedious, were always long; but it must have been a most unfortunate windfall of a guest who would not have been inclined to sing, or say, "O, fly not yet," had any attempt been made to shorten them. It was, on the present occasion, chiefly owing, perhaps, to Mr. Rolfe and Mr. Fitzosborne, that the conversation was so perfectly well sustained, and (despite the hood-winked, whispering god) so general. Constance was more than once startled by finding herself talking, at a strange dinner-table, so that all might hear; while the vain Mortimer, vain at all points, was so well pleased to watch the increasing admiration which was legible in the critical eye of Mr. Rolfe towards the lovely girl, with whose name his own was already joined, both in opera-box chit-chat and dinner-table gossip, that he more than forgave his "sweet friend" for having increased the party.

To account for this, however, it is necessary to observe, that Mr. Rolfe was a personage of no inconsiderable importance in the *poetocracy* of May Fair. Not that he had ever published a line in his life, though he had printed many, and written more; but he had taken one particular branch of modern literature under his especial protection, and, becoming thence "*un homme special*," he became also "*un homme important*." Though of good family, good fortune, and very considerable classical erudition, he was infinitely better known as an Italian scholar than as anything else, and would willingly have given up every other grace and favour accorded him by fate, rather than have lost the consciousness of deserving this pre-eminence. Yet, with all his fond devotion to the literature of Italy, he had never found courage sufficient to tear himself from London long enough to stand on the native soil of her glorious poets. Nevertheless, he was an Arcadian, and not unfrequently, in writing to the many accomplished women whose Italian studies he had instigated and assisted, and whom he addressed, in little notes written with a crowquill, and consisting of a pretty sort of mosaic work, made up of playful English and sentimental Italian, he would sign himself by his Arcadian name. Hardly a desk in May Fair—or, rather, hardly a desk belonging to the fair body corporate which has taken the name of that region as its soubriquet—hardly one of these precious repositories could open its scent-breathing valves without discovering a few of these miniature missives, signed "Ludovico Arcadico." Nor was this the only *petit ridicule* which might be laid to his charge; but it was curious to observe how successfully he made head against them all, by the mere simple circumstance of being in earnest. So strongly and so universally was this felt, that even in that hotbed of quizzing, a London drawing-room, none but the unlucky few who blundered into arguing themselves unknown, by not knowing him, were ever seen to smile at his pastoral allusions, or heard to ridicule the enthusiasm with which he was wont to enter upon his favourite theme.

The conversation of Mr. Fitzosborne was at this time particularly agreeable to him. The young man had recently left Italy, and was personally familiar with all the scenes known but by name to him, yet so known, as to give to his questionings all the affectionate interest of almost filial love, and to render the conversation that flowed from

them as delightful as taste and information on one side, and genuine enthusiasm on the other, could make it.

Nor was this conversation confined to themselves alone; it soon became evident that all present were qualified to join in it;—Mr. Gardener Stewart, indeed, did so with a little of the languor of a fine gentleman; but he knew a good deal about pictures, if but little about poetry, and Italy was therefore a subject of interest to him.

Strange to say, when such subjects were afoot, that the gifted, eloquent Henry Mortimer was, of all the party, the one whose observations were the least effective, and, in truth, the least worth listening to. Nobody felt this, perhaps, so sensibly as Mr. Fitzosborne; but no feeling of rivalry led to this clear-sightedness; it was simply the effect of understanding the cause which made the most brilliant man in the company appear the least so. In fact, Mortimer might at that moment have been compared to one who, with a fine voice, was singing out of tune;—in a word, he was the only one present who mixed any species of affectation with what he said; and the deteriorating quality of this alloy is never felt so strongly as when conversation is circulating round a small party, all of whom chance to be really interested in the subject of it.

It was in vain that Constance, with resolute constancy of partial preference, turned her attention from every one else the moment the poet spoke—the unobtrusive Fitzosborne, and the gray-headed, stumpy little Mr. Rolfe, recalled it, in spite of herself, till at length, before Mrs. Gardener Stewart rose to leave the room, she had pretty nearly forgotten who and which of the party had the greatest claim to her especial admiration, in the enjoyment of listening, for the first time in her life, to an animated and clever discussion upon a subject in which, unaided and alone, and looking at it, as she felt, through the misty medium of much ignorance, she had found a charm that had often made a long summer day seem short in her little book-closet at Appleby.

Mr. Rolfe, by prescriptive right, claimed the privilege, wherever he dined, of following, or rather attending, the lady of the mansion to the drawing-room—in fact, it was well known that he would never dine at any house where this privilege was denied him; and it was, probably, for this reason that the timid Mrs. Gardener Stewart had selected him as her especial knight on the present occasion, to protect her from the dreaded danger of an after-dinner *tête-à-tête* with her young lady guest. Mr. Gardener Stewart himself took more wine at dinner than after it; nevertheless, he loved his dining-room too well to leave it without enjoying a moderate portion of that

“Solely sovereign sway and masterdom”

in it, which the vulgar dogs of yore were wont to consider so essential a part of the masculine enjoyment of a dinner-party; and the two young men now left with him shared his hospitality too frequently to be either ignorant of his habit or willing to interfere with it.

But a trio is a very different thing from a *tête-à-tête*, and Mrs. Gardener Stewart felt no dread of the interval about to ensue before the rest of the party joined her. Nor had she cause; for sundry little in-

dulgences awaited her return to her drawing-room, quite sufficient to make it pass without jarring her charming equanimity, especially as the task of entertaining a young lady did not fall upon her.

In mounting the stairs, a delicate incense from Arabian gums greeted her as she passed, causing a sweet forgetfulness of other kinds of fragrance, which, though not unwelcome at their fitting hour, cannot reach the sense for a single instant after it without producing a "revulsion of feeling" not pleasant to any nerves, but to those of Mrs. Gardener Stewart nothing short of agonizing. On entering the apartment which her taste and feeling had, as Mr. Mortimer expressed it, consecrated, the delicate brilliance of waxen tapers enchanted without fatiguing the eye, for it was tempered by the masses of refreshing green produced by flower-stands occupying the windows, and which, with their background of Venetian blinds, relieved the sense from any sensation of glare on entering a room, which hangings of lemon-coloured satin, gilt ornaments, and a multitude of mirrors, might otherwise have rendered too bright. Nor was there wanting a forest of blossom (so mysteriously sweeter by night than by day) to render the atmosphere and the climate of this honoured abode worthy the "delicate spirit" whose habitation it was.

Then came the perfect coffee, as black and as clear as the Eastern eyes that best love to look upon it, but which even our colder natures welcome now, as the most appropriate luxury, at the moment belonging to it, that Nature, all prodigal as she is, could contrive to furnish.

After this had passed away, and been followed by the sigh which Mr. Rolfe never failed to give as the beloved appurtenances made their exit, Mrs. Gardener Stewart settled herself on her sofa—not to sleep—none but the uninitiated in her charming ways could be led for a moment to suspect any such thing. It is true, she closed her eyes, and stretched out her pretty little feet upon their embroidered *tabouret* so as to throw her into an attitude exceedingly recumbent; nevertheless, she neither slept nor intended to sleep. Those who had the privilege and the happiness of knowing her well, were aware that this interval of perfect absence from all exertion was absolutely necessary to prepare her for listening to the many clever things which would of course be addressed to her, when the host of gentlemen who had formed her dinner-party rejoined her. So well aware, indeed, were the more highly favoured *habitués* that she was *not* sleeping, that it was by no means uncommon for one of them to be seen approaching to the back of the sofa with a noiseless step, and addressing her from thence, with sotto voce observations, sublime, pathetic, or witty, as the case might be, without being in any degree checked by the closed eyelids, or the air of perfect, and very soft and beautiful repose which pervaded her person; in return for which she would slightly smile, or slightly raise her eyebrows, or even slightly frown, but without moving a limb, or in any way giving the intruder reason to suppose that he had disturbed her.

Such being her state and attitude on the present occasion, Constance rose from an opposite sofa on which she had placed herself, and drawing near the book-covered table, turned over a volume or two among them in search of engravings, by which she thought she

might amuse herself, without imitating the *sang froid* of her hostess, by settling herself to read, as if no Mr. Rolfe had been in the room.

But before she had succeeded in her quest, the embarrassment of her situation was relieved by Mr. Rolfe himself, who, joining her at the table, sat down beside her, and, without pitching his voice below its usual pleasing tone, entered into conversation with her, without appearing to have any fear of disturbing Mrs. Gardener Stewart before his eyes.

"You seem to be a good Italian scholar, Miss Ridley. Who was your master, young lady?"

"The same governess who taught me French taught me Italian, Mr. Rolfe. But I fear you overrate both her services and my profit from them. I have not much claim to the honour of being called an Italian scholar, and certainly am not a good one," replied Constance.

"Why so? You appear to have read the principal poets of Italy with good attention, and evident pleasure. Then why may I not call you a good Italian scholar?" demanded Mr. Rolfe, smiling upon her very kindly.

"I can neither write the language nor speak it," replied Constance.

"The doing so can hardly be classed as a part of the same study as reading its poetry, Miss Ridley. It is possible, I believe, to read Petrarch, and Dante too, with sufficient acuteness and industry to master all their difficulties much more completely than the generality of Italians themselves can be said to do, and yet remain strangely at a loss how to write a note, or support a conversation, in the deteriorated idiom of the present day. There is a friend of mine, who shall be nameless, who is rather a remarkable instance of this. So dearly has he loved the swans of Arno, that he has, perhaps, Miss Ridley, been rather too much disposed "*metter in non cale*" all other swans. But be this as it may, the man has passed the greatest portion of a reading life in making himself familiar—oh! deeply familiar—with their delicious music—nay, has won golden commendations from the academic sages of the land for the purity, and even elegance, with which he has dared himself to invoke the sacred nine in the *dolce lingua* he so dearly loves; and yet this friend of mine, entering the house of an Italian acquaintance, a few days since, found him and two other saucy Romans in act *sganascier della risa* over a note of his, containing a dozen lines, which they assured him was about as much like the colloquial idiom of the present day as one written in faithful imitation of the manner of Chaucer might be."

"Then I should fear that the language was itself fading and dying away," replied Constance.

"No. On the contrary, the reverential care which they bestow in their seats of learning upon the preservation of the language in all its purity, might be taken as an example for every living tongue throughout Europe. It should seem as if they held the dialect in which Petrarch and Boccaccio wrote as a sacred inheritance—a sort of heirloom which belongs to the majorat, and which must ever be preserved with care, let other treasures share what fate they may. But tell me, fair lady, to which of all the poets of Italy do you give the preference?"

"I would rather ask that question than answer it," replied Constance, smiling.

"Would you?" replied her new acquaintance, seemingly not displeased by the evasion. "I believe you are very wise—at least, I know that when I was long past your present age, I never chanced, even in thought, to award the first place to one, that a whole array of recollections did not assail me, right and left, from other quarters, proving me wrong."

"Just as it happens with us," returned Constance, "when we are called upon to say which play of Shakspeare, or which novel of Walter Scott, we like best."

"Exactly; but this, Miss Ridley, was only while I was young and inconstant. Things are changed with me now. Not only can I tell you which poet I hold to be the first of Italy, but to my judgment the first in the world."

Constance listened eagerly for the name that was to follow, but Mr. Rolfe seemed to have fallen into a reverie, for, with his eyes shut and his hands clasped, he remained silent.

After the interval of a minute or two, she ventured to say, "And this first of the first is —?"

"After all, the preference is, I suspect, rather the result of feeling than of judgment," he resumed; "but such as it is, I will not conceal it from you. My idol, Miss Ridley, is Petrarch. But I do not expect that you will agree with me. No! it is we elderly gentlemen, Miss Ridley, who having reached the sober dignity of half a century, yet still delight in being fanned by Fancy's fluttering pinions, it is we who should bend at the shrine of Petrarch. Pope's Abelard set my heart beating at sixteen—Shakspeare's Romeo had, I believe, bedewed my rosy cheeks a whole year before. At twenty, Virgil made me long to be a wandering prince, to be lamented like his hero, and under the influence of each magician, and of a hundred lesser ones, I have been wont to sigh forth my raptures at some particular shrine. But all this is over; and now it is Petrarch who alone can teach me to believe that I have still a heart. The eternal lamp that burns before the shrine of adamant which his genius has erected, sepulchral though it be, glows with a sacred and a gentle warmth that reaches even to the old, and sheds an atmosphere of purple light, that creates tenderness without passion. I wish not to live, Miss Ridley, beyond the power of feeling the influence of Petrarch."

Constance listened with reverence, or something very like it, to the opinion of the accomplished critic; and though rapid recollections of splendid passages elsewhere flashed across her, like the lightning that seems to rush upon us from north, south, east, and west, at once; though the pale poet of hell and heaven arose to her mind's eye, waving aloft the wand by which he had so often held her spell-bound; and though behind him followed a whole host of "powers," to each of whom she had in turn sworn allegiance, she ventured not to utter a dissenting word, neither did she presume to tell the critic he was right, but waited with an air of interest and respect, most perfectly genuine, for what he should say next.

He seemed to read what was passing in her mind, for he gave her



an approving smile, and said, "You are very good to me, my dear young lady, and show, perhaps, as much acumen in silently listening with that speaking face of yours, as if you were to pour forth a whole volcano of comparative criticism against me. It may be that I owe this gentle forbearance to my silver locks; or it may be that you chance to know how many of the years which have passed over me I have devoted to the service of the temple in whose porch I venture to stand. Trust me, my dear Miss Ridley, it can only be those who, like me, have been led by some link in the chain of their life's history to touch and vibrate before the magic power of this mighty man, who can in any degree do him justice. That the number of these is considerable, his widely-spread and enduring fame most clearly prove; but despite of this, show me another name, that in the midst of so much glory falls so vainly and so vaguely on the ears of many, even of the reading public, as does that of Petrarch. I declare to Heaven, Miss Ridley, that I have seen lips curl in scorn when he is mentioned, that on other themes can utter words of wisdom. In what an immense proportion of the literary world is Petrarch '*caviare*!' That well-spring of delicious images, that treasury of tender thoughts, that masterly matching of words and ideas, that melting harmony of rhythm, that seems given to lull the sense, while it awakens it—all this is perpetually passed over by very clever fellows, and fellowesses, as mere sentimental sing-song! How strangely impossible, too, has it ever seemed (excepting in one miraculous instance) for any language of the world to produce a translation of Petrarch! Oh! it is a fine and very subtle essence that pervades those peerless pages! not easily caught, and impossible to render—impossible, save, as I have said, in one single case, wherein a Maga, gifted with a power that must bear some natural affinity to his own, has produced an echo which startles one into the belief that the disembodied spirit of Petrarch has revisited the earth—to try, perhaps, if the *tramontani* would understand him if he spoke English. Do you know the translation, Miss Ridley, to which I allude?"

"O yes, I think so!" replied Constance, eagerly; "you say there is no second—you can only mean the translations of Lady Dacre."

"Most true, most true," returned the delighted Mr. Rolfe. "And now let us shake hands, Miss Ridley, and henceforth account me, I pray you, amongst those honoured by your acquaintance. You have refreshed my spirit most delightfully by that look and accent of yours. Yes, my dear, I spoke of the translations of Lady Dacre, which stand as much alone in literature as their originals."

At this moment the gentlemen from the dinner-table entered, and Mr. Rolfe sighed with as much sincerity, because their *tête-à-tête* was broken up, as he could possibly have done had he been five-and-twenty years younger.

Mr. Gardener Stewart then approached Miss Ridley, and made several observations to her in the best possible taste, and tone of elegant inanity; and here ended, as he conceived, his domestic duties for the day; for he remained no longer in the room afterwards than was necessary for taking his coffee, and the "*chasse*" by which he always followed it, stealing away as unobtrusively as might be.



It was then that Mr. Mortimer thought it time to assert his right to the undivided attention of Miss Ridley; and as no one thought proper to dispute it with him, Constance enjoyed the great delight of hearing him talk without interruption in his own sweet whisper, till the carriage of Mrs. Hartley was announced; when she again received the thanks of her gentle hostess for the favour she had done her, and departed, deeply impressed with the conviction that her friend Penelope had never blundered so completely as when she mistook the soft languor of Mrs. Gardener Stewart for impertinence; and conscious only that from some cause or other the visit she had made her was by far more delightful than any other she had yet enjoyed. But whether this were owing to the flattering reception she had met from her, or from the marked attention of Mr. Mortimer, or to the pleasure she had felt from her conversation with Mr. Rolfe, or from the general interest of all she had listened to at the dinner-table, she was unable to decide; the only point upon which she had no doubt being, that the day must ever be remembered as one of the brightest of her life.

Whether Constance looked lovelier than ever because she was so happy, or whether the admiration she evidently inspired in Mr. Fitzosborne, led Mr. Mortimer to be more aware than ever that he could not live without her, might also have been matter of doubt; but certain it is that as the poet escorted her to the carriage, he asked her, in a tone and manner that to the most inexperienced could admit but of one interpretation, whether he might hope to find her disengaged, if he did himself the honour of calling on her at four o'clock on the following day? If any sound accompanied the assenting bow which replied to this agitating question, it was inaudible to Mr. Mortimer; but he seemed satisfied, and bending low his uncovered head as the carriage drove off, sent her home with a heart throbbing so violently as to prevent her closing her eyes in sleep, till long after the hour which at Appleby was wont to witness her waking.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### A BILLET-DOUX, AND AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

To Penelope, and Penelope alone, did Constance, on the following morning, relate the concluding circumstance of her last night's adventures, and to her confided the care of so arranging matters as to permit of her hearing whatever Mr. Mortimer might wish to say, without interruption.

"As to *what* he wishes to say, Constance," replied her friend, "there cannot, as you must well know, be the slightest doubt; and therefore I would strongly advise your taking mamma into your confidence, who would settle the where, and the how, for you, much better than I can."

"Impossible!" cried Constance vehemently, and colouring to her very temples. "You are quite mistaken, Penelope, in supposing that I have not the slightest doubt—and just imagine my feelings and condition, if it should happen to turn out that I am wrong! Fancy my

having to make a speech to Mrs. Hartley, to the effect that I must have mistaken Mr. Mortimer's obliging manners as being something more particular than he intended—for that he had only called to say something about—something else."

Penelope smiled, and fixing an earnest gaze upon her friend, said, "Constance! You doubt, as you say, the nature of Mr. Mortimer's errand, and I, on my side, doubt your being in love. O no, Constance, you could not speak thus, if you were."

"What can make you say that, Penelope? I am scarcely at this moment in a position to boast of a sentiment which as yet, you know, I ought, by every law of maidenhood, to conceal in my own breast. But should Mr. Mortimer really and truly ask me to become his wife, you will find that you have been altogether mistaken, if you suppose I shall refuse him," said Constance somewhat reproachfully.

Penelope, still looking at her with an inquiring and a puzzled eye, replied, "Then you *are* in love with him, my Constance! For sure am I, that were he the first match in Europe, you would not accept him if it were otherwise."

"I thank you for that opinion, most gratefully," returned Constance, with something in the slightest degree in the world approaching to a toss of her beautiful head; "I may hope, then, that your judgment of me is not exactly that of my admirable new friend, Lady Dort, who having, it seems, remarked that both Mr. Mortimer and Mr. Fitzosborne had done me the honour of offering me an arm to get through the crowd, actually found time, in the midst of all her multitudinous fine speeches, to whisper in my ear, 'Remember, *belle des belles*,'—(I do begin to think her very odious)—'remember that the poet Mortimer is, comparatively speaking, a poor man, and not highly born; whereas the Fitzosborne is nobly connected, and immensely rich!' Was it not most atrociously impertinent?"

"*Pas mal*," replied Penelope, laughing. "But to return to the real hero. You may depend, dearest Constance, upon my doing my very best to favour your wishes for a *tête-à-tête*—but, as you well know, I am not omnipotent. The best way will be for us both to decline the after-luncheon drive to-day. That will probably induce Margaret and Caroline to go—and then the business will be easy enough. I will be in my bed-room, and you shall be in the drawing-room when Mr. Mortimer arrives."

The flutter of spirits in which poor Constance passed the hours of this eventful morning, may be imagined without much difficulty; her complexion varied from red to pale, and from pale to red, as if in the first stage of a malignant fever, while her fingers trembled so as to make the mere appearance of using her needle a matter of difficulty.

In this state of things it was really a relief and a blessing to have her attention taken off from herself and her palpitations by having a letter presented to her. It was of delicate texture, and very highly scented, so that Constance, notwithstanding her absence of mind, immediately divined that it was from a lady—nay, even suspected that no hand less delicate than that of Mrs. Gardener Stewart could have despatched it to her. This idea, despite of all the more power-

ful emotions which at that moment filled her breast, gave her considerable pleasure, and she opened it eagerly ; but instead of what she hoped for and expected, she found the following lines :

“ I too well know that a soupçon—Ah, more than a *soupçon* of what has long existed, but has never yet met the blaze of day, must render the appearance of this little *envoy* a matter of less surprise than—than—Ah ! *ma charmante demoiselle !* where can I find *une expression assez douce, assez modeste*, to suit at once your feelings and my own ? *Mais, où suis-je ? Moi ? Moi, qui aime tellement la douce légèreté de la jeunesse, est-ce moi qui veut écrire comme un vieux radoteur ?* Forbid it, youth ! forbid it, joy ! In one word, I come to wait upon you ; and lest your amiable friend Mrs. Hartley should, in the chilling prudence of mature female age, think it needful to check the eager feelings of manly prime, suggest to her remembrance that I am the same individual, and no other, who almost in boyhood saved your ‘ *belle vie*,’ (as the immortal Molière calls the vital spark,) and who, through nearly the whole course of his young life, has watched over you with care beyond his years, and an interest almost too grave for one of his character to feel. But there are miracles besides those written in the lives of the saints !

“ Such being my claims, *ma charmante demoiselle*, I confess that I do not anticipate finding the doors which enclose you shut against me when I appear before them. In this hope, *chantons, dansons ! Ah, vive la folie !*

“ Ever with profound consideration,

“ Your devoted

“ WILLIAM WESTON.”

An epistle from such a correspondent at such a moment would have obtained little attention, had it been less absurd ; but not all the gravity of the case to which the critical moment that was approaching gave birth, could altogether destroy its effect, and Constance laughed heartily ; nor did she laugh alone ; Mr. William Weston’s letter was respectfully submitted to Mrs. Hartley, and counsel asked as to the answer to be returned to it.

“ Upon my word, my dear Miss Ridley,” she said, “ I feel the reasoning of this young Mr. Weston to be unanswerable ; and think that the only reply you can give, is an assurance that he will be welcome. But it will be necessary to prepare yourself, my dear, for what is to follow. Of course you perceive that it is the intention of this playful youth to offer himself to your acceptance ?”

“ Do you really think that he will ever be steady enough to do so grave a thing, Mrs. Hartley ?” returned Constance.

“ I do indeed, my dear. He hints that it will be a miracle, but nevertheless, depend upon it, it will be done ; and what shall you say to him ?”

“ I shall tell him that he is too young.”

“ And if he reminds you that every day will amend that involuntary fault, and assures you, moreover, as I am quite sure he will do, that his young life is in your hands, and that he shall infallibly die if you refuse him—what will you say then ?”

"Why, then I will tell him, that being conscious that the gravity of my character does not accord with the gaiety of his, I feel compelled by a sense of duty to decline the honour he offers me, but that should I ever marry, I would endeavour so to educate one of my daughters as to make her in all ways worthy of becoming his wife."

"Very well, Constance; that I think must content him, it is at once so reasonable and so amiable. Now, then, write to say, that we shall all be very happy to see him—I think William said his messenger was waiting."

Constance obeyed, and wrote a soberly civil note, informing her ex-guardian that the Hartley family, as well as herself, would be happy to see him on the morrow, or any day after, that it might suit him to call.

"Well, what have you said, my dear?" demanded Mrs. Hartley, when she perceived her folding her despatch.

Constance read the note, with the exception of the words which guarded the sanctity of the passing day; and the note being despatched, she relapsed into the nervous condition from which it had roused her, and while the rest of the party continued to amuse themselves by anticipating the form and manner of Mr. William Weston's proposal, she grew paler and paler, as she meditated, first, on the probable difficulty of receiving Mr. Mortimer alone, and then on the agitating uncertainty of what he might say, and how he might say it, and how she should find voice to answer him, if she indeed received him without witnesses.

Luckily for her, the party were making themselves too heartily merry to remark it, and her sympathizing friend Penelope skilfully covered her retreat from the mirth of which she was the subject, by declaring it to be evident, that though she said little, she thought much on the proposal which was about to be made to her, and was preparing herself to receive it *comme il faut*. "Is not this true, Constance?" she demanded, looking at her with a good deal of mischievous meaning.

"Quite true," returned Constance, smiling a little, and colouring a good deal—an answer which, from its matter-of-fact sincerity, delighted Mrs. Hartley and her younger daughters inexpressibly.

"If I were you, Constance, I would not go out to-day," said Penelope.

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Margaretta. "You do not think of stirring, Miss Ridley, do you?"

"Indeed I think I had better stay at home," replied Constance, in as steady a voice as she could.

"And so get it over at once?" said Penelope. "All joking apart," she added, "I think you are perfectly right."

This led of course to a little more laughter, but the point was gained, and at about half-past three o'clock Constance found herself alone in Mrs. Hartley's drawing-room, with the knowledge that Penelope had told the man-servant who remained at home, that if any persons called and inquired for Miss Ridley, they were to be let in.

An expected offer of marriage is always an agitating thing, but poor Constance, like some millions of her predecessors, most heartily.

believed that no one ever before expected a visit, big with the fate both of the visitor and the visited, under circumstances so vehemently agitating as her own.

"If it were any other man," thought she, "I could not feel thus! But Mortimer! the celebrated, the illustrious Mortimer! the poet over whose delicious verses I have so often hung enraptured! That he, that Henry Mortimer should be coming, as I know he is, to offer his honoured name to me! O it is too, too much to support with anything like composure and dignity! The fact seems so incredible, that it throws both heart and head into confusion. I know not what I think—I positively know not what I feel!"

Sometimes, as she looked at the time-piece, the interval before his arrival seemed endless, while at others she trembled and felt faint, as she saw how near and more near the index approached the hour he had named.

At length, a rap was heard. It was not a footman's rap—O no!—it was not a tradesman's rap—No, no! And now a step, and now the lock of the door was moved, and then her half-closed eyes, half closed in faintness, opened, and she beheld Henry Mortimer!

His first glance was round the room, to ascertain that they were alone; the next was at the blushing face of Constance, wherein he read—not strange matters, for full well he knew the characters so fairly written there. Nor Porson nor Parr ever studied the Greek alphabet as Mr. Mortimer had studied the face of woman, when under the influence of the tender feelings which it had been his bliss and bane (as he expressed it) to inspire.

He approached her with a rapid step, and replacing her upon the sofa, from which in her agitation she had risen to receive him, he ventured to retain her trembling hand while he poured forth the feelings which at that moment held entire possession of him.

"Constance!" he murmured; "O let me call you by the name that angels have wafted to my ears in sleep—to which the pulses of my heart echo, when I hear it spoken when awake, and compared to which all other names, all other sounds, are dull and profitless as is the chilling silence of the tomb! Constance! my Constance! O Heaven! how sweetly does that averted face show all it seeks to hide! Constance! my Constance! How little need of words have hearts that speak as ours do now!"

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But it is really treacherous to go on. Long before Mrs. Hartley and her daughters returned from their drive, Mr. Mortimer had offered himself to Miss Ridley, and Miss Ridley had accepted him.

"Well, my dear?" said Mrs. Hartley, as she entered; "has he been here?"

Constance bowed in reply.

"And has he offered?"

Constance quietly answered "Yes;" and then added, making a sign to Penelope to follow her as she left the room, "you shall hear all about it another time, Mrs. Hartley."

"Good Heaven! she is not going to accept him, is she?" exclaimed Margaretta.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER.—No. XXI

MR. JUSTICE BURTON.

WE have ranged over an ample space in our sketches of the eminent men of the past and present times who adorn the Irish bar—to us a not unpleasant task, and to the members of our profession we hope not unprofitable. The portraits which we attempted to draw were limited to such characters as shone on the professional stage, their political conduct being merely incidental. The very names of such men are a confession of their great intellectual superiority; their deeds form a part, and a no unimportant part, of the national history, and it was just and necessary, both as a picture of the past and a guide to the future, to exhibit them in their amplest proportions. But we should only discharge half our duty if we were to confine ourselves to the characters of those men, unquestionable as were their merits, and great as were their services. There are others not less worthy of notice, even though they do not command the national reverence by public displays in the field of politics, whose tranquil but useful existence is spent in far different scenes, shunning the public gaze from a natural and modest reserve of disposition, but whose virtues for that very reason are more deserving of record. They have proceeded quietly on their mission of justice, avoiding the turbulence and inquietude of public life, content to remain in the shade while others basked in the sunlight, and appealing only to their own hearts for the exceeding rich reward which ever accompanies a righteous and conscientious discharge of duty. But there is another and a stronger reason why such men as Judge Burton should occupy our attention. It is because his conduct if properly studied, and his example if carefully followed, cannot fail to produce a salutary effect, for he is one of the greatest living instances of the fortune, fame, and honour which accompany laborious industry. An Englishman and a stranger among us, confiding only in his own abilities, without patronage, without family ties or connexions, or any of those artificial aids which force up the young lawyer like a hot-house cucumber, he relied on himself—after all, the safest, surest, and most permanent of supports. He had none of those accessories to success which might whisk him aloft into that bright land to which so many aspire, and in which, after they have floated joyously for a moment, they come down like Bacon's rocket, a blackened stick, after the slight combustible matter is exhausted. Not so with Judge Burton. Chancery friends or familiars he had none; he had to make them all for himself, and he did make them. We venerate the man who could make the difficulties which would be ruinous to an ordinary disposition, serviceable in giving strength and perfection to his qualities. He brought to the study of the law a resolute purpose and a philosophical mind, and never quitted it until by degrees the whole subject, in all its relations and consequences, was spread out before his view. At first timid

<sup>1</sup> Continued from p. 56.



and nervous, and with a mind apparently ill adapted for the struggles and contentions of the forum, he overcame this amiable weakness, and hardened himself gradually for the encounter. The courts of law are no theatre to be trodden by men of pensive spirits and delicate sensibilities. They are, to these countries, what the Olympic games were to Greece; and when a Pindar shall arise to sing the triumphs achieved in our modern Elis, he must chant the praises of heroes who have gloried in the dust, and sweat, and turmoil of black-letter strife—of men thick-skinned, buoyant, bold, and fearless—intrepid in attack, quick in recovering from defeat, prompt in all kinds of resources, and unscrupulous in their application.

We have remarked that the example of Judge Burton is well worthy the attention of our rising generation of lawyers. It is far safer to take him as a model, and, by emulating his industry and activity of mind, to acquire that deserved success which followed his honourable efforts, than to strain after unattainable heights of excellence, which it is very pleasant to aspire to, but not one in a thousand is destined to realize. Lord Brougham somewhere relates a story which illustrates what we say. A young and very ambitious gentleman, of no mean order of intellect, who had worked diligently to acquire the knowledge and habits of composition, which are essential to oratorical distinction, and was entering on the profession of the bar, had never been present at any great display of those powers which he was anxious to acquire. He was accordingly taken by a friend to the gallery of the House of Commons when a subject of deep national interest was being discussed, and, as it happened, with a fair degree of eloquence. On his way back he became meditative, and when asked by his friend whether he might not go and do likewise, replied, "It is useless to pursue the matter any further; such powers of eloquence I can never hope to attain, for I cannot even form any notion how such things are done;" on which his lordship very pithily and appropriately remarks, that if this young man had heard a tolerable third-rate speaker, he would not, most probably, have arrived at the position in which the most eloquent thinker of his day, Gibbon, found himself when the bad speakers filled him with alarm, and the great ones with despair. If this young man were Irish, and had listened to Plunkett or Bushe, he might have come to the same conclusion; but had he pitched on a lower and more sober level, like Judge Burton, and instead of yielding to despair, and abandoning the bar, he would have persuaded himself to follow his example: though failing in the lines of exertion which lead to the height where "fame's proud temple shines afar," and of making his name echoed through the world, yet the avenues to a more solid though less dazzling success remained open to him, which laborious industry might reasonably lead him to attain.

It is not true, as is generally said, that Curran was introduced to Mr. Burton in England, and that he brought him over to this country. The facts, as we have heard, are these. Mr. Burton conducted the business of a very eminent firm in London, and was sent over to Ireland on the subject of a purchase of property. He had an interview with the Irish solicitor whose counsel Curran was, and by him he was first

introduced to the great advocate. Curran, who was never a very profound lawyer, and did not comprehend the very intricate questions in which the purchase was involved, had various meetings with Mr. Burton on the subject, and found him not only shrewd and sensible on matters of fact, but deeply versed in matters of law, which excited his astonishment; and what pleased him above all was the manly fairness and honesty with which he developed circumstances known only to the firm for whom he was engaged, and which, if concealed, would considerably lessen the value of the property. Curran was no bad judge of character—he saw in Mr. Burton all the elements of professional power—he made him an offer to enter his employment, and it was accepted. That he discharged his duties ably and faithfully, is proved by the fact that a lasting friendship was the result—that Curran adopted every means to promote the interests of his friend, and when that great man lay on his deathbed at Brompton, he sent for Mr., then Serjeant, Burton, and he was the last person whom he recognized. All Curran's business passed through his hands—he noted his briefs, and made up his arguments. We heard an eminent solicitor say, that he was once despatched with a very heavy brief in a very important cause to Curran, who was then circulating his flashes of wit and merriment at the dinner-table, and he wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, “Carry the brief to Mr. Burton, *but I will thank you for the fee.*” Our informant did so: Mr. Burton happened to be also at dinner—a very light one—a small roll, coffee, and an egg or two. He had companions too in the shape of a pile of law-books, which he consulted alternately with a draught of the sober berry's decoction.

He continued in curious employment for some years, and in the mean time prepared himself for the bar, to which he was called in 1792. Almost immediately he got into excellent practice, and became remarkable for the conscientious application of his time and knowledge to the business with which he was entrusted. The attorneys are a sagacious and quick-scented race—they soon discovered in Mr. Burton, whose professional aptitude was before known to many of them from his connexion with Curran, exactly that sort of man they wanted. Legal knowledge was then more sparingly diffused through the bar than at present, while business was more abundant. Men's minds were too ambitiously directed—a seat in Parliament was of far more importance than the science of pleading—success in oratory was more highly prized than the tardy drudgery of the law. Like the prince in the fairy tale, all panted for the precious stones that hung on the boughs of the lofty palm tree, but spurned the more valuable but less dazzling gems that lay in their path. We are very far from saying that we had not then able lawyers—some even greater than we have had since; but as a profession the law was not the sole and separate pursuit of those men whose abilities, if directed to that one object, could enable them to explore with success what Bethel calls “the unfathomable mysteries of the law.” In such circumstances Mr. Burton made his appearance, and his advocacy was soon seized on with avidity. It is remarked by a very eminent authority, that until the practice is combined with the

study of the law, the most diligent student cannot be said to have made himself a good lawyer, nor can he even ascertain whether or not he is destined ever to attain that eminence. Without stopping to inquire into the full truth of this assertion, it is at least certain that Mr. Burton was an able lawyer when his practice was very little, and that he never found the want of that knowledge in any branch of the profession. The fact is, that some intellects are so constituted as to have an almost intuitive perception of that peculiarly complex information which costs others the labour of a life. Their faculties are so adjusted as to acquire with little or no difficulty at a glance what others by the most incessant study cannot comprehend. This generally results from overlooking, or the natural inability to reach, first and fundamental principles. Instead of the empirical recollection of cases and decisions scattered over an immense surface, which make the memory a storehouse of bewilderment and disorder, a confused and chaotic heap of useless knowledge, encumbering instead of enriching the understanding, Mr. Burton applied himself to the only course which renders the apparent darkness of the law clear and intelligible. The main principles are few and simple—the natural relations between man and man suggest, and common sense and common reason carry out and confirm them. The mastery lies not in treasuring up a dull mass of decisions gathered with fearful labour, and with very little profit. One rule, the reason of which is thoroughly canvassed and comprehended, is of more real value to the learner, and more facilitates his success in acquisition, than the labour of a year in the empirical fashion. This was Mr. Burton's mode—first the rule, then the reason, and last the application; and when to this are added his singularly quick and clear apprehension, his compact and firm understanding, his prodigious memory, and unsurpassed assiduity, we are not surprised that he acquired that rare mastery over our jurisprudence. It may be well said of him that he had a genius for law. He dived into all its secret recesses with the anxious spirit of a discoverer; he delighted in black letter as much as others do in the last new novel—old reports were favourite playthings, and though, like Chief Baron Joy, he did not carry Coke or Croke James to Bath or Cheltenham to amuse his leisure hours, he did not love their quaint contents the less fervently. But with all his admiration of the old lawyers, "the great oracles and fountains of our law," he kept clear of their extravagant quips and crotchets—he was not led astray even by their high authority; he reasoned on their principles, but he confided in the strength of his own judgment, which seldom led him into mistakes. The best proof of this is, that in all the writs of error, from the Irish Exchequer Chamber to the House of Lords, not a single reversal took place in his decisions. Whether he was in the majority or minority, it invariably happened that the judgment of the Lords coincided with his opinions. The clearness and accuracy of his language was at all times remarkable—at the bar, as well as on the bench. Mr. Justice Story, in one of his judgments, says, "The language of the learned Judge Burton, to whom I have alluded, is marked with equal strength and purity of expression," and in a case in *first Meeson and Welsby*, Mr. Baron Park says of his judgment in *War-*

*burton* and *Ivie*, that it expresses the rule of interpreting statutes in the best language. We will give this canon, for it is a fair specimen of his legal style, and condenses in a few words the learning of a volume. "I apprehend it is a rule in the construction of statutes, that in the first instance the grammatical sense of the words is to be adhered to. If that is contrary to, or inconsistent with, any expressed intention, or any declared purpose of the statute; or if it would involve any absurdity, repugnance, or inconsistency in its different provisions, the grammatical sense must then be modified, extended, or abridged, so far as to avoid such an inconvenience, but no farther." Not a word in this sentence is superfluous—not one that has not a distinct force and meaning—it is the pith and essence of all that has ever been written on the subject.

Mr. Burton went the Munster circuit, which is to the Irish what the northern is to the English bar. There the prizes were the greatest, but the competition was proportionably formidable, for the ablest advocates at the bar "sought fame in that contentious ring." He appeared first in some great fishery case, (questions much more frequent then than now,) and at once established himself in public favour, so that in Cork, where he secured his first triumph, and which is the best assize town in Ireland, he soon had more business than the old favourites—so great, indeed, that he was in the habit of stopping for a week after the termination of circuit, to clear off the mass of opinions which were submitted to him. Where the heavy artillery of deep law and powerful argument was required, Mr. Burton was always secured at any price, while Mr. Pennefather and Mr. O'Connell were brought in to scour the field with the less formidable array of cross-examination, wit, and eloquence. Mr. Burton, however, was often very successful in his addresses to juries. In the celebrated action for libel against the author of the "Nosegay," a work which made a great noise in its day, Mr. Burton was counsel for the defendant O'Grady. He was a barrister, and in one of his Nosegays most bitterly libelled a Limerick gentleman. In his charge to the jury, Judge Johnson stated that the libel was aggravated by the fact that the "Nosegay" would be immortal, and take rank with the satires of Horace, Juvenal, and Pope. Now we have found great difficulty in getting a peep at the ever-blooming amaranth, which, after many searches, we discovered at last in a public library, crumbling into oblivion, in company with a half dozen pamphlets on the State of the Nation, &c. This only proves that Judge Johnson's prophecy is not likely to be fulfilled, for twenty years are but a poor segment of eternity. However, the "Nosegay" was a great terror in its time, and Mr. B., who fell under the bann of the barrister in consequence of some money dealings, was rebuked in the following delicate strain :—

"Come B., for tardy justice takes her seat—  
Convicted usurer—convicted cheat—  
In every mischief actor and abettor—  
Self-vaunted infidel, and tampering traitor,  
'Thou foul polluter of thy sister's bed,  
Fraud, usury, incest, treason on thy head :

Of crime a climax, or Pandora's box,  
 Which every precious gem of hell unlocks.  
 One eye half-closed—half out thy slaving tongue,  
 Thy twisted nose from Nature's post half wrung—  
 Cadaverous cheek, and mischief-making grin,  
 Emblem and offspring both of death and sin;  
 Come into court, thy fiery ordeal dare,  
 And hold thy hand up at the public bar.

\*                      \*                      \*

But see aloft, and near the sheriff's box,  
 The black-browed spectre of poor *Charles Fox*—  
 See with one hand his angry eyes he rubs,  
 And in the other holds the five of clubs;  
 While in his front in burning letters shines,  
 Thy wealth and infamy, the game of *quinze*:  
 He thought, for all your bonnet,\* you played fair,  
 Nor e'er supposed a sharper could get there,  
 Till to his cost the sad reverse he found,  
 In six nights lost you sixty thousand pound ! !”

Such a desperate libel had Mr. Burton to defend. The damages were laid at ten thousand pounds; but whether from the ability of the advocacy, or the strange facts which came out on the trial, Mr. B. got only *five hundred*, which O'Grady looked on as a triumph. Mr. Burton's speech on that occasion is well remembered at the bar, and all confessed that it was most unexpectedly brilliant, and produced an extraordinary impression—the crowded court simultaneously bursting into a shout of acclamation when he had closed. The published report is said not to be genuine, having had the benefit of the revising touches of Mr. O'Grady; but enough remains to convince, after making allowance for the declamatory flashes, that it was a most powerful piece of advocacy; and if the plaintiff were only half as wicked as he is there represented, then the defendant was a sadly injured man. Perhaps the vices of a man were never so forcibly catalogued as in the following:—

\* We extract the following amusing note, which is peculiarly interesting, if true, from what is there detailed of Charles Fox. “Every man knows that at a game of *quinze* a five is the winning card, and a man getting into a club with his sleeve or his pocket full of fives, would break the entire of a society formed of unsuspecting men of honour, particularly where play was frightfully deep. B. always contrived to sit with his back to the wall, and wore a green silk bonnet, or shade, to protect, as he said, his eyes from the light, but it appeared that he maintained a constant intercourse between his hand and his bonnet. Mr. Fox, who had an excellent memory, counted the four fives already out, and having fourteen in his hand, which in that case could not be beaten, backed his hand for *five thousand pounds*. B. put down fifteen, the five of clubs and a tenth card. Mr. Fox immediately got up, the waiters ran in on B., and seizing his arm, delivered his sleeve of six fives! It is to be observed, that in playing this game, as fast as the cards are dealt out they are swept off the table, which was in favour of B., for the pack never could be examined for extra fives; but, after the detection, a mountain of fives was detected upon the floor about his chair. Next day there was a meeting of the club, and there being a large sum of this ill-gotten money in the hands of the master, they made an order on him not to pay it over, on which Fox, who was the principal sufferer, said, ‘Let the s——— have the money, and have done with him.’ What's very comical, this B. is a vain man, and so he ought, for he won 200,000*l.* in one campaign at that club from the ablest men in England.”

“If the reports against this man had been unfounded, they would, like all reports of that kind, long since have died away, but you have them here in an unbroken uniform tenor of more than thirty years, increasing as his course extended. The first stain was cast in 1786, and you find the reputations of all the successive crimes and vices flowing like tributary streams into the main channel, swelling its volume and deepening its complexion. For the human character may be compared to a river, which if intrinsically pure soon works itself clear from casual defilement, but if foul at its source every stain it receives incorporates with its elementary particles; it thickens as it runs, and gathering filth at all its incurvations, becomes a sink before it disembogues.

“Review, I beseech you, the history of this man’s life, and then review this parallel, and observe how all these stains have been cast upon him; not by individuals, but by whole societies. You will find the first stain cast upon him in 1786 by one of the first societies in the British metropolis. In 1789 we find that stain deepened by the repudiation of a grand jury of your own country, and in the following year by the verdict of a record jury. In 1797 you find him stained as the defiler of his sister’s bed by the whole society of the country, and in the year after you find him stained as a rebel, and the chancellor affixing the great seal to that reputation. In 1804 you find him stained in a public assembly at Ennis as an accomplice in seduction, not to indulge his own sensualities, but those of a great man—the most contemptible depravity of which the human character is capable—where brutality goes hand in hand with self-abasement, and where barren vice is its own reward. In 1807 you find him stained by the verdict of a jury with usury, a crime prohibited by the laws of God and man; and we find him by the same jury stained with a crime which strikes at the very root of justice, and would make our judicial dispensations as false as dicers’ oaths. In 1810 you find himself practising a crime which in 1807 he had suborned in another, and violating an oath which he profaned and dedicated to the administration of justice, and you now have him here in his old age challenging the meed of that exemplary reputation which he has thus accumulated.

“Gentlemen of the jury, if you decide in favour of my client, you will do a crying act of justice, and establish through the world the value which you set on moral character. If you decide against him, you will give the world a fearful view of the moral and social condition of this country. You may, perhaps, enable this wretched man to sleep upon *his* bed, but you will not sleep upon *yours*, for I will tell you what you cannot do, and I will tell you what you may do. It is vain for you, I think, by any measure of damages you can give this man, to retrieve him, or set up his reputation, for God has set his brand upon him, and it is not within the reach of mortal man to cancel the impressions of the living God.”

In this vehement declamation we can scarcely recognize the chaste and serene style of Mr. Burton, who was at all times remarkable for the force and simplicity of his language. On this subject, however, we will have to say a few words hereafter. In the mean time the general opinion seems to be, that, though the principal features of his fine speech are preserved in the report, yet that to serve a purpose various passages had been interpolated, and its purity discoloured by extravagant sentiments which never had been uttered. Mr., now Baron, Pennefather, in his reply, which does not glow in the same eloquent light, for the satisfactory reason that the defendant selected according to his own taste, twitted Mr. Burton very happily on his profound knowledge of the poets, “always thinking, until then, that he was



more conversant with Coke than Churchill, with Plowden than Pope." In the case of Sir J. M. Doyle against Browne for criminal conversation, Mr. Burton, for the plaintiff, delivered one of his best speeches, although the published report is wretchedly meagre as well as grossly inaccurate. But it was in the very heavy and important cause of *Trimbleston* and *Trimbleston*, where he led throughout,—and in the *Crown* against *O'Grady*,—that he showed the very highest ability, both as a lawyer and advocate. His arguments in the latter combine the profoundest knowledge of law, the clearest and closest reasoning, and the most masterly exposition of great principles. Never was a cause more ably conducted; and the extraordinary power he displayed raised him to the rank of a first-rate institutional lawyer. In 1806 he obtained a silk gown, in 1817 he was appointed second serjeant, and the year after first serjeant, and in 1820, on the resignation of Judge Mayne, he was promoted to the vacant seat in the King's Bench. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, with his mental powers as fresh and vigorous as ever. There is not in his faculties the least trace of dimness; and after twenty-one years of indefatigable judicial duties—for his absence even for one day is a miracle—none can perceive the understanding impaired, though his shrivelled and attenuated little body gives warning that it is time to afford himself relief. In one event only, we understand, is he disposed to resign—if the vacancy should be filled by his son-in-law, Mr. West,—a very improbable event, so long as her majesty's present ministers hold office.

As a lawyer, Mr. Justice Burton ranks in the very highest class. He reminds one more of one of the ancient fountains of the law than of a person who had been trained in the whim and crotchet school of modern times—whose knowledge is confined rather to an acquaintance with authorities and cases, than the scientific truths on which they are constructed, and without which there can be no solid information. It may be said of him, as Sir Vicary Gibbs said of Sir James Mansfield, that in his arguments "he declared the law;" and while others only left the impression on the hearer that very numerous and very recondite authorities had been cited, and a vast deal of learning paraded, his reasoning penetrated the mind, and forced conviction to his positions. His familiarity with the great principles of jurisprudence, and his knowledge of their foundations, was as accurate and comprehensive as his application of them was judicious and masterly. While he was not inattentive to the less important parts of the argument—for he could trace the most minute and subtle distinctions with a microscopic eye—he reserved all his power for the governing principles which swayed the main body of his reasoning, and those he always developed in bold relief, and with the fullest breadth. He took the utmost pains to render everything intelligible and precise, and showed more anxiety that nothing necessary should be omitted, than that all superfluity should be excluded. Surpassed by many in the qualities that dazzle or astonish, and undervaluing the mere accomplishments and embellishments of advocacy, none went beyond him in unwearied prudence, in matchless sagacity, in multifarious knowledge, in fertility of resources to meet and encounter unexpected difficulties, in firmness of purpose and determined self-reliance; so that he was

pointed out by universal consent as the ablest lawyer, and one of the safest advocates at the bar. His knowledge was sound, and eminently practical—available for every purpose, whether to ensure a victory or grace a defeat, and, like all his other qualities, was less for ornament than for use. All affectation, whether of manner or language, he scorned, all technical refinements he disliked, and never resorted to their support unless no other hope remained; for, avoiding that cold, definite, and sterile system—if system it can be called—with which the unphilosophical and unreasoning practitioner is bolstered up for a show, he more worthily aspired to reach those higher regions of the law which are visited by the pure light of reason, and from which alone it is reflected in strength and purity. Hence he proposed problems to the bench, of which Coke might have surmised or studied the solution. All other resources he set at nought, save those of strong sense, clear and well-defined ideas, anxious devotion to the object to be acquired—which may be inferred from the plain, manly, and downright matter-of-fact character of his understanding. He displayed that extraordinary quickness of apprehension against which the best disguised sophistry could make no stand, and that singular acuteness, aided by the most untiring industry, against which the difficulties of the most intricate subject opposed themselves in vain. His exposition of principles was orderly and methodical, as his statement, whether of reasoning or of facts, was straightforward and free from ambiguity. The easy and natural sequence of his arguments, each, as it were, growing out of that which preceded, formed a chain of the most pure ratiocination. It was like a piece of exquisite mechanism, “wheel within wheel involved,” to the unpractised eye seeming all complication and confusion, but, at the same time, beautifully and harmoniously contrived to work out the desired object. He was invariably consulted on every important case; and though no man could give a prompt opinion with less trouble, yet none laboured with more scrupulous rigour to satisfy his conscience and his client at the same time. Whether the fee was one or one hundred guineas was all the same—he knew no difference.

Malignity itself cannot accuse our modern advocates of beguiling us by the witchcraft of their eloquence. They stand clear of the guilt of ministering to a jury wit, fancy, or pathos. Strong and lofty flights, such as once distinguished our advocates, are not to be found among their offences. It is sheer calumny to accuse them of purloining a weapon from the armoury of oratory. They toil through their narrow round of systematic dulness—they creep along the old low and hackneyed level to which they have been accustomed, and the lips and the language of a Curran, a Plunkett, and a Bushe, are of the things to be found only in Astolpho’s valley. Jury addresses have, in their hands, a dreary, prosaic tameness, which torpifies both those who use and those who hear them. A shallow, spiritless, vulgarized style, to which the men of our day give the name of “practical,” envelopes and strangles true eloquence in its folds—the finest fruits of the intellect fall ungathered into the bosom of the reaper: no precious bequests are made to future times—the temple of Irish oratory is in ruins—and there is no great architect at hand to repair the once

noble structure—none to overawe and break down the universal mediocrity. If you ask any of those practical orators, who see matter of impeachment in a metaphor, and shun a trope as they would a pestilence, why they never try something more than gosling flights—if you tell them that feeling has undergone no revolution—that the heart is as susceptible of being swayed by its emotions now as in times past—they smack their fingers incontinently, and, with a toss of the bag over their shoulder, smile at such absurdities. “There,” they say, “is Judge Burton—he led in every case of importance, and you must confess that he was not eloquent. So sinks your marvellous pyramid of fancies!” Now Judge Burton *was* eloquent. They whose delight is in a vague sublimity of sentiment—who pine for the flowers and figures of speech, and believe that to strain the intellect is to expand it, would be disappointed in his plain and unadorned, but transparent and forcible style. That he cultivated none of the gifts of fancy, and had no range of imagination, is at once admitted, but there is a vast difference between the shining and the solid parts of eloquence. His did not break out in sparkles, or come up in bubbles on the surface, but was in its nature calm, deep, and even—ever clear, sometimes cold, but always convincing. He was practical, but in that respect very unlike the sectaries of the new *Stoa*. After first giving the outlines of his argument, which he was accustomed to do, he filled them up with a hand as bold and free as Plunkett, and then urged on his way with a fine, simple vigour, and that weighty good sense which disdains to enlarge itself by looming through a fog. Disregarding what we may be allowed to call the *chiaroscuro* of advocacy—for the love of truth was always too strong in him for that of mere effect—he selected the main topics for consideration, worked them up with consummate skill, and conveyed them in chaste, severe language, not a word of which was misplaced or misapplied. Unless when much excited, he was not fluent, and probably he despised that volubility of tongue to which more essential qualities are often sacrificed. When animated, his periods rolled on in rapid succession, sometimes swelling into sublimity, always distinct and pregnant with meaning; but, as if ashamed of such venturous flights, he soon dropped from his elevation, and resumed his habitual course. We dislike the cant of calling very heavy speakers “Demosthenic,” and very extravagant ones “Ciceronian.” We, however, after this plea of confession, will stand excused for referring to the former as indicative of the style of Judge Burton, as it once was. Too serious to be witty, too severe to be fanciful, too timid to be passionate, he preferred close and hard reasoning, and worked it through with a quiet, subtle energy. His unobtrusive but earnest manner, masking the most dangerous logic, which rendered everything so wonderfully clear, while it sapped, in the mean time, the foundations of his adversary’s argument, and without bustle carried conviction, made him a formidable opponent. He had no misplaced or tawdry ornament, no mawkish or distempered sentiment—all was plain, unaffected common sense, keen dialectics, and knowledge of mankind, which in him was extensive as that of books. A fine philosophical vein often pervaded his language, as, for instance, in the following :—

“To subdue the opposition of the people they govern, two modes are only open to the supreme authorities—the armed force, under the control of the executive, and the moral force, inherent in and flowing from the adjudication of courts of justice. A government that relies on physical force must be near its end. If its authority be limited, first insubordination, then anarchy, is the consequence; if it be powerful, its appeal to arms must be frequent—this gives rise to despotism. Thus, a government relying on physical force, whether in activity or inaction, is alike destructive to public liberty. The great object of the law is to interpose a barrier between both; and so universally does mankind confide in the operation of courts of justice, that it yields a ready compliance to the mere shadow of the law, and invests it, as it were, with a bodily influence.”

Again, speaking of the liberty of the press,

“Tribunals may condemn the language in which a thought is conveyed, but the spirit that informs it is too subtle for their authority. The powers of thought do not rely, like those of physical force, on a multitude of men; on the contrary, the smallness of the number by whom a principle is expressed often strengthens its authority. To destroy the liberty of the press is to destroy the liberty of free discourse. Are we prepared to do that?”

As a judge, he fully sustained the high character which he carried with him from the bar. Every sentiment tells us of one incapable of lending himself to injustice. Rich in professional power and knowledge, he also abounds in that calm strength which, in judicial tribunals, finds appropriate utterance in the simplest combinations of the plainest words, and in addressing to every subject a serene and unbiassed judgment. The light of his understanding is a dry light; there is nothing of temper to discolour it, nor of obliquity to pervert it; the rectitude of his judgment is not simply left undisturbed, it is invariably aided by the rectitude of his purpose. His decisions evince all the learning of his profession, and show the thoroughly legal structure of his mind; they are as remarkable for sound reasoning as for profound erudition. His, too, is that wise and wholesome habit which we would wish to see more generally practised by our judges—of preferring substance to technicality, and common reason to common law, where the latter falls short of that absolute perfection with which lawyers so fondly identify it. Not that he determines contrary to the wisdom of our ancestors, or disregards the oracular revealings of such learned apprentices in the law as Masters Coke or Plowden; but where natural and artificial right are in opposition, which is but too often the case, he inclines strongly against the latter, and in favour of the former. Whenever the court has a discretion, he exercises it wisely and beneficially. The suitor who has the opinion of Judge Burton against him, abandons all hope;—the inscription on the gate of Dante’s hell is not more disheartening to those who wend that dismal way, than his decree, or even *dictum*, to those who find their way into the Queen’s Bench. In the very heavy case of Smith and Nangle, which turned on the question whether a lost lease, executed a century and a half ago, contained a covenant for perpetual renewal, in an action of ejectment the defendant had a verdict. The case was reheard last Easter term in the Queen’s Bench. Mr. Pennefather, with his usual power, argued two entire days for the defendant. Indepen-

dently of that hired advocacy which seeks to make the worse appear the better reason, he is known to hold opinions very favourable to his clients; but when Judge Burton pronounced judgment for a new trial, in one of the clearest and most convincing pieces of reasoning we ever heard, in which he canvassed the arguments on both sides with the most exquisite discernment, and determined their relative weight and importance, we heard one of Nangle's counsel say, "It is now time for us to begin to despair, Burton is against us;" to which he added, "Never was a property so sacrificed to a wretched law quibble." And we sympathized with his client; for an estate which his family had enjoyed for nearly a hundred and fifty years, and of which there had been frequent renewals by the ancestors of the plaintiff, was to be wrested from him, because an old lost document was supposed not to contain a certain covenant. Such, however, was the law, though nothing could be more abhorrent to natural justice and equity.

A very remarkable feature of Judge Burton's character is the astonishing patience he exhibits. There he takes his seat, day after day, a monument of tranquil and indefatigable justice. The utmost prolixity has not the least effect on his exemplary patience; the dullest argumentation, the most confused and tiresome repetition, the wrangling and recrimination of counsel, cannot exhaust his indulgent forbearance, or embitter the gentleness of his temper. His mind is wholly and absolutely devoted to the matter before the court, and, even for a moment, never strays from it. This ever-wakeful and ever-fixed attention enables him to watch the progress of the case, however involved or intricate, so as to preclude the necessity of much subsequent consideration. Unmoved and passive though he sits, his active discrimination, and close unwearied diligence, continue watchful to the end, and hardy indeed would that adventurer be who would endeavour to impose on so scrutinizing a mind. While the Chief hints his dislike at prolixity by a most expressive cough, or Judge Perrin cuts short the fine-woven thread of an elaborate but inappropriate argument by calling back the advocate to the real question, Judge Burton holds on his course, and listens without a murmur to the most protracted and persecuting discussion. In all matters relating to the common law, his knowledge is always ready, but in the construction of statutes he is somewhat slower in arriving at a conclusion, though his interpretation is marked with equal skill and good sense. This conscientious hesitation touching our legislative puzzles was also characteristic of Lord Coke. "If you ask," says he, "my opinion on any matter pertaining to the common law, I should be ashamed if I did not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately." In his judgments he is often prolix and unnecessarily minute. He doubles and redoubles on the same subject, going over the same ground with a repetition which would be tiresome, were it not for the soundness of the knowledge he conveys. This arises not from any present defect in his intellectual constitution, but from his anxiety to take more than the ordinary securities against mistake or error. Another judge would slur over a difficulty with an ambiguous conciseness—he would veil his ignorance of the law or of the facts by saying as little as possible on the subject;—he would



"agree in the opinion of his brother this or brother that," without caring to know whether that opinion was well or ill founded. This mysterious accordance Judge Burton never indulges in, unless where the matter is too clear to admit of a doubt. Applying himself to every view of the case, and investigating with the most careful and scrupulous exactness every principle which it involved, he does not confine himself to mere conclusions, but fully states the reasons through which he arrived at them. He considers the several objections raised on either side, to show that he neither undervalued their strength nor misunderstood their bearing, canvassing them in new and different lights, and assigning to each its proper amount of value. All this gives to his judgments the appearance of "linked reasoning long drawn out," which, to one unacquainted with his object—that of giving the fullest satisfaction to the bar—would seem to be a judicial infirmity springing from an inability to collect and condense his thoughts.

Judge Burton is a Tory, but he never mingled in politics when off the bench, and the most desperate malignity could never charge him, when on it, with an undue inclination to one set of political opinions more than another. No man's reason was less swayed by party considerations—and in the many political questions which came before him, none could say with truth that he contemplated any in the spirit of a partizan. Calm, dignified, and impartial, he turned neither to the right nor left in dealing out rigid justice; and as in his younger days he was not of those men, so abundant in our own times, whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution, and whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave-market, that it is cheaper to buy than to breed,—so in his older days he maintained his independence. The striking contrast between him and some of his brother judges will apologise for the following observations. In a personal sketch like this, such remarks may be deemed out of place, but to those who are acquainted with the history and character of the Irish bench in times gone by, and the fatal influence it exercised on the country, such a short digression will seem not only not superfluous, but intimately connected with our design.

The unreasoning violence of faction had long been among the widespread and deep-rooted evils which marred the repose of Ireland. Partiality had been so long the rule of government, that one party regarded the opposite principle as a dereliction of duty, while the other contemplated it only with suspicion, instead of hailing it as a blessing. Impartiality was among the unknown virtues of administrative policy, and though one which a government ought eminently to practise, yet was it too sacred for vulgar eyes to be displayed on every paltry occasion which required a fair meting out of justice. Party spirit was also suffered to darken at its source the beneficent fountain of the law, and the people were taught to feel, that it was not a friend from which they could obtain aid and redress for injury, but an oppressive enemy. They saw, but too often, that religion and not evidence returned the verdict, and decreed the sentence. That the general bearing of the bench destroyed that public confidence without which the



law is a valueless cipher, is but too apparent to any one even remotely conversant with our history. A bitter political tone was the marked characteristic of many of our judges. Overreaching the dry and unexciting boundaries of the law, their minds took a discursive and imaginative flight, and a judicial charge was made the unworthy vehicle of personal feeling and a factious spirit. We speak of a state of things now happily passed away, never more to renew its vicious vitality—we speak of what had been when “George the Third was king.” Many of those false venders of justice have gone to render an account of their decrees before a higher tribunal. Among the most prominent of the seceders from the one-sided of the bench, Judge Burton was conspicuous. From the very day of his appointment down to the present, the most microscopic eye could not detect the shadow of a stain on his honourable and impartial character. A learned judge, now no more, once gave the following defence of his unquestionable right to talk politics on the seat of judgment, and his indignant depreciation of such narrow-minded functionaries as Judge Burton, who would meanly confine themselves within the stringent confines of the law. “There are those who would be for abridging the diameter of the judge’s sphere—some from a saucy disregard of the judicial character, rank and duties—more from a sense of the importance of the influence of the bench, if not disparagingly interfered with, counteracted, and curtailed. These latter would fain reduce the law to an ignoble craft, or those who dispense it to mere tradesmen. Seated on the bench-board, they would allow them to dispose of suits, or take measure of crimes and misdemeanours, and furnish penalties that should fit. But they must not dilute their black-letter with the spirit of philosophy or sense. They must be journeymen and servile plodders, lest they should do the state some service, by entering on the more dignified functions of a master mind.” Judge Burton formed a very different opinion of the character and importance of the judicial duties—he thought, and not very unreasonably, that the judgment-seat should stand far above the contentions of parties, and that it was not inconsistent with the spirit of truth, sense, or justice, to reduce the law to the ignoble craft of merely administering its maxims, without diluting it with philosophy or any other extraneous substance. One instance will show the firmness of his conduct, and the high and impartial tone which ever characterized him. In 1832 a body of Orangemen in Cavan marched in procession to commemorate the Boyne anniversary. As usual, they carried muskets and banners, and, headed by a band of music playing inflammatory airs, they had the audacity to march by the Court-house, in which, at that moment, the judges were engaged! Startled by the shouting, a police-officer was sent by them to divert the procession, but the loyalists laughed at the mandate, and passed on in triumph in the sight and hearing of the first magistrates of the law. Bad example is contagious. Emboldened by the impunity of their adversaries, some days after a party of Roman Catholics marched with their flags and fire-arms. They were indicted for a violation of the Party Processions Act, and at the ensuing assizes “true bills” were found against them. A complaint was forwarded to the lord-lieutenant that the magistrates refused to take

informations against the Orangemen for the same offence, and it was directed that they should be taken. The trials were postponed until the next assizes, when the Catholics who had committed the offence, but against whom the bills were first found, were all found guilty; the Orangemen were, of course, immediately acquitted. So much for the justice of the jury—now for that of the judge. When the Catholics were called up for judgment, Judge Burton said, he could not shut his eyes to the glaring fact, that the offence had been provoked by the conduct of the Orangemen, and was intended as an imitation of it. He thereupon discharged the prisoners, on their entering into their own security to appear and receive the sentence of the court, whenever they should be called on to do so. They were afterwards fined some small sum and discharged. In England, no notice would be taken of such judicial impartiality, but in Ireland it is chronicled in the hearts of the people: they look on it as a great effort of magnanimity—as a thing strange and unaccountable, that the laws should be dispensed fairly, freely, and impartially. Purity has ceased to be a miracle, but Judge Burton was pure when even justice was a banned principle—and the Bench acted on the prudential policy of the slave in *Terence*, “*Huic habeo, non tibi.*”

Like all great minds, he is simple, natural, and amiable; full of humane and kindly affections; in whom the finest feelings of our nature are blended with that firmness of purpose and unrelaxed sincerity of principle, which are often found incompatible with the attributes of a gentle and tender heart. Judges are only men, notwithstanding all the artificial dignity and severity of their office. They, too, have their passions and emotions, and it would be strange if they had not; though many assume an unnatural and unbecoming austerity, and look on with a proud inflexibility—with the true Rhadamanthine air of men who cannot, *virtute officii*, have any sympathy with suffering, just as if an indulgence in the most creditable impulses of human nature would lower the majesty of the ermine. This may be very judicial, but it is not very humane. Judge Burton is not of this insensible class. On the trial of some persons in Tipperary for the burning of the Sheas, one of the most dismal occurrences in the history of crime, he presided. In alluding to the state of the calendar, he remarked, with tears in his eyes, that he never heard or read of anything more truly pitiable than the fate of that unfortunate family, and in the progress of the trial, when the facts appeared in evidence, narrated with a touching simplicity by one of the friends of the deceased, the humane judge sobbed like a child. To this virtuous and manly display of feeling, Mr. Sheil afterwards, in his speech for the defence, made an allusion which produced a very deep impression on the audience. Like Baron Smith, he is most reluctant to pass sentence of death, and in every case where the circumstances approximate to anything like a justification for leniency, he recommends to mercy. We conclude our sketch in the language of Addison on another great lawyer, which is peculiarly applicable to Mr. Justice Burton. “His life was in every part of it set off with that graceful modesty and reserve, which made his virtues more apparent the more they were cast in such agreeable shades. His great humanity ap-

peared in the minutest circumstances. You found it in the benevolence of his aspect, the complacency of his behaviour, and the tone of his voice. His great application to the severer studies of the law had not infected his temper with anything positive or litigious; he did not know what it was to wrangle on indifferent points, or triumph in the superiority of his understanding. His character was uniform and consistent with itself—and his whole conduct was of a piece. His principles were founded on reason, and his notions were no less steady and unshaken than just and upright; and that unwearied diligence which followed him through all the stages of his life, gave him such a profound insight into the laws of the land, that even from his first appearance in it he passed for one of the greatest masters in it."

### "HOPE ON HOPE EVER."

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

AN! that will she, "hope on hope ever"—  
 'Tis woman's nature! what can sever  
 The hope that springeth fresh and green  
 Rath from her heart? though oft is seen  
 Threat'ning to blight its blossoms *there*,  
 The fierce sirocco of despair,  
 It can but blast with partial pow'r  
 The imperishable flower!

"Hope on hope ever,"—yes, when woe  
 Teaches the heart, alas! to know  
 All is not cloudless in the sky  
 That love paints to the young bride's eye,  
 That sorrow dims its sun a while,  
 And *many* tears succeed *one* smile,  
 Still looks she to a hand on high,  
 "A helping hand," those tears to dry!

"Hope on hope ever"—oh! the same  
 When fever, with devouring flame,  
 Prostrates the babe she thought in love  
 Had been sent to her from above.  
 God searcheth that sad heart, and sees  
 Submission to his dread decrees;  
 Lo! in his breast compassion waxeth,  
 And he the bow of death relaxeth.

"Hope on hope ever"—when at last  
 Earth's "bridge of sighs" is safely past,  
 Then hope its primal tints resume,  
 Verdant in amaranthine bloom;  
 The hope the chasten'd Christian feels  
 When Heaven's Majesty reveals  
 To the initiated eye  
 The glories of eternity!

# SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

## CHAPTER V.

The heir and his adviser—The Will—Robbery and death.

IN a street in one of the lowest parts of Westminster, where cheap sprats and old clothes seemed the staple commodities, and shoes and stockings were certainly at a discount, a dark swarthy man, with deep black eyes, unwashed skin, and tangled hair, might be seen leaning out of a first-floor window of a house, over the door of which was the name of "Moses Levi, dealer in old clothes." 'Twas a miserable room that, from the window of which the man leaned; not unfurnished, indeed, but so dirty and ill-sorted that it readily declared itself to be the abode of successful villany. There was no lack of things, but all was negligence and dirt, demonstrative of that narrow tenure which its present owner considered he had of his present abode; for though he lacked not the wherewith to live and spend, he knew not at what hour the prying eye of justice might startle him from his hiding-place, and force him to fly even to greater obscurity, filth, and wretchedness than was now around. By the fire, for it was a raw November day, sat a fair girl, about eighteen years of age, of slight and elegant proportions; care had worn her young features, and sharpened the expression of her face, but yet there was much that remained of delicacy, of sweetness of expression. It was now getting dark.

"Mary," said the young man, as he bent into the room without quitting the window, "the time? quick, girl, quick!"

"Past five, George," replied the girl, after referring to an old watch which lay on the table.

"Past five, and Mark not back!" muttered George, as he turned away from the window, and paced anxiously across the room; "three hours—three hours, and not here!"

"Dearest George," said the girl, walking towards him, and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Well, girl, can I not be at peace even here?"

"Dearest, you are angered."

"Well, and if I am—Ha! I hear his step," said the man, suddenly breaking away, and rushing to the door. "Girl, go; leave us." As the girl obeyed, the noise of a man's footstep was heard on the creaking stair.

"Well, Mark?" said the young man, as a broad-shouldered man, of most unprepossessing appearance, strode into the room, and threw himself with such violence on a chair as to make it creak again.

"Well, squire," said Mark, "you seem in a flummux."

"Is the old man dead?" inquired George.

"Dead ! not he ; he'll see you d—d first, and not then ;" and the brute laughed at his own joke.

The young man swore fearfully.

"That's right, squire ; d—n your old uncle for not dying when he's told," chuckled his companion. "Don't spare him ; he don't deserve it."

"Is he worse ?"

"No, better," replied Mark ; "doctor says he'll live a week."

"A week ! a week !" muttered the nephew.

"Ay, a week, squire ; sha'n't us be rich then ?"

"We shall be starved," said the young man. "Mark, there's my last shilling."

"And there's my last tanner," replied Mark, throwing the money on the table. "Vy don't you call things by their right names ? Come, come, squire, sit ye down and hear the news."

His companion obeyed him with reluctance.

"Vell, you see, squire, I vent as usual to the old un's to see Missus Martha ; old Sammy said as how she couldn't come, cause vy, master wanted her, so had sent a paper ; now read that ere, and tell us how you likes it," said Mark, as he held out a crumpled paper to his companion, on which was written,

"The old un's better, and ain't going to go not at all yet ; made his vill last night. Look alive like.—M."

George turned deadly pale as he read it, and remained silent some time ; at last he asked,

"Is this true, Mark ?"

"Ay, squire, it be true as you're alive."

"Then I am indeed ruined," gasped George.

"Ruined ! ho, ho ! think of that. Steady, steady, squire ; don't walk so vicious. I goes avay, and says to Sammy, 'Come agin in haff an hour.' Vell, back I comes ; 'vell,' says she, 'here's a go ; who'd a thought it ? I heard him this wery blessed last night as is past, through the keyhole—a hundred shiners for the squire—'"

"Ah !" ejaculated George.

"'And his curse.' Ah, squire ; 'and all the rest to the old un and young un in the country.' Now don't valk so hard, squire, you puts me out."

George reseated himself, looking moodily at the fire, and swaying backwards and forwards on his chair.

"'Vell,' says I, 'Martha, who made vill ?' 'Lawyer,' says she. 'Who vitnessed it ?' 'Cook, and Samson, and I,' says she. 'How's old un ?' says I ; 'better,' says she. 'Sleep vell ?' says I. 'Tol-lol,' says she. 'Try little lodinum,' says I ? 'han't none,' says she."

"Confound you," shouted his companion, "what on earth has all this trash to do with me ?"

"Vait and see, as the man said to his friend ven he was agoing to be scrag'ed ; Tothill-fields vornt built in a day. Would you believe it, squire, that I had a bottle of that ere stuff in my pocket just handy ? 'How much ?' says she ; 'Two teaspoons,' says I. 'Samson heavy sleeper, eh ?' 'Werry,' says she—now don't flurry, squire—'snores like vinkin in the back kitchen,' says she. 'Dangerous !'

says I. 'How?' says she. 'Vy, I dare to say you sleeps uncommon hard, and aney von might come and half murder you all, and you be no chalk the wiser for it; or might go nigh for to bind you all, and then valk off vith the old un's vill and his ready.' 'Let um try,' says she, as she valk'd off a laffing. Now, squire, do you take, eh?"

"I think I do, Mark," replied his comrade, with a melancholy smile; "but still—I've had enough of that work; I'll e'en take my legacy and be content."

"Ay, and list for a lobster, and get a tissy a day and your corn," said Mark, with a sneer.

"Honesty's the best policy, Mark, after all," said George.

"Ah," replied the man, "so the beak said, 'cause vy, he'd tried 'em both. Lookee, squire, you and I have done a thing or two together, and you can't say but I've stood for ye like a man. Now if you go nigh for to turn good, so'll I; 'cause vy, honesty's the best policy."

"Mark, you shall have the legacy; I owe it you for all you have done for me," said the squire.

"O do'ee, vell, let's see; two hundred shiners offered for the put-up at Clapham—ditto ditto for the lark at Vestminster—don't make such faces, squire—three ditto for the little affair at Deal—two and two is four, and three is seven. No, squire, honesty's the best policy after all—them there rewards is vorth having."

"Villain! would you sell me?" said George, starting from his seat.

"Vy, you sees, squire, honesty's the best policy," replied Mark, with great coolness.

"Villain, I'll shoot you on the spot," said the squire, drawing a pistol from his vest.

"Wery vell, squire, and then my mate Philip vill just know vot for to do."

"Philip! how, Philip?"

"Vy, you sees, squire, I always told all about the matters to my mate, 'cause vy, I thought, if squire ever cuts up rough, von of us vill go to the vall."

"Villain!" muttered George.

"That's right, squire, abuse away like vinking."

"Well, well, Mark, I was only joking; let's hear your plan. Come, old boy, don't desert me now," said George, trying to smooth down Mark's cool anger.

"Vell, squire, that'll do, that'll do; a little talk goes a great vay vith me, 'cause vy, I never believes none of it. Now, squire, if that old un's vill vas no go, vot's you vorth?"

"Twenty thousand a year, at least," replied George.

"Werry good; twenty thousand shiners a year. Vell, you shall sign a bond to give me one thousand shiners a year, and I'll take care the old un's vill is no go."

"It is a long sum, Mark; what would you do with so much money?" replied George.

"Vell, vell, squire, honesty's the best policy; the seven undred pounds vill do werry vell," replied his adviser.

"Villain!" muttered George. "Well, Mark, I agree; give me the bond, and I'll sign."



"Vell, squire, isn't it odd? here's the werry ticket, 'xcept the names," replied Mark, as he dived into his coat-pocket, and extracted a deed ready drawn; "let's put in the names, squire. Let's see; 'I, George Middleton, late of Riverley, &c. out of love and affection'—that'll do, squire?" George assented; "'and in consideration of the many acts of service and kindness performed by my dear friend, Mark Redmond, as well to myself as to my dear uncle, Aubrey Middleton, of Riverley, &c.'—will that do, squire? 'out of love and affection,'—bah, had that before,—'do grant to the said Mark Redmond an annuity of one thousand pounds for and during his natural life, charged and chargeable on all the real estate which may at any time belong to me;' then there's the usual gab about payment, and then comes signing. Hilloa, Moses!"

"Vell, share," squeaked the Jew from below; "vhat you vant there?"

"Come up here, old rags and tatters," replied Redmond. "Moses," he continued, as the Jew entered, "what kind of a witness are you now?"

"Vare goot, share, still; vare goot, indeed, share."

"Vell now, squire, down with your name; now, Moses, look sharp. 'I give this as my act and deed.' Very well, squire; now, Moses, down with your fist—all right. Now away, Moses, and send up some brandy. Honesty's the best policy, aint it, Moses? hey, squire?"

"Dependsh upon shircumstances, share; vere your monish, share, for de prandee?" replied the Jew.

"There, catch, you money-getting old Jew, and be quick," shouted Mark, as he flung his last shilling with such a good aim, that the Jew declared he never found money so hard before.

As soon as the liquor was obtained, Mark laid himself upon three chairs, bid the squire be easy and at home, and, lighting his short pipe—an old favourite of Mark's—looked serious and sentimental. George seemed still uneasy and unsettled. He had evidently been fighting a hard battle with himself, and been actually driven into the present plan through the dark hints of his companion. He knew too well how completely he was in the hands of Mark, but he had hoped, until that last conversation, that to him alone his share in those fatal and dangerous expeditions had been known.

Mark's pipe had now been glowing and smoking nearly two hours, the liquor was drained to the last drop, and night had set in with the utmost obscurity.

"Past nine, by the living jingo, squire. Come, we must be off," said Mark, suddenly kicking away one of his three chairs, and standing on his feet. "It will take us nigh on to an hour, and more, to work up to the old un's; and old Sammy turns in to snore at ten precisely, so we'll catch him in his first nap. Now, then—von jemmy, von darky, von nicker, von gag—no, two gags,—and a pair of barkers. Now, you sees, squire, the vill is laid up all snug in that ere borow, as they calls it; vell, in ve gets, gags old Sammy, to save noise, valks up stairs and does ditto to old Martha, to save 'pearances; you vatches the old un vile I grabs the vill, and then away ve goes, and who's the viser?"

"But, Mark, should my uncle awake, all our trouble will be in vain—a sheet of paper and a pen soon make a new will," replied the squire.

"And suppose he don't, and the lodinum does its duty, he vont be not von touch the viser—vil he, squire?" inquired his companion.

At last the friends departed towards the old man's house.

"Martha," said the old man, "Martha, I cannot sleep; horrid dreams haunt me; I fear I have but a short time to live; 'tis horrid, this waking vision. O God, help me," murmured the old man, "why did I let my brother leave me?"

"Dear master, you have a good conscience; you have done your duty to your relations;—why fear? why tremble so violently?" replied his nurse.

"My relations! Ah, Spencer! Spencer! would to God I had lived thy life. Brother! brother! is it you?—No, 'tis George—'tis a priest. Away! away!—I cannot, I dare not pray," gasped poor Aubrey, as visions of the past flitted across his brain.

"Drink this, good master," replied his nurse, as she handed him a draught; "'twill bring sleep—deep sleep;" and then she muttered to herself, "Was it two spoonfuls Mark said?—ay, two—'tis enough."

Aubrey had hardly taken the potion ere its effects began to show themselves on his weak frame, and a deep but fretful sleep fell upon him.

"He sleeps," muttered Martha, as she bent over the bed. "'Tis time now, Master Mark—let's see who plans best. I know your hints about robberies. Come, I can but fail, after all. What! not pick a lock, Martha?—no, no, who'd believe that?—the neatest filch and quickest eye in all St. Giles's could not pick a lock!" she continued muttering to herself, as she approached the bureau wherein the will was locked. The false key was applied, and the lock yielded; her hand was on the deed itself in its parchment cover; she stopped and listened; a scraping noise, as of a small saw, arrested her attention; she listened—"Quick, Martha, quick," she said, "they come.—Ay, too late, Master Mark," continued the crone, as she extracted the will from its envelope, and filled up the vacancy with an old newspaper, carefully refolding the parcel, and restoring it to its original form. This done, she relocked the bureau, and, having concealed the document about her person, cowered down before the fire in her nursing-chair, as if overcome from fatigue and watching.

She had hardly completed her operations ere Mark and George pushed open the chamber-door, and crept stealthily into the sick man's room. Still pretending not to awake, she permitted the squire to place a gag in her mouth, and pinion her to her chair, seeming to be but half conscious of what was being done to her, or too terrified to permit her to utter a word.

George now proceeded to his uncle's bed-side, and stood watching the old man as he lay in his deep but restless sleep, totally unconscious of their presence, and seemingly in that state of exhaustion which generally precedes death.

The bureau was soon opened; the packet, with its alluring endorse-

ment, deposited in Mark's pocket, along with a few stray pieces of gold, which, their captor remarked, might be useful, and would not be in the way ; the lock was closed, and all had assumed the appearance of security, when footsteps were heard on the stairs, and, the door being suddenly burst open, Samson, whom they left bound and gagged below, sprang into the room, and fastened on the squire. At the same time, two other men tried to seize Redmond. The latter soon found that the thief was too much even for numbers, and were glad to take the excuse of two knock-down blows, which sent one assailant with his forehead against the corner of the bureau, and his companion head foremost down stairs, as good excuses for no further interference. George, unprepared for the attack, had been thrown by his assailant across the sick man, over whom he now struggled violently with his opponent. Samson, always a strong, powerful man, seemed nerved with additional strength, and for a time kept the squire beneath him. Ere, however, Mark could come to his companion's aid, the scene was changed ; by a dexterous turn, George had gained the uppermost place, whilst his assailant clutched violently at his dress to keep him from rising. The sudden report of a pistol startled Mark, as he hurried towards the scene of the struggle, and Samson fell back a dead man over his master's body. In the violent clutchings which he had made at the squire's dress, he had accidentally sprung the lock of a pistol concealed in his assailant's pocket ; the ball had passed along George's arm, leaving a deep groove, and entered the poor fellow's breast.

The squire and Redmond, now everything seemed quiet, fled from the house, pursued only by those terrors which that night's deed had fixed even on the hardened mind of the latter. As for human aid, there was none ; the accidental passing of two labouring men, who were attracted by the open door and the subdued moans of the servant as he lay bound, had occasioned the release, the interruption, and the death. Another victim had been sacrificed to the king of terrors during that struggle. The old man had awoke, when the combatants fell across his bed, in that half-conscious state which opiate causes even in the strong man's brain, he felt a fall, he saw a confused mingling of limbs, and heard blows and curses around him. He tried to cry out, but his weakness prevented him ; again he looked—yes, 'twas his brother's face—that brother who had drawn him into all his errors. He once or twice muttered "George," and died ere his faithful servant fell dead across his master's body.

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## FORTY-ONE TONS OF INDIGO; OR, THE CAREFUL DEALER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATLIN THE REEFER," "THE OLD COMMODORE," "JACK ASHORE," &c.

LET us begin with a maxim. Though such a commencement may a little startle the mere amusement seeker, we must disregard his very natural fear of being instructed for the sake of the imposing air that it gives to the article. "In matters of business, if you can help it, as far as possible never commit yourself by speaking first, and on no account commit yourself by speaking hastily."

We have propounded our aphorism, and we now proceed to prove its value by the narrative of a fact, which, should it read a little like a tale, we shall not be sorry for, but merely plume ourselves upon the attractive manner in which we have related it. It is not our fault if we be naturally eloquent. But this will not make us vain, for we have much greater sins than eloquence to answer for.

Men with linen aprons before them have sometimes very creditable feelings, and a coat out at the elbows may often be buttoned over a generous breast. It may be even suspected that maidens with serge gowns on their backs may have their susceptibilities, though I know these latter have been shamefully monopolized by young ladies who are votaries to the excitements of elegant fiction.

If the above propositions can be tolerated by the reader, let him read on, and know that the hero of this little moral sketch was a douce and canny Scot, making up, by their great variety, for the limited extent of his dealings. He was a chapman in a promiscuous line. In fact—why should we attempt to disguise the truth?—he kept what in London would be called a chandler's shop. He condescended, merely for the convenience of his immediate neighbours, to sell candles so low as a farthing apiece—indeed he would, for the nonce, furnish light so attenuated that you might purchase two for a farthing, and yet he had small beer in his emporium more attenuated still. He also sold dyeing materials, among which I might have classed his small ale, and he had coculus indicus to set off against a halfpenny's worth of salt, barilla against two sheets of parliament cake for a baubee, and indigo by the pound against snuff by the half ounce.

Indeed, our trustworthy friend, Donald M'Grie, had no small pride in his shop; and the street in which he lived in the gude auld town of Aberdeen, had just so much pride in Donald. Really Donald was a safe chiel; he kept his accounts accurately, both with God and man, for he was as punctual at kirk as in his payments, and, as he allowed no long scores with his neighbours, he took care never to run largely in debt by crimes of omission, which must be some day settled before a tribunal so awful.

Having thus sufficiently described Donald's circumstances, we must

now proceed to narrate the first grand step that he made towards acquiring the splendid fortune that he so well deserved, and lived so long to enjoy.

He was out of indigo ; that is to say, all the indigo that he lately had, had gone out from his warehouse by driblets. Thereupon he writes a letter to the house in London, a drysalter's in the most extensive line of business, ordering "forty-one pons weight of indigo," stating, at the same time, that if there was not a vessel, they must "*get ane.*" Such were the exact words he used.

Now, at the time this occurred, communication between Aberdeen and London was rare, and, at farthest, four times in the year was the utmost extent that Donald M'Grie and his wholesale dealers addressed each other. These latter were very much surprised at the extent of the order, and the reader will not wonder at it when he is informed that they never could suppose for a moment that a vessel could be ordered on purpose to carry forty-one pounds of indigo ; so, after much scrutiny of the very hieroglyphical marks of M'Grie, all the heads of the firm took it firmly into their said heads that their correspondent had fairly written for forty-one tons.

They knew but very little of the man, and of the nature and extent of his business ; all, however, that they did know was most satisfactory ; they had done business with him for nearly twenty years, and had, during all that time, been extremely well pleased with the punctuality of his payments, added to which, they had heard that he was wealthy. Upon all these grounds, they, without hesitation, executed the order ; but, as they had not anything like the quantity on hand, they were themselves forced to become purchasers, in order to fulfil the commission. Having collected the quantity that they supposed that Donald had specified, they shipped it for Aberdeen, sending with it an invoice, and also a bill of lading by post.

When M'Grie received this precious bill of lading his astonishment was at once ludicrous and stupendous. At length, in order to give himself a little mental relief, he determined to set it down as a hoax, for, said he, "What on earth can the people of London mean by sending me forty-one tons of indigo?" It was more than sufficient, with the then consumption, to supply Aberdeen for a gude Scotch generation—twenty-one years. However, his prudence still prevailed over every other operation of his mind.

Like a canny Scot, he kept his perplexity to himself, for nothing was farther from his thoughts than to run hither and thither with his mouth open, and the letter in his hand, in order to tell his tale of wonder, and excite the stupid exclamations of his neighbours. Notwithstanding this stoical conduct, he could not so far command his deportment, but that those about him remarked a definite, though a mysterious, change in his whole man. He was nearly silent ; but the activity of his feet made up for the idleness of his tongue. He was fidgetty, repeatedly leaving his shop without any conceivable reason, and then returning to it hastily on the same rational grounds. For once in his life, his neighbours thought that wily Donald did not very well know what he was about.

In the midst of this agitation, time and tide, which wait for no

man, brought the vessel that bore the indigo to Aberdeen. It would seem that, in order to quicken Donald's apprehension, she had an extraordinary quick passage. No sooner was she moored, than the captain hastened to find the merchant to whom this large and valuable cargo was consigned. Having gone previously to the very first merchants, he by nice gradations, at length arrived at the little shop of the actual consignee, honest Donald M'Grie. Indeed, the skipper was as much astonished at the minuteness of the warehouse as M'Grie had been at the magnitude of his cargo, for that warehouse, had it contained nothing else, would not have held the one-fifth part of the consignment.

After the few first introductory sentences, that made each aware of what was their mutual business, the captain became convinced that all was right from the quiet conduct of Donald, who betrayed neither emotion nor surprise, though at the same time his very heart was melting within him, as melts an exposed rushlight on a sunshiny summer's day.

"And sae, sir, ye'll be sure ye a brought the tottle of the forty-one tons. A hugeous quantity, eh, sir! And did ye ever ken any one mon hae sae mickle before?"

"Never, Mr. M'Grie, never. Why, sir, do you know that the difficulty of getting all the indigo together had an effect on the market. It was full three farthings the pound dearer on 'Change the very day I left London."

"O, ay—purely. It was—was it? Now I'll just put ye ane case—not that it is o' the slightest consequence, but merely to satisfy my conjecture—supposing, mon, ye had all this indigo, what would ye just do wi' it?"

"Why," said the skipper, "I should not have bought it unless I wanted it; and if I had wanted it, I should have known what to do with it. That is, Mr. M'Grie, precisely your case."

"Ah weel, my mon, but you're an unco cannie chiel. Do ye na ken whether his precious majesty, may God bless him, aint gaun to make the volunteer laddies wear blue regimentals—blue is a pure standing colour."

"Why, I don't know, but some report of that sort may be stirring; for what with your large demand, and other matters, indigo is certainly getting up. But my time is precious. Here's your bill of lading, so just sign my papers—ah, all right—when and where shall I discharge the cargo?"

"Don't fash yourself, there's nae hurry. I'll just speak to two or three of my worshipfu' correspondents, and let you know on the morrow, or aiblins the next day after. I may hae to send to Edinbro' anent the matter."

"Ah, yes, I understand, a joint consignment. It won't prove a bad speculation, I'm thinking. Morning, morning, Mr. M'Grie."

So away trudged the skipper, leaving the owner of much indigo in a state of doleful perplexity, such as ought not to befall any honest man. All that night he kept exclaiming, "Gude Lord, gude Lord; what shall I do with all this indigo? Na, na, Donald will not commit himself. But it's a mickle heap."



Very early was Donald abroad the next morning, inquiring of every body all the possible uses to which indigo could be put. He got but very little satisfaction on this point. He began himself to look dark blue. He had almost resolved upon a journey to London, awful as it appeared to him, to have this mistake explained, but he still resolved to wait a little, and to do nothing in a hurry.

The next thing that happened to Donald, with his forty-one tons of dye, was his sad reflections when an old woman came and bought of him one farthing's worth of stone blue.

"Had ye na better try indigo, my gude frien'?" says Donald to the old washerwoman quite pawkily.

"And what think ye, gude mon M'Grie, I'll be doing with indigo in the suds? Oot awa, mon, but yer gaffing a puir old body." So off the old lady trudged with a damaged temper.

"Had I but sold a farthing's worth o' this dommed indigo, 'twould have been a beginning. Had the auld washer bodies hae taken to it! and every little helps."

About this time, as the skipper who had just brought the indigo was just passing the principal inn of Aberdeen, he observed a post-chaise and four, with the horses all foam, stop with a most imposing jerk at the door, and the managing and confidential clerk of the firm of Hubbens, Hobbins, and Robins, the eminent drysalters. The clerk almost flew into the arms of the skipper, and with breathless eagerness asked him if he had delivered the indigo to Donald M'Grie?

"No. It is still in the vessel, but he has the manifest and the bill of sale."

"Then the property is now vested in him?"

"As securely as the hair upon your own head is your own property. He seems cautious, even for a Scotchman."

"Is he in a large line of business?"

"I can't really say that. We should call his place of trade nothing better than a chandler's shop in London. But they manage things in another guess way here."

"What can he possibly want with this indigo? He has actually drained the market, and we have just received advices that all the crops of indigo have failed in the West Indies. There is also a large demand for it from government, and it is now actually worth its weight in gold."

"You don't say so. Why, he was saying something like it. No doubt but that some West Indiaman has made the run by herself, and reached this place without waiting for convoy, and brought the news of the failure of the crops. Besides, he talked largely about his correspondents."

"And I am losing all this precious time! Where does he live? I know nothing about the place."

"I will go with you, if you choose. I should like to see how the douce Scot manages it."

"No, good captain. Just show me the door. If I prosper, you will just have to take the stuff back to London."

"So I thought. But mind your bearings and distance with M'Grie. He is an over-cautious tradesman."

It had been a dull morning with Donald. He had sold a little snuff and a little sand, a little cheese, and a half-score of ballads for a half-penny, but not a particle of indigo, and no more stone or powdered blue. He was never known to give such short weight. He had wrangled awfully with his few customers, and was, altogether, in a very misty humour.

"I would just gie twa pund's Scotch to get out of this scrape, and some odd siller over ;" and as he thus exclaimed aloud, he struck the pound of butter that he was making up with his wooden paddles a blow so spiteful, that it resounded like the report of a pistol.

At this moment the clerk entered. He paused for a space just within the threshold, scornfully surveyed the shop and its contents, looked with an air that was not far short of contempt on its proprietor, and immediately settled in his mind his plan of action. He was something of the *petit maitre*, so he placed his white cambric handkerchief before his nose and mouth, and then jerking it away, exclaimed, "Faugh !" taking from his waistcoat pocket a smelling-bottle, which, like Shakspeare's popinjay,

"Ever and anon he gave to his nose,  
And took 't away again."

But it was Donald who,

"Being angry when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff."

"What would ye please to buy, honest man?" said Donald, pettishly.

"Buy, my good fellow, buy? Does any one ever buy anything here? You will pardon me, but the stench is intolerable."

"Ye fause young callant! Here be naething but wholesome smells, such as sic puir thread-paper bodies as your ainsel' might grow sleek upon. An ye no like the odour, healthfu' as it be, twist round yer ugly snout, and there lies the doorway. So tramp, ye ne'er-do-weel."

"Pardon me. I am sure, sir, that I did not come to quarrel with you, but merely to rectify a mistake. I believe I am speaking to Mr. M'Grie—Mr. Donald M'Grie?"

"Ye don't lee *noo*," said Donald, very moodily.

"I wish to release you from a great deal of uneasiness, in making right this little mistake of yours."

"And pray where may ye be come from?"

"London, Mr. M'Grie, the centre of the arts, the seat of sovereignty, the emporium of the world—but that is nothing here nor there—I come from London, Mr. M'Grie."

"And how might ye a' made this long journey? Aiblins by the slow waggon?"

"It is you that are slow, my good sir," said the clerk, flourishing his handkerchief tastefully. "Chaise and four—spanked along—astonished the natives—never lost a moment, I assure you."

"Ye'll be making a long stay, nae doubt, in bonny Aberdeen?"

"Not a moment after I've rectified this little mistake. Southward ho! That's the word!"

*July 1841.—VOL. XXXI.—NO. CXXIII.*

"So," thought Donald, "this spruce young chap is come, I'm sure, about the indigo. I'll save my two puns Scots and the odd siller. He did not travel post for nothing. I shall be clear of my bargain free. But let us not be in a hurry."

"Ye are come to Aberdeen about the indigo, doubtless?" said Donald, after a pause, and very deliberately.

"Yes. My principals feel sure that you have made a trifling mistake in the amount of your order ; so, to relieve your anxiety, they have sent me down to you, to say that they are willing to take the indigo back, and release you from your bargain, provided that you will pay the expense of the freight—and a very generous offer it is, I can tell you."

"I am sure that I am over obliged to the gude gentlemen. But pray, sir, who may ye be yer ainsel' ? A modest young man, nae doubt, but humble—yer preferment's all to come. One would just like to know whom one is treating wi'—some junior clerk, or, perhaps, one of the warehousemen?—surely ye no be ane of the porters?"

Very indignant indeed was the fop at these degrading conjectures. With much hauteur he exclaimed, "I must acquaint you that I am the confidential principal and managing director of the firm's vast mercantile operations ; that I am a near relation of Mr. Hubbens, the head of the firm ; and that I have full power and authority to do just what I please in this, as in every other transaction. My name, sir, is Daniel Hubbens, at your service. What do you say to my offer?"

"I should like to glance at your authority—no offence."

Mr. Daniel Hubbens was offended, however ; but, finding the Scotchman firm, he was obliged to give him the necessary vouchers that he was empowered to treat with him for a re-sale of the merchandize. The examination of this document still further opened the mental eyes of M'Grie to the value of his late purchase, and he consequently became more dogged and consequential.

Mr. Hubbens, perceiving the turn that affairs were likely to take, and that he had a difficult task to perform, at once altered the loftiness of his manner, and said,

"Well, well, my dear sir, the fact is, you have long bought from us. I wish now to see if we, our very respectable firm, cannot purchase from you. So come down to my inn, and we'll talk the matter over the bottle of the best you can call for."

"Ou, there's nae accasion ; just say a' here."

"No, no, my dear sir ; come with me you must. I am very tired, and the best supper that Aberdeen can produce is providing for us two."

"Sae ye are prepared for me. I understand. Ye would nae hae ta'en all this troublous wark for little. I'll awa with you, my man."

And away they both went ; in the short journey to the inn Donald cogitating on the utmost that he should ask for the re-sale of the indigo, and the managing clerk endeavouring to divert his thoughts from the value of the goods in his possession.

The supper and its accessories were the best that ever fell to the lot of Donald to share ; but he was prudent, and the clerk gained no advantage through the means of his lavish expenditure of choice wines,

so, after many flourishes, and much circumlocution, he was forced to put the plain question to his guest, "What will you take to pass your cargo of indigo back to our firm?"

"Troth, Mr. Hubbens, I'm at a loss a bit. Phat will ye gie, truly?"

"Why, Mr. M'Grie, the fact is, we have received a very unexpected order for the article, and our people have empowered me to come to Aberdeen and offer you a thousand pounds to return the cargo just as you got it. There is a glorious chance for you! A thousand pounds! Don't you feel yourself in heaven?"

"No, no; I'm better advised than that comes to. I didna buy the mickle lot but upon sound calculations. I have friens, sir, friens who have the first intelligence."

It is as I suspected, thought the clerk; he has had the first news of the general failure of the crops.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. M'Grie—it is a bold step, but I'll take it upon myself to double the offer. Two thousand, sir, two thousand! Hey!"

"Indeed no, my man. I can make mair o't than that."

"Well, I must let you keep it," said the youngster, with an air of well-affected indifference.

"Weel, weel, young sir, here's to yer verra gude health, and a pleasant journey back again."

"Thank you, sir. May the indigo prosper with you!"

They drank two glasses of wine each in silence. The mortification of Hubbens could not be concealed, whilst M'Grie's visage represented content carved out in stone.

After a considerable pause, the clerk lost his temper entirely—his patience had long gone before it—and he resumed the attack upon the imperturbable Donald. At length the would-be purchaser, not at all liking the prospect and the shame of an unsuccessful journey back to his principals, in a fit of desperation pulled out his private instructions, and said, "Here, read that, obstinate man of iron that you are. Just so far am I permitted to go, and no farther."

M'Grie read very deliberately that his host was empowered to offer him the freight both ways, and four thousand pounds.

"It is driving me hard," said Donald; "but as you are an unco amiable young man, and no to fash you with your employers, gude men, I'll just consent. And to show ye that I can be liberal too, why, when ye hae settled the reckoning, I'll stand a pint o' Glenlivet atween the twa of us."

After this, the transaction was immediately wound up, and the money paid down.

Donald M'Grie took this accession of fortune coolly and temperately. He reflected that men make a thousand unlucky for one lucky mistake, and that cargoes of indigo don't always quadruple themselves in price when bought by misadventure. Reflecting upon all this, he resolved at this, the proper season, to retire from business. So he made over his stock in trade and his house to his nephew—"for a consideration," of course—and bought the lands of C—— C——, which said estate is, at this moment, worth five times the money paid for it.

We have made out our case, and that by the means of no fiction. It well exemplifies our moral, "In matters of moment, never speak first, and never speak hastily." In the lives of the most unfortunate among us, many lucky opportunities occur. It is neither the learned nor the clever who know best how to seize them, and to turn them to the most advantage. This faculty belongs to the prudent. Had Donald M'Grie spoken first, and spoken the wish of his heart, he would have said, "Pray take fifty pounds, and release me from my bargain." He held his tongue until it was the proper time to speak, and thus realized a handsome independence for himself and for his children.

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### THE BRIDAL SONG OF BIANCA SFORZA, 1494.

PEAL out ! peal out ! as well ye may,  
 Old Milan's steeples all :  
 The show is in the crowded way,  
 The feast is in the hall.  
 Haste ! wreath your doors with garlands round,  
 And throw your casements wide !  
 The noblest maid on Lombard ground  
 Ere noon must kneel a bride.

Come forth ! come forth ! ye burghers bold,  
 Lay by your pelfy gear !  
 Go, don your gowns and chains of gold,  
 And spread your festal cheer !  
 Ye armourers, cease your clanking toil,  
 Throw plate and mail aside !  
 The fairest flower on Lombard soil  
 This noon must hail a bride.

Ring out ! ring out, your trumpets high !  
 Fling, fling your banners wide !  
 Draw forth great Milan's chivalry,  
 And man your ranks of pride !  
 And beauty rare, and knighthood free,  
 In bridal pomp shall ride !  
 For Milan's heir this noon shall see  
 The mighty Kaiser's bride.

Rouse up, rouse up ! ye gallants gay,  
 Rouse up, both prince and peer !  
 And prank ye for the tourney day,  
 And take the helm and spear !  
 And rein your steeds in stately guise  
 Within the lists to ride—  
 For Blanche of Milan gives the prize,  
 The Kaiser's princely bride.

## THE WOMAN HATER.

## No. II.

BY WARNER OLIPHANT.\*

"Thou hast abused thy trust,  
And she whose room unworthily thou fill'st  
Is looking on thee from the home of saints  
With meek reproachful eyes."

THE FOUR GUARDIANS.

It is a long time, my dear Cecil, since I put you in possession of the first part of these my confessions. For the delay, the painful nature of the subject, which repels rather than courts a renewed intimacy, will amply account. And the same reason may explain why I describe events in this paper which were not so closely personal to myself, in defiance of chronology and order. So the lesson be conveyed, it matters little from whose story, or in what way related, it be drawn; so the drama have its moral, none need care whether I or another be the chief actor. To publish these records together, or in too close a succession, would be more likely to disgust or pain than to interest; you will not therefore wonder if the third section of them follows at as wide an interval as this second, though possibly it may not lag *quite* so far behind.

Let me merely state that after the shocking events formerly related, my shaken health rendered travelling advisable, if not absolutely necessary; and that concerning the time consumed in visiting other lands, though it too has its share of instructive materials for this series, I shall now be silent. On my return I found my views of life and its prizes far different from what had dazzled the lover of the faithless but unforgotten Aura. Ambitious then, I had now none whose praise might be the aim and object of my toil; riches without any to share them seemed quite unworthy of a struggle; my thoughts and habits of study did not now, as once, bend themselves strongly to one common goal, but gave symptoms, in restlessness and desultory exertion, of that literary epicurism which is the commonest state of intellectual degeneracy. Though I repined at this frustration of hopes I had once affectionately cherished, I was wholly unable to exercise that degree of watchfulness over myself which might have effected a cure; all sorts of studies claimed my attention, but satisfaction came with none. The polestar—poor Aura—was gone, and the compass-needle veered hither and thither, no longer knowing the north. Be sure that no seasoning of anger against her who had thus changed my nature and my life, mingles with the bitter draught of memory I

\* Continued from vol. xxvi. p. 410, Nov. 1839. Erratum in the former paper, —for *Pentegru* read *Penteyrn*, throughout.



am quaffing while I write. The gate of the tomb should bear a general pardon, signed by all the living, of the faults of those within its precincts; there is no quarrel between her and me. Not to succumb without an effort to the unmanly malady of listlessness, I imposed on myself the task of writing a small work, to which I need not more particularly allude, involving considerable application, and the necessity of taking the suffrages of numerous authorities: for the better execution of which, I collected my books, and retired to a village, or rather a small town, in a midland county, where salubrious air, noble scenery, and unbroken retirement, might all be secured.

Emberton-Grey wanted nothing that country towns generally possess, and had some advantages which few of the same class combine. These latter were, good society in the neighbouring country, yet a very limited circle of its own; an excellent situation, with wood and water, apart or woefully combined, to salute the eye at every turn, yet no hateful complement of dusty-footed tourists or vagrant time-killers to disturb the retirement and repose which were its chief charm in my sight. The first day's glance made me willing to pitch my tent there for a time; the second day found me fixed there, and as studious as a monk. From daybreak till breakfast I read and wrote; afterwards I strolled down some quiet path near the little river, until weary; at midday I read and wrote again, and strolled again at evening. No doubt you, with your passion for politics, and love of bustle, will think my disposal of time very flat and uninviting; I was not myself in love with pursuits so tame, but I regarded them as a *medicina mentis*, and took it, as I should any other unwelcome potion, with as little wincing as possible.

In my walks by the river I used frequently to meet a young man, generally, like myself, armed with a book, whose appearance made me long for his acquaintance. He was neither gay nor good-looking; but a dark, intellectual face, with eyes that seemed to realize the promise of his broad brow, served to pique one's curiosity, and excite an interest certainly not diminished by its being the only face that used to cross one's matutinal rambles. The drawback to his appearance was, that he looked what young ladies call woe-begone. His walk was slow, his face thin and sallow, and no alertness of motion of eye or head attested that he cared for the opening glories of a green spring. With characteristic hastiness I came to the conclusion that a woman's frown was at the bottom of this disconsolate seeming; and, curious enough, I was right in my guess, though not a little wrong in my fancies of the bearings of the case, as indeed was he.

We soon grew friends, though we had not spoken; at length, by mutual consent, even this barrier was overleapt; we saluted as we met, and he called on me almost immediately after, introducing himself as Mr. Charles Crendon. On comparing notes, we found that both were Cambridge men, both had taken degrees there, and both were of St. John's. Here were topics enough in common, and farther conversation discovered still more. For mathematics he cared but little, as did I; the ardour of his studies was all directed to one author, Plato the divine—a taste somewhat unusual at Cambridge,

but in which at a humble distance I participated. All his multifarious reading had been applied to the illustration of his favourite ; he was none of your readers *qui multa hospitia habent, amicitias nullas*, but gloried in being a man of one book, a cultivator of one intellectual friendship.

"It is only by this constant study," he remarked, when I commented on his enthusiasm, "that we can really reap the fruits which an ancient writer has sown. To transcribe a few aphorisms, or jot down a few notes on the margin, will not much affect our tone of thinking ; but daily study and reflection long continued gradually tinge the life and habits, until in the expression of our mind some strain of a higher mood, inspired by the spirit of our cherished author, yet not stolen from him, convinces us of our reward ; though," he added with a sigh, "my own studies are often interrupted now."

"It is undoubtedly the way to understand an author," I said.

"The way to Plato's inner soul is a long one. I shall never reach the end, but there is some satisfaction in taking even the first steps. Seven lustres are to be devoted to his pages, so some tell us, before we can hope to understand him, aided by all advantages. I have barely given two to the labour."

"Yet you seem full ten years my junior ; there is a long future before you, from which you may hope everything. Possessing the main requirement, a love for your toil, there is nothing to prevent success as far as time is concerned."

"I know not that," he answered, with a shake of the head.

"You are an invalid, perhaps ?" I asked.

"Not strictly. A severe affliction is wearing out my strength, but at present my ills are of the mind, not of the body. But I owe you many apologies for thus making you a party to complaints proverbially disagreeable to an uninterested hearer."

"To change the subject then. I think you idolaters of

‘ That learned Grecian, who did so excel  
In knowledge passing sense, that he is named  
Of all the after-world, Divine,’

are among the blindest of earth's creatures. You shut your eyes so obstinately to every charge implying a fault in the great master, that calmer judges are deterred from bestowing the praise they think his due, because they are not suffered to blame."

"Surely all Platonists are not such idolaters," said Charles ; "I for one will cheerfully own that the son of Aristo is often illogical, often a trifler, (though that fault lies on his times, not him,) sometimes unjust, sometimes short-sighted, if every one will concede to me that for noble views in philosophy, for discernment of signs of change in the political atmosphere, though no bigger than a man's hand, for knowledge of character, and those lesser graces, a tongue of music, and a keen quiet wit, Plato is unsurpassed. Like our own Shakspeare, whichever of his good gifts you look at last, he seems to possess in greatest abundance. And what a dramatist ! Show me a more natural scene in comedy, ancient or modern, I care not, than his *Banquet* ; and then turn from it to that solemn picture of the phi-

philosopher, veiling his reverend head before the hurricane of a people's madness, which he cannot resist; or that less affecting, but still powerful sketch of philosophy, a dame of noble form and high lineage, compelled to listen to the suit, and submit to the embraces of some vile mannikin, clever enough perhaps in his own sphere, but despicable for his crazed ambition to win and wear this most noble mistress. Remember how he accounts for the depraved and tricky systems taught in his time, as being the deformed offspring of this unnatural union. Is he not noble and true in all?"

"It has sometimes seemed to me that we lost an incomparable poet in gaining a mighty philosopher. Yet how strange," proceeded I, "that one whose works are almost poems, and who had studied closely and critically, as has been conjectured from a hint in the 'Banquet,' the theory of poetry, should have indited one of the strongest and most earnest condemnations of the art on record."

"You know the palliation we may find for him in the abused influence of poets when he wrote. But this charge, and that respecting his community of wives, must be treated in parallels. In the former, to get rid of a positive evil, he sacrifices an attainable good; in the latter, to attain a good, he overlooks a certain evil. You smile! perhaps you are thinking of his own poetical aspirations, and conjecturing that a drop of the acid of jealousy sharpened his pen in that matter of the poets."

"You have conjectured aright the cause of my smiling," I returned. "But, waiving this, should we not use harsher terms in speaking of his hateful marriage scheme?"

"Yes; his view was unphilosophic in presuming that when the egotism of domestic affection was taken away, when it was expanded to embrace the mass of the state, it would still remain the same. But the answer is, did any Greek, looking on that monstrous excrescence of his country, its female population, devise a better remedy, or see the proper place women should hold? Few can boast, even now, of knowing the female heart truly; and how much less *then*!"

"You have touched," I answered, "the sore place of most political systems. We trust women with our happiness, place soul and body in their keeping; yet with what shameful and soul-withering neglect are their minds, which are to watch and comfort ours, educated! Just Heaven! that a man, proud, loving, and responsible for great gifts, should sleep himself to ruin in the arms of a being who has been taught to worship only one idol—her own reflection in the mirror; or, worse still, should shipwreck the best hopes of his life, because such a one will not smile on him."

"Ay! but not for the sake of the worthless woman, now revealed, does the solitary man pine away; it is for what she once appeared, for the idea she planted in his mind at first, though perhaps the fault of overcharged colour was his own, he is content to waste life, and love no more. He forms a statue of his own fancy, and then sorrows like Pygmalion that it hath no life: this is the penalty strong natures must ever pay; they suffer by the intensity of their own creations."

"You speak, Crendon, as if your heart were the prompter," I involuntarily said.

"It is, it is;" he murmured, rising and turning to the window to hide his face.

"My own can echo the thought," I rejoined, seeing his emotion. "Look at me, a gray-haired man at five-and-thirty. Aura Marion, my beloved, that loved me not, for whom I could have toiled, struggled, or died—she is in the green ground, and I am growing old in thinking upon her image day by day." It was the first time I had spoken of Aura, and I sobbed like an infant. The flood-gates of a ten-years' grief were opened, and to one almost a stranger.

"She is dead then?" said Charles, as we mutually shook hands. "That is more dreadful. I thank God that Ellen is well and happy, though she has betrayed me to misery. One day," he pursued, after a long painful pause, "you shall know my story. Yours I can almost guess. Come to me to-morrow, Oliphant—I cannot stay now."

And Crendon, in whom I already recognized a friend, left me abruptly to indulge his newer grief in solitude.

For brevity's sake you shall have Charles Crendon's history in my own words. He had travelled on the continent after leaving Cambridge, and had met at Manheim an English family, a Mr. Courbay, his wife, and two beautiful daughters, to whom he accidentally became known. With Ellen, the younger daughter, he formed more than a mere passing acquaintance, which induced him on his return to take up his residence in Emberton-Grey, the town where her family lived. When they returned to England, they found Crendon already a neighbour, and, to one at least of the family, an acceptable one. He won Ellen Courbay's love, after the manner of most men—that is, by presupposing her an angel, and acting and speaking accordingly; but his slender fortune, though amply sufficient for his bachelor wants, did not permit him to think of immediate marriage, and induced him to forego his distaste to the practice of any profession, so far as to turn his hopes to the study of the law. Mr. Courbay frankly accepted his suit, and applauded his intention; the docile and hopeful Ellen was willing to believe well of any project formed by her lover, and all seemed to smile on the happy Charles. Indeed, his family influence in some of the southern counties rendered it probable that the professional success of which his talents gave promise, would not be preceded by so long a period of briefless probation—that purgatory of the law that falls to the lot of many; so that there was every reason to hope that his love would be crowned by an early union. But at this critical time, just as Charles had concluded his arrangements with a special pleader, and was about to exchange his cottage for law-chambers, Mr. Courbay died suddenly. That mournful event, which on Ellen's account he lamented, he was destined to feel as keenly on his own. Mrs. Courbay and her daughters declined his visits. He wrote—the letter was returned. He again attempted to see them, and was stupified to find the whole family had gone, leaving their house and furniture to be immediately disposed of. Amazement mingled with his grief at this unlooked-for affliction; his sensitive

and retiring pride, however, kept him from seeking the explanation he certainly had a right to demand; he neither followed the Courbays in their flight, nor wrote again; but all his habits and character conspired to increase the pangs of his hard trial. Until he had lost her, he had never fathomed the depth of his own love; and now, beyond a doubt, it was killing him. Never of a very strong constitution, an uncontrollable irritability of nerves was daily growing upon him, motion and bustle grew disagreeable, and unluckily they were the only things likely to effect a cure. Above all, he declined to leave Emberton-Grey, though confessing that every stock and stone about the place had some painful legend for his eyes.

"Did you never ascertain whether this devastation of your hopes was not caused by the mother?" said I, speaking, however, rather against my hopes. "It is just possible that your Ellen, docile and compliant as you describe her, may have yielded to the imperious sollicitings of her mother, at whatever expense to her own heart."

"Mrs. Courbay is her stepmother—not her mother. I have thought often of that. But it were carrying even filial affection too far, to leave him whom she once professed to love, without one word of farewell."

"Why, if a stepmother is in the case, she may have been prevented seeing or writing to you. Put no confidence in such an affinity. Go to them, demand an interview, arouse yourself to ask the question, 'Was this shameful proceeding her own act?' and then——"

"What then?" said Crendon, trying to smile.

"Give her scorn for scorn. Tell her you bless fortune and your stars that you have not thrown your happiness into her keeping, wish her all the joy a shallow heart and empty head can insure her, then turn on your heel, and see her no more."

"We must not speak of her so hardly, Oliphant; nay, nor think thus until we know more. Some men would have pursued the fugitive, as you suggest. So would I, if I thought I could calmly meet her; but I will not go, to run the risk of increasing her triumph by the spectacle of my weakness. Pray speak of that no more. Did *you* act so with your first love?"

"Humph!" said I; "I planned it so, but I confess the execution was weaker than the design. 'Some natural tears I dropped, but wiped them soon.' But peace to Aura's memory! Had she lived, her warm heart might, ere this, have peeped through the crust of vanity and neglected education, a blessing to all around her."

Crendon clasped my hand. "Your loss is greater than mine, yet you bear it better, my dear friend. They are at Cheltenham now, if I were brave yet humble enough to meet them."

"Let not my advice urge you to such a step against your own feelings. That she is under the control of a stepmother is a point gained, for the *mother* who could adopt this course, could hardly be blessed with an amiable daughter; *now* the daughter has yet to be proved."

**' Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis :  
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum  
Virtus, nec imbellem feroces  
Progenerant aquilam columbæ,'**

quoted Crendon with a smile.

"May you find her all you can wish, my dear Charles!" I exclaimed; "but you must own that remaining here is not likely to help the discovery."

"Here I shall remain nevertheless. They shall not witness the ruin they have caused," returned he, dejectedly.

What my persuasions aimed at in vain, accident strangely effected. Charles was nephew to Sir Julius Crendon, a baronet of an old and well-endowed family, childless and infirm of health. There were two lives between Charles and the baronetcy—those of a brother of Sir Julius, and that brother's son, a fine lad of fifteen; and as there seemed little chance of his succeeding to the family honours, he never spoke of the possibility; nor perhaps would he, if his prospects had worn a much livelier front, as he neither esteemed money and title himself, nor wished to be courted by those who did. In proof of his carelessness to worldly things, I may mention that in our unreserved and confidential intercourse he never mentioned this circumstance until the following event compelled him.

One day he hurried into my room with an open letter, which he gave me hastily, and then threw himself prone on the sofa, sobbing convulsively. "Read, read!" he uttered at intervals, and his farther attempts at explanation were fruitless. The letter was from a lawyer at Cheltenham, stating that Sir Julius Crendon had expired there of a broken constitution, and that intelligence had been received of the complete loss, with all hands, of a vessel in which the brother of Sir Julius, with his young son, was returning from Bombay to receive their kinsman's dying commands. The valuable document concluded by informing Charles of his being now one of the richest baronets in the kingdom, and added a warm felicitation on the change, with a hope that he would without loss of time repair to Cheltenham, as many arrangements must devolve on him which would require personal superintendence.

"I have not a relative now in the world," he said. "It is true I saw little of my uncles, and they never sought me; still it is awful to be left thus alone on earth! Alone! O Ellen, why is it thus?" And the unhappy young man clutched his hair, and buried his face in the sofa-cushions. His grief was terrible, for it showed how utterly ill-health had overthrown his self-control.

"My dear Crendon," I returned, "if you will accept my counsel, you will set off this very night for Cheltenham; the journey and subsequent excitement of business may arouse you from the dreadful state into which you are sinking, and nothing else can. Will you do so?"

"I cannot meet her under this new aspect of fortune. It has removed me farther than ever from her. It is impossible."

"Miss Courbay will not refuse you her love merely because you



meet her in grief—I see no new obstacle between you.” So said I; mentally I added, “If she be the woman her conduct threatens, she is not likely to frown on a young baronet with no incumbrances and a long rent-roll.”

“No, sir,” answered Charles sternly, and raising himself from the couch; “but how shall I put her to the proof *now*? I read your thoughts. She would sell me the love she cannot give. It is an unworthy suspicion, and I do not harbour it; but if the truth were so, I would spurn her from my side, though we leant on the rails of the altar. Yet who shall resolve my doubts?”

“If you will promise to abide by my judgment, I engage to discover the truth for you. Ten minutes’ conversation with Ellen will decide me, and in a week or two I shall be at leisure to follow you to Cheltenham, and make her acquaintance. Let this content you.”

“Warner Oliphant, you are indeed a friend. But you must see how unfit I am to undergo the trials and anxieties of such a neighbourhood as Ellen’s: in pity go with me to-morrow, and I will thank you as long as I live.”

“Your proposal should be acceded to, were it ten times more difficult,” was my reply. “And now you must contrive to get some repose.”

Poor Sir Charles had arranged matters for our journey with more promptness than I could have expected. A message sent by the Cheltenham night coach prepared our post-horses until we reached Gloucester, and here we found that the lawyer had sent down the late baronet’s carriage and horses to meet us. We left Gloucester a little before sunset, on one of the finest evenings I ever remember to have seen. Our equipage was a plain, handsome barouche, drawn by a pair of compact, well-stepping irongrays.

“They are new ones, Sir Charles,” said the coachman, touching his hat. “They came out of Yorkshire last week for Sir Julius, but he did not live to drive them, poor gentleman!”

“Oliphant, you are fond of driving, will you take the reins?”

“Most willingly,” I answered.

“They are very nicely broken, sir,” said the coachman, moving to the near side of his box; “only don’t pull at their mouths, nor give ’em too much whipcord.”

The new grays fully verified their tutor’s commendations, and we set out at a pace which promised to complete the distance between us and our goal far under the hour. Neither the cathedral of Gloucester, with its combination of styles, nor yet the pin-manufactory, both of which our host counselled us to see, cost us a thought of regret. We rode along the fine road at a cheerful pace: my spirits were exhilarated in despite of my companion, and even his began to share the infection, though in a less degree. He began to comment on the scenery as we passed along, which was a hopeful sign in one who had sat the whole day without a glance beyond the precincts of his carriage. All of a sudden he grew pale, and stood up to contemplate the movements of a party before us, who seemed to have great interest in his eyes. “Oliphant,” he whispered, “those are the Courbays.”

"Pshaw, man!" I returned; "it is so dark that I can scarce see the colour of their horses; and do you pretend to recognize a lady in this light, by the back of her riding habit?"

"I feel I am right," he returned.

"Sit back, and put your cloak over your face; we are overtaking them."

The persons in question were two ladies and a gentleman, all on horseback. A little behind was a chariot, evidently belonging to the party, as the gentleman once or twice rode back and spoke at the window. My friend's grays grew somewhat impatient of these evolutions, so I prepared to go past; but, just as I got abreast of the chariot, its horses, hearing our wheels at their side, from a snail's pace started forward in a furious gallop, setting at defiance a gallant effort made by the horseman to stop them. It was all I could do to keep the grays in hand. At last, up went one side of the chariot on a bank, down went the other, and the whole machine was a mass of ruin.

"If the *injuncta noverca* be inside," thought I, "I fear we have made an end of her."

"It is they," said Crendon. "I cannot alight—I am faint and sick—lend what help you can, Oliphant."

We drew out of the prostrate vehicle its only inmate, who I concluded was Mrs. Courbay. Though quite insensible, it did not appear that she was much injured. There was a house not fifty yards off, and thither we bore her, followed by the two young ladies. Whilst they and the mistress of the house were applying restoratives, I carried Charles a glass of water as he sat in the carriage, partly because I thought he stood in need of it, and partly because I wished his consent to a plan of mine, which required that I should seem the owner of our equipage for a time.

On returning to the house, I found Mrs. Courbay so far recovered as to speak of proceeding homeward.

"Your carriage is so shattered, madam," said I, "that it is impossible it should go on; may I venture to hope that you will take a seat in mine, which was the unlucky cause of your accident? I have already proposed this to my fellow-traveller, and he joins in my request."

"I fear there is no choice, even if I were disposed to reject your courteous proffer, which I am not," said Mrs. Courbay.

"May I ask whom we have to thank for this politeness, and the opportune assistance just rendered?" said the gentleman who accompanied them.

"I am Mr. Warner Oliphant, sir," was the reply. It was my cue not to name my companion—with what hopes and result will be immediately seen. Whilst the preparations for departure were in progress, I flew back to Sir Charles.

"Now, my boy, can you sit still for half an hour, and listen while I talk with the stepmother?"

Charles nodded. "I am quite prepared for the worst," he said.

"Just put on these then," and I handed him a pair of green reading glasses, which effectually concealed his eyes; an ugly travelling cap

did the same for his expanded forehead, and the lower part of his face was hid by the collar of his Spanish cloak. Ellen herself could not have known him.

I handed Mrs. Courbay in, apologized for my "friend, an invalid, about to seek health at Cheltenham," not alighting, and we drove off.

"Your son rides well," I remarked, with a glance at the cavalier.

"That is Captain St. Maur, not my son—though, to confess the truth, he will stand in that relation to me before many days," returned Mrs. Courbay, with most unwelcome readiness.

"I presume, then," said I hastily, "he has the happiness to love the young lady next him, over whose saddle he is now bending?"

"You are right. She is my daughter Fanny," said the lady.

Charles gave a sigh of relieved apprehension.

"Ellen is not fond of riding," resumed our communicative fellow-traveller. "Her health will not permit her, I fear, to use such violent exercise much longer. Cheltenham, that restores so many, seems to wither her."

"She prefers some other residence, perhaps," I remarked.

I believe the woman was captivated with my venerable appearance, for my hair was of a different date, by a score of years, from my baptismal register—I looked at least fifty-five;—so she proceeded,

"Probably you have divined the very cause of her weakness. Family circumstances—an unfortunate attachment, in short—compelled me to tear her away from her native place, and she has not been well since."

In this manner, beyond my hopes, did I gradually discover that Ellen had been mercilessly forced from her lover, whose footing in the family had only been maintained by Mr. Courbay against the influence of his wife—nay, that her own maid had been employed to frustrate all her attempts to write. Mrs. Courbay added, that she thought she had now vanquished the attachment, which was a mere girlish fancy, and that, in fact, "she believed the gentleman had all along been influenced by Ellen's pecuniary expectations, as her uncle in South America was expected to bequeath her a large fortune."

At this precious piece of impertinence, Sir Charles could not suppress a groan.

"Your mention of the name of Crendon," I remarked, "reminds me of my errand to Cheltenham. I am to assist in some arrangements connected with the death of Sir Julius Crendon. Did you know him?"

"No; he had not been long a resident. We at first thought Mr. Charles Crendon might be of that family, but we hear that the baronet's only relatives were drowned in coming from India.

"Your were misinformed, then, madam," said I, weary of the scene. "Permit me to present to you the present baronet, Sir Charles Crendon."

"Who is flattered by your appreciation of his motives," added the baronet, lowering his cloak. "Woman, you have spoken very falsely; and for the way you have acted towards your unfortunate charge you will have your reward."

"Merciful heaven!" said the horror-stricken stepmother, "how imprudently I have spoken!"

"For that, at least," said I, "we have to thank you. I ask your pardon for this little stratagem, which may yet be attended with happy results. Coachman, I walk up this rise."

Overtaking the riding party, who had also slackened their pace, I begged for a moment's conversation with Miss Fanny Courbay. I apologized for my abruptness, and then obtained satisfactory answers from a pair of fine lips, in a sweet voice, to three or four questions respecting her sister's sentiments towards her old lover. She was sure that a renewal of intercourse with Charles Crendon was Ellen's sole chance of happiness.

"Then they had better meet now than risk a scene in the High Street," I replied. "Sir Charles Crendon is in that carriage."

To omit the often-repeated and universally-understood details of a love-scene, our party changed now the order of its going, that the lovers might be together in the carriage, Sir Charles's coachman riding Ellen's horse, and I again driving. Mrs. Courbay spoke not a word; it was evident she was highly displeased at the turn affairs were taking. From what I knew of the woman then and after, I should say that, although not unwilling to have accepted the baronet for her step-daughter under ordinary circumstances, she felt that the unguarded exposure of her tactics had made him condemn her for ever; so that, on Ellen's marriage, he would probably break off all intercourse between his wife and herself. As her husband's will had made her consent indispensable, and a loss of fortune the only alternative, she felt that it was in her power to make better terms; so she began her operations, shortly after our alighting at Cheltenham, by charging Ellen not to receive the visits of Sir Charles Crendon, any more than of Mr. Crendon. We experienced the fruits of this in our exclusion when we called the following day.

"The ladies are not at home," was the answer to our inquiries.

"Did they leave no message?" said my companion.

"They did not, sir," replied the lacquey, gradually diminishing the opening of the doorway.

We turned away.

"I lay any wager," remarked I, "that Mrs. Courbay is still playing the dragon; and if so, I warrant we outwit her. Come, Crendon, never look so miserable! Write to Ellen, man, this very hour, and hear the truth."

He was saved this trouble by a dear little note from Ellen Courbay, to assure him of her unaltered feelings, and to explain how averse from their intercourse her mother still continued. It concluded by a firm avowal, that no such opposition, though strengthened by legal provisions, should alienate her affections from her beloved Charles. This document, after sundry extravagances, he showed to me. I read it, and gently laughed in my sleeve, as one always must at reading other people's love-letters. The ensuing incidents may be briefly stated. We determined on Gretna, established a communication with Ellen, and induced her to consent. I undertook the arrangements for getting away.

Mrs. Courbay's house stood, with three or four others, behind a clump of trees; the carriage-drive, common to them all, was closed at each end by an iron gate, which was locked every night, except when some festivity or other demanded an exception. None of the houses were accessible from the back, owing to the height of the walls, so that the projected elopement, if the parties outside were expected to lend aid, must take place from the side looking into the carriage-road. Sir Charles had little desire to participate in the active measures, though full of anxiety for their issue, and most eager to clasp his betrothed to his heart, and call her bride. It required some rhetoric to convince him that we were taking the only part left open to us by Mrs. Courbay's tyrannical behaviour. In fact, though Crendon was no coward, nay, full of generous bravery, still his sensitive disposition, and the nervous excitability developed by long mental depression, inspired him with a distrust for any exploit wearing an even slightly questionable hue. As for myself, I enjoyed the prospect of outwitting one for whom I felt so thorough a contempt as I did for the stepmother. On me, then, nothing loath, most of the onus of preparation fell; and many difficulties were thrown in my way before the following arrangements were completed. At three o'clock, on a Wednesday morning, we were to tap at a ground floor window in Mrs. Courbay's house, as a signal that we were at hand, with everything necessary for flight, including a well-horsed carriage, and a newly-hired female attendant for Ellen. From this window (for the doors were locked and the keys removed) Ellen was to gain the arms of her lover, and they were to make the best of their way to Gretna. I provided two short ladders for surmounting the iron gate—we might have procured a key, but that step wore too much of a housebreaking air.

The best regulated plans may fail to guard every point. In this case, the irregularity of Mrs. Courbay's establishment led to the most disastrous consequences, and laid up a store of grief for me to the latest hour of my life. True to the appointed hour, Sir Charles tapped at the specified window, and waited anxiously for the responsive signal.

"Hist! Did you not hear voices in the room?" he said.

I listened, and fancied I heard whispering, which, however, was quickly silenced, and we repeated our summons. This time the shutters were thrown open, and the room within, lighted up by a blazing fire, was revealed to our view. Two or three men were standing near, with looks of alarm on their countenances. At a glance I saw how matters stood. Mrs. Courbay's servants had taken advantage of the retirement of the family to enjoy a convivial meeting in her breakfast-room, during which we had surprised them.

"Charles, my boy," I whispered, "we must retreat immediately. If we are seen, we lose not only our present, but every future chance of success. Come, come."

But Crendon seemed lost to everything but his disappointment—he did not move. With much alarm I now perceived that one of the servants carried pistols, with which, doubtless, he had provided himself after the first signal, and before opening the shutters.

"Who's there?" he cried, in a tone betwixt fear and drunkenness.

There was just time to clutch Crendon's arm before a flash, a report, and a groan from my friend, gave testimony of the menial's rashness. Charles sank back into my arms. Concealment was no longer to be desired—I bawled out,

"Scoundrels! you have shot Sir Charles Crendon. Run for help this instant! Fetch the nearest surgeon!"

With anxious alacrity my orders were obeyed. The unhappy young baronet was conveyed into the house, and deposited on a sofa. There was a long wound on the left side of his head, but, from its position I conjectured—what the surgeon, on his arrival, confirmed—that the ball, though it had stunned him, had not penetrated the skull. What added to the agony of the scene was, that Ellen, already dressed, and alarmed at the pistol-shot, had rushed down stairs, and, in a storm of grief, now knelt motionless on the floor, with her head buried in Crendon's bosom. It was a dreadful sight.

The surgeon, on inquiring the particulars, declared that my pulling Charles's arm had saved his life; told us that all depended on quietness and attention, and directed that the patient should not be moved from the house until his recovery should be effected. Mrs. Courbay, who was now present, promised that his comfort should be studied in every particular—she looked completely conscience-stricken.

"And, above all," whispered the surgeon to me, "remove that young lady. Her excited feelings may defeat all we can do."

"Ellen, dearest!" said the stepmother, "we must retire, and leave Sir Charles to the care of these gentlemen. Come, love, you must control yourself."

"Madam," said the unhappy young lady, raising her head, "I obey you no longer. We have wounded my own Charles, perhaps murdered him. I shall not stir from his side, unless he bids me. Here is my place; it is useless to speak to me more!"

"But, my dear Miss Courbay," said I, "Sir Charles is not dead, and likely to do well, provided he be not disturbed. Would you throw away a chance of his recovery for the sake of indulging your too excited emotion?"

"O, pray let me remain and attend him! I will not betray any sign of what I feel—you shall not even see a tear. Good sir," she added, turning to the medical man, "say that I may stay with him. Nothing shall agitate or disturb him."

At this moment the sufferer spoke. "Ellen! where is Ellen?" he said, extending his hand feebly, which she clasped. "Do not leave me, my own Ellen, and I shall be quite happy." She kissed his hand, and none of us interfered further. Her behaviour was regulated with an anxious care that raised her high in every one's estimation. Symptoms of fever became manifest almost immediately, and with unremitting assiduity she administered medicines, bathed the patient's burning head with cooling lotions, and moistened his parched lips with fruits, or refreshing draughts prepared by her own hands, until the surgeon confessed that a better nurse could not have been procured. But all her care, and that of others, was unavailing; the wound, not serious in itself, became so from the excited temperament of the



patient, and in a short time Crendon became delirious, in which state he continued, growing gradually worse, and at length his life was despaired of. Ellen received the shocking tidings with no frantic outburst of grief; but it was plain the arrow sank deep into her heart. She persisted in retaining her place at the sick man's bedside, and in a few hours more the young, high-souled man—the sound scholar, the amiable friend, the true lover—expired in Ellen's arms, in a state of utter unconsciousness.

At Mrs. Courbay's frantic entreaty, I went to remove Ellen from the chamber of death, where she sat in a state of stupor. At first my efforts to arouse her attention were fruitless—I took her hand.

“Why seek you consolation from the dead, Ellen? He is not lost, but gone before to a brighter home. Dear friend, I too have known your grief, and know its cure. Let us retire and pray.”

A gentle pressure of her cold hand rewarded me for the effort of self-control; she submitted to be led away, and, after further attempts to assuage her sorrow, I entrusted her to the kind attentions of her sister Fanny.

The description of poignant grief has somewhat of desecration in it, and I cannot proceed. On examining Crendon's papers, his lawyer found a will, dated the very day on which he was wounded, devising all his large property, landed and funded, to Ellen, and bequeathing to me his valuable library, together with all his papers. To examine the latter was a melancholy pleasure, and one on which I bestowed many an hour. Among them was an elaborate edition, prepared by my friend, of the *Banquet of Plato*, displaying an immense fund of learning and taste, and full of apt illustrations from the gardens of ancient and modern poetry. The perusal of it gave me such delight that I published it anonymously, as my friend had intended, and had the gratification to find my own judgment confirmed by the testimony of some of the most eminent foreign scholars, to whom I confided the editor's name. Other papers there were, plainly not intended for the public gaze, and many of them related to his love for Ellen; love had made him, as it has many others, cultivate poetry, and his productions, viewed as early attempts, had great merit. All convinced me that one capable of achieving a great reputation had died and made no sign; and this brief record is perhaps the sole memorial of his life.

Ellen survived his loss, but she refused any longer to live with her stepmother. She spends her life in retirement at Emberton Grey, disbursing her ample fortune in benevolent works, and in acts of kindness to the family of her sister Fanny, now Mrs. St. Maur. Mrs. Courbay applied to me to endeavour to appease Ellen, and effect a reconciliation.

“I may take it upon me to say, that Ellen cherishes no angry feeling towards Mrs. Courbay,” was my answer. “She wholly disapproves the line of conduct pursued towards her, and, looking to its fatal consequences, is naturally averse from an intercourse fraught with painful associations. For my own part, I beg to decline all interference.”

“I am to understand then,” said the lady, “that you attribute the late melancholy events to my conduct with regard to my daughter?”

"Unfortunately for my own peace, madam, I attribute them in great measure to myself. You ran the risk of breaking your daughter's heart because her lover was poor, and again, because he discovered your motives and despised them. I think therefore that you may reasonably expect some blame."

"At all events, Mr. Oliphant, I could not foresee consequences; you can but charge me with ignorance."

"Madam," I answered, "I have seen a good deal of woman's mind in my life, and I do not think it prone to self-accusation. Your plea amounts to this. You made your child pass through the fire to Moloch, because you thought Moloch was a god. There are many cases in which ignorance is sin."

"Gracious heaven! sir," replied Mrs. Courbay, "I have but acted as any other mother might have done."

"I know that it is the accursed creed of the marrying world that happiness, like a lord mayor of London, requires a coach to ride in. You prostrate yourselves before the wheels of Juggernaut, because the idol comes in a carriage; if he came on foot, you would not so much as bow to him. You find consolation in the prevalence of such base notions; far be it from me, madam, to rob you of it. Good morning."

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## THE STOLEN KISS.

BY MILES MALLORY.

WILL you for ever be severe,  
And frown upon my bliss?  
Because I press'd your balmy lips,  
And softly stole a kiss.

The judge, less cruel far than you,  
A milder sentence gives,  
In pity spares the guilty thief,  
Who only steals to live!

Nor yet, dear maid, should you forgive,  
Shall I unpunish'd go;  
For when I kiss'd your roseate lips,  
It but increased my woe.

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## THE YOUNG MEMBER'S WIFE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

" Mutual affection requires to be preserved by mutual endeavours to amuse and to meet the wishes of each other ; but where there is a total neglect and indifference either to amuse or oblige, can it be wondered if affection, following the tendency of its nature, becomes indifferent, and sinks into mere civility ?"

ANONYMOUS.

PERHAPS there is no country in Europe where the young and beautiful wives of the aristocracy receive so little personal protection from their husbands as in England. This assertion, at the first moment, may appear extravagant and unfounded ; but those who have had the opportunity of observing, more narrowly than the mere superfluous afford, the manners and habits of persons in fashionable life, and the various causes in it of domestic alienation, will be compelled to agree with me that it is, lamentably, only too true.

For instance—clubs, the turf, shooting, hunting, and the senate, furnish incessant, and, in the opinion of most men, imperative and legitimate reasons for abandoning their wives to their own resources, and to the guardianship of their own honour ; and highly indeed does it redound to the credit of my fair and fascinating countrywomen that so few, so very few comparatively, fall a sacrifice to the stupendous security thus inconsiderately, if not cruelly, placed in them—there never having been yet a young female so isolated, with even only moderate pretensions to beauty, who did not find herself the object of the vicious designs of the libertine, and who, although she escaped pure and unsullied from his invidious snares, still painfully felt the consciousness of her own weakness, and the want of a husband's protection in the hour of danger and temptation. For, even to the most virtuous, flattery is a temptation to a certain extent, few female hearts being totally insensible to the witchery of long-continued and respectful assiduity, however surrounded by the bulwarks of chastity and decorum.

But that they do often escape such perils, and triumphantly too, solely and entirely by their own powers of resistance and innate high principle, will be demonstrated in the following simple and true story.

I shall not enter into a minute and uninteresting detail respecting the earlier years of my heroine, which could only prove tedious to my readers, she having passed them precisely like every other happy girl, cradled in the lap of luxury, with health, beauty, talents, unbounded spirits, and blindly indulgent parents, but introduce her briefly to them, at the age of eighteen, and just four months after her union with the object of her first artless affection, a rich, handsome, and adoring young man of twenty-two.

When Agnes Bouverie, after a short and uninterruptedly happy

courtship, accompanied Horace Wilmer to the altar, to plight her heart's vows of eternal love and fidelity to him, she was perfectly delirious with delight at the prospect of felicity thus suddenly presented to her view.

Without an atom of experience on either side, full of the wild exuberance and gorgeous anticipations of youth, in the flush of hope and prosperity, with joy and laughter swelling the sails, the young couple were launched on the ocean of pleasure and dissipation, to steer their course through its dangerous shoals and quicksands as it might please chance, or rather Providence, to direct their frail bark—for there ever is a watchful One hovering over the young and inexperienced, so long as the errors they commit proceed from thoughtlessness alone, and not crime.

Agnes had, besides, the strongest guarantee a woman can possess against the seductions of flattery and the insinuations of art, in the boundless affection and admiration she felt for her husband. She wanted no more knowledge of the world, no deeper astuteness, to be proudly conscious of his vast superiority over the whole crowd of adulators who worshipped at the shrine of her superlative and unrivalled beauty. Love instructed her to compare him with others, and invariably to make the comparison in his favour.

“Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
’Tis woman's whole existence.”

Not that this opinion of the caustic but elegant Byron could apply to Horace in the remotest degree; for if Agnes made her affection for him the sole cause of delight to her existence, he, in return, appeared to live only for her. Hourly, indeed, did he feel his adoration increase for the devoted trustfulness, the sweet child-like dependency, of his young and lovely wife. At first, he did not deny, even to himself, that it was her mere personal attractions that awakened the passion which induced him to make her his; but the amiability of her disposition, the rare qualities of heart he discovered in her, the reliance she placed in him, the confidence she inspired that it was in his power alone to render her really happy, rivetted the chains of affection round his heart—chains, he felt, would and must last for ever, for they were forged by beauty, and linked by virtue. As day after day thus glided past in the serenity of mutual endearment, without a cloud to dim love's iris, or cast a chill over the sunshine of ardent and youthful feeling, Agnes could not but become sceptical as to the truth of the numerous cautions she was constantly receiving from her considerate but less happy female friends—not to calculate too much on her present felicity—that she must not expect Horace always to be the same—that it was inherent in man's nature to seek for change—that inconstancy, alas! was the grand exception to perfection in his sex—and that she had no right, beautiful and affectionate as she was, to expect a miracle to be wrought in her favour, to destroy a truth established almost since the creation. A constant husband!—the idea was truly preposterous, and the sooner she banished it from her bosom, the better for her peace of mind, there being none such.

“I do not expect a miracle to be wrought in my favour,” she would

mentally exclaim, after meditating profoundly on the subject ever present to her imagination, and to which these remarks of her more experienced friends added a painful and lively interest, the continuance of her husband's affection, "but I cannot perceive a shadow of change in him. Does not his eye follow my every movement with the same glance of fond approval? is not his smile of greeting as sincere, and his parting kiss as ardent, as they were at the first hour of our union? and when did his voice possess a deeper, a dearer emphasis of tenderness than now? when did his 'my own love,' as he has always called me since that happy union, thrill my soul with greater bliss than the last time he uttered it? Men might be changeable naturally, no doubt; but my Horace will and must ever be the same. Yes, yes, I am sure he must. Then why torment myself with groundless fears, and unfounded anticipations of evil?"

Poor Agnes! She was just at that self-deluding age when the chrysalis, engendered in the heart from her very being, bursts its transparent envelope, and the imprisoned butterfly Hope expands its broad beautiful wings over it, to the exclusion of all the more terrible and chilling realities of life. Then it is that the eye is radiant with soul-born brilliancy, the cheek warm with the deepest blush of vitality, the step bounding and elastic, and woman appears the bright animated personification of glad, joyous, trustful expectation—only, alas! to be crushed, to be bowed, to be annihilated, by the ponderous arm of disappointment, that awful machine, that pulverizes as it were to dust every sanguine anticipation of youth, to be scattered abroad by the tempestuous blasts of experience.

About this time, a vacancy occurred in the representation of his native town, the liberal member having died of a sudden attack of apoplexy, from over-exerting himself at a public meeting respecting the repeal of the corn laws, the subject of all his political labours and desires, and for the obtaining of which he really did consider life a cheap sacrifice; and as Horace's political opinions were precisely the same on that head, his friends urged him to offer himself as a candidate for it. Young, rich, eloquent, and highly popular as he was, how could he do better? they observed. How, indeed! particularly as he was literally without a pursuit, and began to feel the want of some active and absorbing occupation. He therefore stood, and had the gratification of being returned by a most triumphant majority, always a proud era in a man's life.

At first Agnes was charmed with his success, and warm and heartfelt were her congratulations on the occasion. Horace being in parliament, she thought, would oblige them necessarily to reside more in London too—her darling London, with its opera, its theatres, its "*matinées musicales*," its evening concerts, and its Almack's—in fact, with its thousand delightful sources of amusement and pleasure, with which the lovely daughters of fashion are never satisfied, but still feel an unappeasable craving after them, even when the day of enjoyment seems to have flown for ever—

"As if increase of appetite grew with what it fed on."

There was so much actual business, however, to be transacted after

his return, that the first month of their being in town passed away without affording Agnes an opportunity of visiting one of the above-mentioned places, accompanied by her husband ; and, insatiable as she was in the pursuit of pleasure, her fond philosophy taught her that it would defeat its own object to seek it without him ; so that, in fact, she lived, and in the very height of the season too, even more retired than when in the country, being there continually surrounded by a circle of attached friends and relatives, all studious to promote her happiness.

Then, unless she could contrive to dine when every other fashionable woman was sipping her chocolate, there was not the slightest chance of her partaking of that hitherto prolonged meal with her beloved Horace ; for, "attend the House he must ;—there were such important measures just now in agitation, so much at stake, that a man who really wished the good of his country must consent to waive all minor considerations of personal comfort and convenience to be at his post, the least display of apathy or supineness being taken immediate advantage of by the opposition party, who were only too much on the alert already." Agnes, therefore, submitted uncomplainingly to this innovation of domestic comfort for the sake of *patriotism*, making her moderate dinner at any hour, however primitively early, that suited his arrangements, for the feast of Apicius would not have afforded a banquet to her unshared by her husband. Indeed, such was the lively and anxious interest she took in all that concerned him, that for several weeks she sat up until his return, let the debate have been ever so protracted, to participate in his success, or to soothe the irritability and chagrin of his disappointment.

But such long and solitary vigils began to undermine her constitution and prey upon her spirits, particularly when, with the tact of a sensitive, delicate-minded woman, she discovered that the sacrifice was not duly appreciated by the idolized being for whom it was alone made—then, indeed,

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream."

Horace was altered ! He had become cold, indifferent, and petulant—fatigued, harassed, and frequently smarting under the infliction of mortified vanity, occasioned by the bitter sarcasms of his talented opponents, when he returned to her, after hours of patient watchings, no smile of gratitude repaid the welcome almost wept upon his bosom, no kind word of encouragement cheered her on in her self-imposed task of love and duty, but perhaps a chilling reproof, for being so *tiresome* as to wait up for him, was all the return she received for her unbounded and anxious tenderness. Ah ! it requires much severe and bitter schooling to convince the fond loving heart of woman that anything it has done for the object of its dearest affections is a sacrifice ; but when once it is taught the fearful lesson, it retains it with a tenacity fatal to every hour of its after happiness. Then does every act of self-abnegation, every act of humiliation, every act of privation, so willingly, so unconsciously endured, rise up reproachfully to upbraid it with the blindness of its partiality—for there is nothing so proudly just to itself as neglected affection ; and this Agnes felt in its



fullest force, when, even in the morning, Horace could not find time to inquire into the causes of her declining health or dejected spirits, every moment being eagerly devoted to the examining how the newspapers reported his speeches, to writing to his constituents, to reading petitions, to replying to solicitations of patronage, (and, of course, promising it,)—for where is the dashing cornet who has not been assured that his dream of “a company” is about to prove no fiction?—the daring midshipman, whose shoulder has not ached, or rather throbbed, with pride, under the weight of the glittering epaulette?—or the starving author who, while he drew out his last solitary shilling for that loaf of bread which was to prolong yet a little space the existence of creatures entwined around his very soul, has not felt his purse heavy with the gold promised for his next work by the new and popular M.P.? In fact, business multiplied so upon his hands, that he found it utterly impossible to attend to the less important wishes and pleasures of his wife. “If you are so dull at home, my love,” he would frequently observe, in reply to her tender remonstrances, “you really must try and find amusement for yourself by visiting more generally. You have plenty of friends who will be delighted to show you every attention, and it is not to be expected that, now I am in parliament, I can find time to dangle about to all the balls and routs you may desire to go to, Agnes. Look at other men’s wives! How do they act? Why, reasonably, to be sure, by going where they like without their husbands, and enjoying themselves too.”

But it was in vain that Horace Wilmer adopted this worldly-minded line of argument—the gentle, the susceptible Agnes could not become a convert to it. She could derive no consolation from the certainty that other women were able to endure the anguish and humiliation of being despised and neglected by those who had sworn before God to love and cherish them; she only wondered that their hearts did not break, as she felt hers assuredly must, at this dreadful blow to all its dearest hopes.

“Alas! the love of woman! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if ’tis lost, life has no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone.”

It was with Horace as with most other young men of desultory habits and unstable principles, that the last novelty becomes the favourite hobby, to the partial, if not total, exclusion of the preceding idol erected by fondness or whim in the bosom. Thus Agnes was forced to yield sovereignty to ambition, and love be deposed in favour of patriotism. But if any one had hinted to him that his oratorical vanity and pride of place were breaking his wife’s heart, by monopolizing all his thoughts, or exposing her to the insidious arts of those noxious reptiles (the *blasé* libertines) ever found crawling in the wake of beauty and innocence, intent to aggravate the gangrene of blighted affections, and to reap the fruits of the mortified and revengeful feelings they know so well how to awaken in the breast of a slighted woman, he would have lifted up his hands with unaffected astonish-

ment, marvelling how so dangerous and mischievous a lunatic could be suffered to go at large—so blind are the generality of men to the most palpable facts, when the mind is preoccupied by any darling passion !

One of those dazzling fire-flies of seduction was for ever emitting its meteoric brilliancy in the darkened path of the neglected and sorrowing Agnes, marking with the most intense and jealous anxiety every change that occurred in her domestic happiness, penetrating her every thought, and reading the pain and anguish of her lacerated heart ; and this was the Honourable Ernest Caversham, the favourite school companion of Horace, his inseparable manhood friend !

“ A friend :  
Treason is there in its most horrid shape,  
Where trust is greatest !”

Handsome, accomplished, and unprincipled, he only employed the gifts so lavishly bestowed by nature on him to entrap the artless and unsuspecting, and never, never had the numerous victims of his perfidy awakened one pang of remorse, one compunctious feeling, in his indurate and callous bosom, for all the ruin and misery entailed on them.

Instantly enamoured of the extreme beauty and simplicity of Agnes, he determined to use every effort to supplant the idolized Horace in her affections. His long experience and deep study of the female character taught him that to succeed in such an object would be a tedious work of time ; but, alas ! his fatal success in too many similar cases forbad him to despair in this instance.

“ They are wonderfully attached to each other, certainly,” he would exclaim mentally, after musing on the display of reciprocal tenderness they neither of them considered it necessary to restrain before so intimate and *sincere* a friend, “ but it cannot last for ever ; lovely as she is, time must produce satiety, that curse of married life, or the dormant seeds of ambition will quicken into being, to rouse her husband from his entrancement, and then, Ernest, she is yours !”

Too truly did the first part of his accursed prediction come to pass in the estrangement of Horace—for the rest, *nous verrons*.

Being a friend her husband so highly esteemed, and being also perfectly unconscious of the impression she had made on him, and the secret views he entertained respecting her, Agnes treated Ernest with the most unreserved familiarity, receiving him kindly whenever he called, and found a relief, when at last thrown so much upon herself, in his lively and amusing conversation from the lassitude and *ennui* of her own sadder thoughts.

This he soon discovered, and on this he regulated his future conduct. Her love for her husband was yet too ardent and acute for him to dare to hazard a word of sympathy, or even, indeed, allow her to perceive that he was aware of the cause of her extreme dejection. No, no ; he knew that, like a timid bird, she would take instant alarm at it, and escape ere she was properly entangled in the snare. She was not to be lightly won over from affection, duty, virtue, and religion, but must be led on imperceptibly step by step, like the feeble

infant, who gradually loses the fear of danger from the tender encouragements of its nurse, and boldly at last takes the road to freedom and liberty pointed out to it.

Thus, by degrees, he induced her to place unlimited confidence in him—to tell her troubles—to weep over her disappointments—to complain of the coldness and indifference of her husband, (the first sure mark of triumph to the practised seducer,) to consider him, in fact, in the relationship of a brother, (a name he was for ever bestowing upon himself,) and what brother so fond, so tender, so respectful, so full of delicate attentions, as Ernest Caversham? O what a consolation he was to her in her anguish and despair! The time was now no longer irksome; she scarcely felt the want of Horace's society; as she had not the opportunity of talking to him, she could freely indulge in the next thing dearest to her heart, talking of him. And to what a listener! how patient, how sympathizing! how intuitively did he enter into her every feeling of wretchedness! how did the tear of compassion swell into his fine dark eye—how did his lofty intellectual forehead contract with pain and anger—how did his deep sonorous voice become tremulous with emotion, as he tenderly yet warily endeavoured to convince her that she was the most beautiful, the most neglected, and the most wronged of women, and that his heart bled for her! and how, too, did his hand tremble, when in the excess of his commiseration he suddenly seized hers, and pressed it to his heart with a warmth of friendship that spoke his disinterested sincerity!

Then, again, how severely did he reprove himself for his indiscreet zeal, when he perceived that his covert insinuation of her husband's unworthiness to possess such a treasure, and that if he had been so blessed as to have called her his—

“ If Heaven had made him such another world,  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
He'd not have sold it for her,”

brought the vivid blush of indignation to her cheek, and the eloquent vindication to her lip for her still-adored Horace—how did he implore her pardon and forgiveness for his rashness, and how boundless his almost schoolboy transport when he obtained them! Nothing, indeed, could exceed the self-congratulation of Agnes, in thus so providentially having found such a friend, adviser, and consoler in her affliction, and how much she thought had Ernest Caversham been misrepresented by those who described him to her as heartless, profligate, and licentious; he, who was the invariable advocate of virtue—he, who protested that he entertained the most utter detestation and abhorrence for the man who would basely take advantage of a woman's sorrows to betray her to crime, ruin, and remorse; such were the godlike sentiments his lips breathed, such were the godlike sentiments her heart fervently and sincerely responded to!

Agnes could not, however, help being struck sometimes, with all her inexperience, at the constancy of his devotion to her. Had he no other friends who had a claim upon his time? no other pursuits or interests to attend to? How could one so courted and admired (for, notwithstanding his notorious libertinism, his rank was a

passport even into the most decorous of fashionable society,) be content to sacrifice days, weeks, and months, to soothe the pains, the ennui of a miserable married woman? Often, when she charged him with neglecting others for her sake, he would assure her that there was none in whom he took such an interest—none who could afford him half the pleasure he derived from her confidence, and being permitted to atone by friendship for the injuries she sustained from love.

This close and unreserved intercourse insensibly endeared Ernest to the heart of Agnes, and rendered him essential to her happiness (for woman's love is, after all, only the deepest sense of gratitude, at discovering that she is the object of undivided regard and affection in the bosom of another). His sympathy, his adulation, his dangerous, gentle, and undeviating solicitude in her welfare, were the subject of her meditations by day, and her dreams by night, and forced many an unpleasant comparison on her mind, when contrasted with Horace's still continued indifference and inattention.

Ernest knew his triumph. He knew that his witcheries had wrought the enchantment he intended—he knew that his lovely unsuspecting victim was actually within the magic circle of the sorcerer, spell-bound and incapable of resistance; but he did not wish to precipitate his enjoyment—he was resolved to luxuriate over the banquet in imagination, like a true epicurean, aware that the sweetest flavour of the most luscious fruit is destroyed when once tasted.

As the recess approached, however, he reflected that Horace would be less preoccupied, and consequently have more leisure to devote to his wife, and, perhaps, regain that affection she was still totally unconscious was lost to him, imputing all she felt for Ernest to friendship alone.

Now, then, was the moment to strike the decisive blow—now was the time to reap the rich harvest of his long-practised hypocrisy and deceit, and Ernest did not lose the opportunity. Dressing his face in unwonted sadness, he called upon Agnes earlier than even his accustomed early hour. She was instantly struck with his visible dejection; of course to question him on its cause, to offer sympathy, to resent the mystery in which he concealed his griefs from her, was natural—was what he expected—was what he desired—was what he hoped for. After listening to her reproaches for his unkind and cruelly-prolonged silence—after being taxed with ingratitude—after hearing her declare, with tears in her eyes, that she was confident he had no sincere regard for her, and that her friendship, like her love, was flung back on her own sorrowing heart, to wither there too, with all the other flowers fostered into bloom by a false and flattering hope;—as if suddenly struck with dismay at this last accusation—as if eager to vindicate himself from it at any sacrifice, he, with an apparently violent effort to master his own feelings, and to spare hers as much as possible, assured her, with a passionate flood of tears, “that nothing but her reproaches should have wrung his secret from him, that he would for ever have imposed silence on his regrets, and that she should never have known that it was the loss of that very friendship she accused him of not feeling, that was for ever indelibly im-

pressed upon his heart, to form alike the charm and torture of every hour of his future blighted existence—that, in fact, the idea of parting with her for ever, had alone betrayed him into that display of extreme anguish, of which he had unintentionally made her a witness. “I thought,” he exclaimed, with increasing vehemence, “that I had schooled my heart to forbearance, to fortitude, to patience—but your tears—your pity—your fatal misconception of my silence, have quite unmanned me. I blush for my weakness! can you forgive it?” Here he threw himself in a paroxysm of despair into an arm-chair, burying his face in his hands, through the fingers of which Agnes beheld the tears of anguish fast oozing.

“But why need we part, Ernest?” exclaimed Agnes, in a voice of the tenderest commiseration. “Do you suppose I should not feel the loss of your society as much as you would mine? O more, infinitely more; for if you forsake me, who will then pity, console, or befriend the miserable and forlorn Agnes? We must not part, we must not, indeed; I could never survive the separation from you!”

“My own sweet adored Agnes, my only friend, my sole consolation in this world, I take the Almighty to witness how foreign all idea of separation was to me. But it must be so for your own peace of mind, for your respectability, for your reputation; the world insists on it, and the world *must* be obeyed. Yes, dear, dear, idolized Mrs. Wilmer, we must part now, and for ever. Some busy demon, envious of our happiness, has misconstrued our innocent friendship into love, branding me as a seducer to your husband, and oh! horror, horror, horror! you, Agnes, you, as a willing participator in my crime; and he is frantic at his supposed dishonour! But read, read, and judge for yourself,” he continued, forcing a letter into her almost paralysed hands, the first line of which convinced her that it was indeed written by Horace. It was as follows:

“What name does that man deserve, who under the specious semblance of friendship, steals into the unguarded bosom of an unsuspecting woman, to rob it of its dearest possession, chastity? Why, villain, infamous, deceitful villain—and such is the one I now bestow on Ernest Caversham! As for the misguided and unfortunate victim of your guilty and evanescent passion, I leave her to the bitterness of that remorse, which will infallibly rear its serpent-crested head in her heart, to sting it to despair for the wrong she has inflicted on mine. Tell her that no protestations of innocence will convince me—that no tears will melt me—that no repentance will influence me. I have lost all confidence in her; it is for ever stifled in my bosom; and that even in the grave I shall retain a consciousness of her atrocity. All I ask of you is to remove her, and every relic of her, from the abode she has so polluted, that her remembrance may never more meet the eye, nor her name the ear, of the miserable outraged Horace.”

“Oh! was there ever sorrow like unto my sorrow?” exclaimed the agonized girl, clasping her hands, and shedding a torrent of tears. “To be thought guilty by my husband—to be thought an adulteress

by the world—dreadful, most dreadful ! Would that I could die this moment ! I must, I will write to him. I can, with a word, convince him of my innocence. He will believe me—he will forgive me—he must love me again. My own Horace cannot, cannot credit such gross criminality in his Agnes !”

Ernest waited patiently until the first ebullition of grief had exhausted itself ; then taking her passive hand, he said, in a tone of such abject resignation as thrilled to her inmost soul, “ Do, dear Agnes, do write to your husband instantly ; let me be the sacrifice ; I can but die—too, too happy if by so doing I can restore you to felicity again. But do not flatter yourself with such a delusion ; the seeds of jealousy, once sown in such a heart as his, are never, never eradicated—you must, therefore, prepare yourself for his hourly upbraidings—his distrust—his indifference—his *hatred* ; can you submit only to be an object of the coldest pity and toleration, in that heart where you were lately worshipped, idolized, and even venerated, Agnes ? No, no, no, you cannot ! you would expire with anguish !”

“ O what is to be done ? where can I fly from such a fate ? O, mercy, mercy, the thought almost destroys me !”

“ Where can you fly ?” exclaimed Ernest, catching her in his arms, and straining her to his heart with a suffocating violence. “ Where, but with your slave—the man who has long made you the only idol of his soul ! O Agnes ! I thought it merely friendship, but it is love—boundless, ecstatic, intoxicating love I feel for you, beautiful, angelic, adored woman. You must, you shall be mine—happy, happy Ernest !”

“ Yours !” she absolutely screamed, disengaging herself from his encircling arms ; “ you do love me, then ? You are the villain Horace takes you to be ? you are the serpent that is to sting me with remorse ?” then flinging herself wildly on her knees, she exclaimed frantically, “ O God, pardon me for trusting that man ! Go, go !” she continued, seeing him still hesitate to leave her, “ Go ! your very presence fills me with shame and horror—shame at my own credulity, and horror that there is such a monster on the earth. O how I thank thee, Heaven, for this escape ! Go, go, wretch that you are, or my menials shall force you to obedience. I will remain here till Horace returns—I will fling myself at his feet—I will force him to believe my innocence, or die at them, blessing him still with my latest breath.”

“ O it is no use preparing for a scene,” he observed, smiling sarcastically, “ you need not hope to establish your innocence by vilifying me—your husband will not credit your assertions ; he places too much reliance in *my* honour for you to succeed with him there, madam.”

“ Reliance in *your* honour,” she exclaimed, with the bitterest contempt ; “ no—he placed reliance in *my* honour ; he entrusted his own to the custody of his wife, and he shall not be deceived in his confidence. Do not imagine,” she continued, with an imposing dignity of tone and manner, “ that I am going to injure his feelings, or my own reputation, by giving greater publicity to your audacity. No, I have too sincere a regard even for his pride, and hold you in too sovereign detestation, to allow even a word of this scene to transpire. Besides, the woman who cannot protect herself against the designs of insidious



villany, would infallibly fall into the snare, if surrounded by the bulwark of the united universe. She must defend herself from them, and can, if she really possesses any genuine principles of virtue. If I cannot convince him of the utter falsehood of that letter—if he is still resolved to banish me from his home and heart —”

“ O, as for that letter,” interrupted Ernest, “ your husband knows nothing about it, nor is he jealous of our intimacy. If the truth must be told, I wrote it myself. The confession is humiliating, I grant; but you have misled me, Agnes, cruelly misled me. I thought you loved me, and it was to overcome any latent scruples of virtue you might have, that I practised what I considered in love only ‘ a pious fraud.’ ”

“ You wrote that letter—you thought I loved you !” cried the delighted girl, almost extending her arms to him, “ O, if ever I felt inclined to do so, it is at this moment—it is now, in hearing you pronounce the blessed words, that my husband does not, never did suspect my innocence. Go ! I pardon and forgive you for the torture you have inflicted on me. I owe you much for the lesson you have taught me. You are my first and last male confidant, rest assured, and but for your precipitate villany, I might have fallen a victim to the imprudence of making such a one. It will be a warning to me for ever ; may it have a salutary effect on your own callous and reprobate heart, Mr. Caversham.”

Thus she parted for ever with her unique friend—her paragon of perfection—the man she fancied necessary to her happiness : how did she shudder at her escape, when she discovered that he was not in the remotest degree essential to it—that he had seduced her imagination at the expense of her judgment, and that her heart was quite untouched !

The recess brought Horace—his time, and his affections, back to her, in all the freshness of his early love, and he was both surprised and delighted to find that his beloved Agnes was more devoted than ever—more anticipatory of his wishes, more thoughtful for his happiness ; and all with that subdued tenderness of manner, which rendered her even more beautiful and interesting—woman never appearing so truly irresistible as when under the government of a shrinking and bashful timidity. Horace imagined it was owing to time and experience having matured her judgment and chastened her heart, but it arose from a holy gratitude to the Almighty, for having extended the helping hand to rescue her from the fascinations of vice.

The fashionable journals shortly announced the departure of the Honourable Ernest Caversham for the continent. Horace imputed it solely to his being involved, and was hurt and offended that he had not sought the assistance and sympathy of his friendship in his pecuniary embarrassments. Agnes was conscious that he had another reason for quitting England, which she kept an inviolable secret, rejoicing that he had had sufficient delicacy to avoid her presence after his base and unmanly conduct. Still she could not help feeling some degree of astonishment at the pliability of his affections, when she learnt that he was accompanied in his self-imposed exile by a lovely but most notorious figurante of the Opera. Happily for her

innocence, she did not know that it was ever thus with the sons of infamy.

“ But virtue, as it never will be mov’d,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link’d,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.”

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## HARRY VERE.

A PAGE FROM A SPINSTER'S DIARY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THIRTY springs have exactly elapsed since the year  
When I met, at a party, with young Harry Vere ;  
He had dark beaming eyes, and profuse ebon hair,  
A soft silver voice, and a Romeo-like air ;  
In the dance none were ever so graceful and light,  
And he sang the most difficult second at sight ;  
He wrote plaintive odes to a blush and a tear—  
Oh ! the soul of warm feeling was young Harry Vere.

As a horseman, what crowds to his prowess gave heed,  
When he put to its mettle his cream-coloured steed !  
He skated—the eyes that his attitudes saw,  
By their lustre might almost the Serpentine thaw ;  
He read all the new novels, he rowed a light bark,  
Cut paper, made riddles, and shot at a mark ;  
The men at his talents thought proper to sneer,  
But the women all doted on young Harry Vere.

He walked with me, sang with me, asked me to dance,  
And breathed to me words of delightful romance ;—  
But we parted, new scenes and associates to seek,  
And I never beheld him till yesterday week.  
How my heart beat with tumult—I thought of past hours,  
And rejoiced that I wore my new chaplet of flowers :  
I was single, he still was unwed—it was clear  
I might yet be the chosen of young Harry Vere.

At length he arrived—oh ! conceive, ye who can,  
My feelings at seeing a fat, heavy man,  
With spectacles placed on a ruby-tinged nose,  
Gray hair, clumsy slippers, and old-fashioned clothes.  
His voice had grown coarse, and his manner grown rough,  
And he took half an ounce, I am certain, of snuff ;—  
What a pantomime change, at once comic and drear,  
In the pride of the ball-room, the gay Harry Vere !

He actually seemed quite impatient to dine—  
 He spoke of the bees-wing while eyeing his wine—  
 Talked of pheasants and grouse, of green peas and sea-kale,  
 Of Birch's mock-turtle, and Hodgson's pale ale—  
 Prosed on turnpikes, and corn-country squires and their dames—  
 Had not read the last novel of Bulwer or James—  
 Thought that consols were high, and provisions were dear—  
 Oh ! what themes for the graceful, refined Harry Vere !

*My* case widely differs ;—the years that have past  
 Not a shade on my mind or my person have cast ;  
 In fact, I was once a mere miss, I confess,  
 Untutored in manners, unfashioned in dress ;  
 Now my air and appointments the critic must please,  
 I have caught the true tone of conventional ease,  
 And my striking improvement, I very much fear,  
 To the peace may be fatal of poor Harry Vere.

Oh ! horror—a neighbour has dropped in to tea,  
 And poured in my ear Harry's comments on *me* ;  
 "What, can this," he exclaimed, as I quitted the room,  
 "Be the girl full of artlessness, beauty, and bloom,  
 Who set my susceptible heart in a flame—  
 Can this worn haggard spinster indeed be the same ?  
 In her sharp fretful features no traces survive  
 Of the charms that distinguished the fair Lucy Clive.

"At her bare meagre shoulders humanity sighs,  
 The crow's-foot has wrought a sad work round her eyes,  
 False curls flow her garland of roses beneath,  
 And her dentist, I guess, furnished two of her teeth ;  
 Her jewels and blonde no attraction possess,  
 Like her bright coral necklace, and flowing white dress,  
 And her forced feeble giggle but ill can revive  
 The light-hearted laughter of gay Lucy Clive.

"The arrows of satire she bitterly hurls  
 At the head of all pretty and popular girls,  
 And slanders pour forth, as if never to cease,  
 From those lips that once breathed of affection and peace ;  
 Yet for Pam she reveals passion fervent and true,  
 And she casts tender looks on her winnings at loo ;  
 What changes the malice of Time can contrive,  
 What a wreck has he made of the sweet Lucy Clive !"

Well, my tears I have dried—my past days I review—  
 And I feel Harry's charge is well founded and true ;  
 Henceforth I will aim not at juvenile looks,  
 But change cards and scandal for quiet and books ;  
 Age still may be honoured if prudently spent,  
 Though I own it appears a surprising event  
 That I learn this hard lesson, as wise as severe,  
 From the flirt of my girlhood, the gay Harry Vere.

## MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## The Herald.

“ Perchè tutti sul pesto cammino  
 Dalle case e dai campi accorrete  
 Ognun chiede con ansia al vicino,  
 Che gioconda novella recò?  
 Dond' ei venga, infelici, il sapete,  
 E sperate che gioia favelli?—

THE honourable members of the provisional government, selected by the free and unanimous will of their fellow citizens to preside over the destinies of their emancipated city, sat around a large table in one of the council-cabinets in the *Palazzo della Presidenza*, engaged in weighty deliberations concerning the promotion of the public welfare; as calm, cool, and unconscious of the storms that were gathering upon their heads, as if between them and their enemies mountains, deserts, and oceans, and the whole extent of infinite space intervened; when I, De Negri, the fugitive of Fiorenzola, the messenger of war and strife, the bird of evil news, was suddenly introduced before them.

The president of that august council, Count Lanari, an octogenarian rebel, a veteran of that republican party whose unconquerable opposition allowed Napoleon no rest on his throne, lay, almost reclining, on a huge, old-fashioned easy chair, passively listening to the discussions of his colleagues, almost invariably nodding assent whenever, through mere ceremonial deference, they turned to him for his final decision.

The Count's only son, an amiable and accomplished young nobleman, had been implicated in the Carbonari conspiracy in 1820, and was since more than ten years, a wanderer in the land of exile. The hoary parent had now hailed the first movements of that insurrection, which promised to restore the beloved outcast to his longing bosom, and gladly acceded to the popular acclamation, which raised him to the highest station in our unsettled community; but alas! ere his pressing invitations reached his son on the other side of the Atlantic, the Austrian eagle dashed through that cobweb-work of premature revolution, and the aged president, too old and infirm to provide for his safety by flight, was compelled to surrender to Maria Louisa's satellites: he was thrown into a dungeon, and brought before a military commission, where he evinced a calmness and intrepidity, which commanded the respect of his judges, and won him the regard and sympathy of his mistress, who set him, untried, at liberty. He had, however, scarcely reached the threshold of his house, when he died of a broken heart, at the report of his returning son's shipwreck and death.

On the right of the venerable chairman was seated another patrician of ancient descent, Count Carmagnola, a stately personage, from whom sixty winters had not taken one spark of the fiery spirit of youth, whose large, coal-black, eagle eyes shone still with an intense, irresistible lustre; a man distinguished more for strength of will than brightness of understanding, more fit to be an agent of despotism, than an instrument of social re-organization in days of liberty. In youth a warrior, a courtier in mature age, he had now embraced the popular cause out of personal resentment and spite. He was rather feared than loved, and indeed scarcely known at all by the people at large, for whom he made no mystery to express his unmitigated, aristocratic hatred and scorn. How he had been chosen to the office he now filled, was a matter of universal wonderment. It seemed as if, *motu proprio*, he had said, "I have a mind to sit here, and who would dare to find fault with it?"

When the ill-grounded revolutionary edifice fell, and the victorious Austrians entered our town, he stood manfully awaiting them in his palace-hall, suffered himself to be taken before an arbitrary tribunal, made no attempt to deny or palliate his guilt, and defied his enemies to do their worst.

On the other side of the president was a man of colossal dimensions, with the shoulders, chest, and brow of a Titan, Da Costa, a man of extraordinary physical powers, of stormy, terrible passions, of that impetuous but unsteady courage that characterizes men of sanguine temperament. He had been a distinguished financier under the ancient government, and though well known to his employers as most determinately hostile to them, he had been endured and caressed, on account of his administrative talents, and of the important services it was in his power to render to the state.

He was now in his fiftieth year, and as yet exulting in all the flower of manhood; but it was obvious to the eyes of well-experienced observers, that the lymphatic was rapidly getting the better of the sanguine element of his robust constitution, that one of those crises was at hand, which have power to shatter the human frame, as it were, at one stroke, and that what was now one of the happiest specimens of animal organization, would in a very short time exhibit symptoms of an equally active and speedy dissolution.

I met him only two years later in Corsica, pining away in loneliness and despondency, reduced to scarcely one-half of his former size, lying helpless and spiritless in his chagrin and ennui, urging his friends at home to solicit his pardon, and reconcile him with his sovereign, lest the respite should come too late, and home-sickness should accomplish its work.

As a contrast to this burly statesman, a pale, thin, diminutive person stood by his side, only in so far a man, that he was clad in a gentleman's garb, and in the choicest, sprucest, most elegant attire of modern fashion; a specimen of the Italian *petit-mâtres* of the old school, one of the few remaining individuals of the *Cicisbei* family, a race now almost entirely extinct—one of those fawning, simpering, grinning nonentities, which our fair ladies of other times used to carry about with them as something essentially attached to them, some-

thing as indispensable to their comfort as their fan, their reticule, and Bologna greyhound.

The cavalier Rovalli, *beau garçon*, aged fifty, but to whom a careful toilette, and a naturally feminine countenance, gave a much more juvenine appearance, was, though a most fashionable man, a "laudator temporis acti." He wished to bring into vogue, by his example, those happy manners and customs of Italian *serventismo*, which the bitter Parini and the facetious Goldoni had so happily laughed out of countenance, and to which the stormy age of the French revolution had given the *coup-de-grace*. But as, in spite of his rank and popularity, he made no proselytes among our youths, the task of renewing the good old times entirely devolved upon himself, and he was a kind of cavalier servente to the whole female community, at least to all those middle-aged beauties to whom that servile and unmanly courtship of petty attentions and unmeaning compliments could be made still acceptable. As the liberal spirit of the times gained ground even among the ranks of these half-faded dames, it could not fail to exercise its influence likewise upon their suitor and worshipper, and they had launched him into the political arena, decked and garlanded with their colours as their favourite champion, not a little glad, perhaps, of ridding themselves for a time of his gallant assiduities.

The two other members then present were Professor Molini,

——— "Per cui tanto reo  
Tempo si volse ;"

and with whom our readers ought to be sufficiently acquainted, and Count Jacopo San Natale, a gentleman belonging to the younger branch of one of our highest historical families, a man of very uncommon accomplishments; a poet, a wit, a scholar, and an epicure, accustomed, time out memory, to take an active part in every political, literary, or culinary revolution of his age. It was reported of him that when yet a young collegian he had been shut up at Fenestrelle, by order of the emperor Napoleon, on account of an impromptu satirical sonnet—for the count was a bit of an improvvisatore—on the birth of the king of Rome, which had given so great an offence to the Corsican autocrat, that there was every probability the luckless bard would find him inflexible to the end of time. After, however, languishing in narrow imprisonment for full fourteen months, atoning thus by a month of suffering for every line in his libellous poem, he succeeded at length in softening or bribing his jailer, filed the bars of his iron cage, and ventured to scale the walls of the Alpine citadel; he broke his leg in the attempt, and crawled for many miles in the dark, found shelter and protection among the poor shepherds of Savoy, till he was, in 1814, enabled to reappear unexpectedly, clapping his hands in exultation and triumph, just as the curtain dropped on the last gloomy scene of the Napoleonic drama.

It appears, however, that the governments of "the Restoration" found no better favour in the eyes of the venturesome count. For he was apprehended and put under arrest as a conspirator at Milan in 1816, banished, as a jacobin, from all the continental states of his Sardinian majesty in 1818, "admonished," and ordered out of the ecclesi-



astical dominions as a freethinker in 1819, and finally arrested and sent to the fortress of Compiano with the other Parmese carbonari in 1820.

The credit and influence of the venerable Count Stefano, the head of his family, at the court of Maria Louisa, soon, however, obtained the release of his wayward kinsman. And as, warned by his friends and connexions, and sobered down also by age and experience, the count betook himself more exclusively to literature and solitude,—solitude which he, however, took good care to share with a sweet partner, fair and pure as an angel,—“a change came o’er the spirit of his dreams,” a new man sprang up in him; a sudden revolution took place in his thoughts, feelings, and habits, he became fond of home, rest, and comforts, and appeared as well pleased with himself, and the world and its enjoyments, as he had been previously disposed to fret and murmur; he became a thorough-bred, and—as the Yankees have it—the *whole-hog-going* optimist.

Yet, though he had brought himself to think that Maria Louisa was, on the whole, a very good woman, her ministers a very clever set of people, and Austrians altogether very kind and lenient taskmasters, and even to look on the bright side of the Jesuits,—though what side of these worthies may be said to be less dark, Heaven knows best,—yet, on the first uproar of an insurrection at Parma, he was, by popular acclamation, disturbed from his benevolent reveries, and, thanks to his former reputation, deemed one of the fittest instruments of national regeneration; so that he was, according to the revolutionary phrase, “compelled to volunteer” his services.

There was something noble, bright, and beaming in his countenance, on which the characteristics of high birth and superior intellect were happily blended, and the long-flowing *zazzera* which, in spite of fashion, he, as a poet, claimed the privilege of wearing, Apollo-like, down to his shoulders; black once as a raven’s wing, and soft and glossy, so as to cause a pang of envy in more than one fair woman’s breast, now somewhat dappled by sundry streaks of silver, but no less rich and luxuriant; and the trick he had of tossing it backwards as he spoke, with a certain graceful majesty, contributed to give this singular personage a highly aristocratic mien, while his rather rubicund than rosy cheeks, the numberless and almost imperceptible lines that furrowed the *contour* of his mouth, and the twinkling and swimming of two small, black eyes, more than slightly affected with myopy, betrayed the latent symptoms of that exquisite epicurism, of which, I am grieved to say, gluttony formed the most prominent feature.

Such were the men, to whom, for want of better, it must be permitted to presume, the safety of the commonwealth had been provisionally entrusted; and to them, therefore, was due the first report of that sudden calamity, the consequences of which seemed likely to have so great a weight on the destinies of the country. I had already been introduced to all of them, with great solemnity, by my friend Brandi, and had taken leave of them, previous to my setting out for my short but eventful campaign; so that they seemed rather surprised than pleased at seeing me back in so short a time, and their foreboding hearts, perhaps, prepared them for the worst.

"Well, De Negri," said Da Costa, who, however slight our acquaintance, availed himself of the privilege of his age and station, to *thou* me, with that tone of familiarity which in Italy implies affection and cordiality, and which is utterly unknown in England, unless it be among the honest and respectable community whom the profane designate by the appellation of Quakers—"What good wind brings thee back from Fiorenzola?"

"War! war! my lords!" was my answer. "The Austrians have cut our little band to pieces, and are marching at full speed against you."

There was an air of truth and earnestness about me that left them little doubt as to the veracity of the report, and struck them dumb with astonishment. However inaccurate or exaggerated my statement might have been through terror, they felt that something amazingly strange must have happened.

Count Carmagnola was the first to recover from his surprise. "The Austrians!" said he. "Come, come, young gentleman, are you sure you waited long enough to look full into their faces? Have not our valiant youths, like Don Quixote, mistaken a flock of sheep for a host of warriors?"

"My eyes have seen them, my lord, and my sword has cut its way through the thickest of them," I replied with some indignation, unaware of the inopportunity of that silly bravado. "If your lordship would only look out of that window, you will see the Hungarian horse which I took from them in exchange of the brave steed that was killed under me."

Da Costa stepped forward to the window.

"Leave the lad alone, count," said he, as he joined his colleagues. "He is a bold and determined fellow, and not to be frightened by scarecrows. 'Gad, but these are the trappings of an imperial hussar, or I never saw one in my life.'" Then turning to me, "Come," said he, "art sure there was no disguise? art sure they were Austrians in flesh and bone?"

"Austrians they were," I replied; "and they fell upon us in too great a number for us even to dream of resistance."

Here I gave as precise and minute an account of the nocturnal skirmish, as, under all circumstances, might be expected.

The *financier* hung down his head, and mournfully replied, "If all this be true, we had better throw down our cards, and give up the game."

There followed a dull pause. It was evident they were all unprepared for the sudden news, and the boldest of them were at a loss how to act or what to say in that dreadful emergency.

"You are at liberty to retire, young gentleman," said Count Carmagnola, mustering up as much of his dignity as he had left. "We are about to enter into weighty deliberations which admit of no witnesses."

I bowed and prepared to withdraw. "And," he added, "you will easily perceive how unnecessary it would be to divulge an event which might only spread alarm and confusion among the people, until, at least, government has taken the opportune measures."

Once more I bowed and left the room. I found a formidable crowd at the door, but was suffered to make my way unmolested, and to throw myself on my horse; but, no sooner had I moved towards home, than I found my progress obstructed by the waving multitude, who cheered me wildly and tumultuously, and loudly asked for news.

"The Austrians!" "The enemy!" "Where did you leave them?" "How many are they?" "Which way are they coming?" "Good God, what will become of us?" "Hurrah, hurrah! to arms!" "We will fight for our homes and country!"

In the midst of these discordant outcries, other cries were heard, more shrill, more heart-rending and piercing, from men and women of all classes and ages, who strove to open their way through the crowd, and threw themselves inconsiderately before my charger's hoofs.

"My son! my boy! my darling! what became of him? Dead? wounded? prisoner? You left him in the midst of the strife, and thought of no one but yourself." "Where is my Pippo?" cried an old woman, in whom I recognized the mother of my friend Galli, the armourer, "he was so madly devoted to you! he would have thrown himself into the fire for you! And you come back without him!"

I turned round to retort the bitter reproach, but long before I could utter one word the old woman had disappeared, borne away by the human tide. Other faces innumerable came staring around; other questions wild, incoherent, angry, were put to me, till, in my anxiety to satisfy them, I was fairly overcome. In this stress, and completely locked up by the ever-increasing throng, I proceeded from the Palace to the *Piazza Grande*. Wide as it was, the mighty area was all swarming with human beings.

Here one of my father's servants having fortunately thrust himself forward among the rest, I threw him the reins of my horse, and alighted, hoping thus to be better able to disappear among the crowd. Never was I more in danger of being squeezed to death. My good fellow-citizens, no longer kept in awe by the iron tread of the horse, rushed upon me, like the waves of the ocean as they close on a sinking vessel, and I began already, with all my heart, to wish myself back to Fiorenzola, even if I were to be hewed to pieces by the Austrians; when, in good time, an angel,—for I can never think so happy a thought sprang from human head,—an angel cried out, in a stentorian voice, "*Alla Tribuna!*"

"*Alla Tribuna! Alla Tribuna!*" immediately re-echoed all round, and in less than I can tell it, a mighty current bore me to the main door of the *Palazzo del Governo*, an old building rising opposite to the town-hall, and destined as a residence for the governor of the district of Parma; I was hurried up stairs, and there I stood, followed by as many as could find room after me on the central balcony of the palace, under the town clock, a kind of *rostrum*, formerly opened only for the promulgation of laws, edicts, &c., now the pulpit from which our demagogues were wont to deliver their fiery harangues, and emphatically called *la Tribuna*, or *la Ringhiera*.

There was an appalling silence. I looked down. More than ten thousand faces were turned upwards. I gazed far and wide upon that ocean of heads; I held fast by the rail of the balcony, and stopped

to take breath. But my awe and trepidation lasted only a moment. My spirit rose within me ; I looked down again and confronted the immense crowd with a smile of security. I crossed my arms and waited, as if to laugh their impatience to scorn, and when I finally opened my lips, I felt as little regard or fear for the many-headed monster, as if I had had to deal singly with each of them.

"Countrymen," I began.

"Speak louder ! Speak out !" cried the sovereign populace.

"By God !" said I, "I am not going to strain my lungs for your sakes."

"Countrymen," I repeated, and as there reigned a more profound silence, it appeared that my voice, none of the strongest, reached the remotest part of the audience. "Countrymen, the Austrians have violated the non-intervention."

A universal cry of astonishment.

"They have fallen upon us by night, like cowardly wolves ; they have killed many of us, and taken the rest."

A general shout of horror and indignation.

"A few of us have carved out their way by the might of their sword."

"Hurrah !"

"Others have fought like men to the last. All is lost but our honour."

"Viva l'Italia !"

"Countrymen, the Austrians are marching upon us. Be men—be worthy of your name. If you are Italians, to arms ! Avenge your brothers, or die for your country ! To arms, Italians—to arms !"

As I said this, a genuine enthusiasm raised me for a moment above my former self ; I grasped the hilt of my heavy sword, and unsheathing it, I waved it, like a maniac, above the dazzled multitude. It was that same good old rusty falchion, which, it will be remembered, had so indifferently answered my expectation in the hour of need, and was broken in the short scuffle from which it was my good luck to escape unscathed. The act in itself had something bombastic and ludicrous. It had, however, a better effect than it could have been in my power to foresee.

The crowd uttered a deafening yell. "To arms ! To arms ! Viva l'Italia ! Viva de Negri ! He has shattered his sword on an Austrian skull ! Italians have arms and breast to fight as well as the Germans ! Home, home, for your muskets ! To the Pilotta ! To the Pilotta ! The muster is under the porticoes of the Pilotta."

Saying this, the mighty assembly disbanded, and even those very obliging friends, by whose persuasive manners I had been hurried to the balcony, and who had thronged in after me, deserted their post in their anxiety to join the multitude, so that, being left almost alone, I was able to effect my retreat at full leisure.

As I descended the wide staircase of the palace I was stopped by a young officer in full uniform, in whose short legs and long rapier I recognized my old acquaintance Captain Roderi, *vulgo dictus* "Capitan Buggerino."

I really am ashamed to be obliged to refer back my readers so often to the foregoing chapters of this story ; but however uncertain I be as to the number of readers who may have had the perseverance to follow in its progress the narrative of my early life, I cannot, without rewriting and reprinting all that has been written and printed, but take it for granted that every body knows Captain Buggerino to be the same gallant, polite, and accomplished personage already introduced, described, and characterized in chapter second, as the bearer of a challenge, and second to my adversary, the advocate Obizzi, in a duel that took place in the vicinity of Selva Piana, in August 1830, a few months before the ever-memorable events of our college riot, and my subsequent arrest and imprisonment. The same Captain Buggerino now stood before me on the landing of the main staircase of the *Palazzo del Governo*, with his most fascinating smile playing on his lips, and with an inflection of his elegant person, which resembled more a lady's courtesy than a military salute.

"Glad to see you under more auspicious circumstance than when we last met, Signor de Negri," said he. "May I trouble you to follow me? Colonel Fuseli wishes to have the pleasure to see you."

"I am at your orders, sir," I replied ; and after following him through four or five wide apartments, I was led to a very small cabinet, where the commander-in-chief of the national guards was dictating orders to three or four of his aides-de-camp. Buggerino had the honour to belong to his staff.

The colonel was a tall, square-built veteran, rather above sixty years of age, but still hale and vigorous, and able to bear the toils and hardships of war. He had the reputation of having been a brave soldier in the good old times, when the soldier's trade was in the highest repute. He had, however, risen no higher than the rank of *chef-de-batalion* under the French government, and the degree of lieutenant-colonel had been but lately conferred upon him by Maria Louisa's munificence, when he was kindly invited to retire, and rest under the shade of his laurels, or, to speak more plainly, to starve on a half-pay ; and as the poor veteran was encumbered with a formidably large family, and Maria Louisa's salaries, event when at the full, were none of the most splendid, he found himself beset with difficulties, the gordian knot of which, he fancied, could be best cut asunder by the sword of the revolution.

Hence had he been for many years a notorious malecontent and grumbler ; and to these qualities, especially during the first ferment of popular insurrection, he owed his exaltation to that supreme command, for which he had in reality neither true moral valour, nor capacity, nor strength and generosity of character. The people had, as in the case of the members of the provisional government, sadly repented their choice, and especially when they saw their *generalissimo*, who having always served in the infantry, scarcely ever dared to venture on saddle, inspecting their militia ranks on foot, they felt for him that feeling of contempt that the French evinced towards Louis XVIII. for the same reason, and which more, perhaps, than any other more serious cause of discontent, contributed to render his

government unpopular, and led to the sudden catastrophe of the *cent-jours*.

"Who gave you leave, sir," began the colonel, "to address the people from the balcony, to excite them to tumult and violence?"

The colonel's features were finely and regularly shaped, and his weather-beaten brow had something eminently manly and warlike; still there was a *je-ne-sais-quoi* of harshness and vulgarity about the corners of his mouth and in the tone of his voice, which, joined to the air of reproof he thought it proper to assume, and considering also the state of excitement into which the preceding scene must naturally have thrown me, considerably diminished those feelings of allegiance and respect which I was determined to entertain for every one that was invested with the sacred character of national functionary.

"The leave, sir, or rather, I should say, the order," I replied with sufficient boldness, "was issued by that power, which, as I understand, has of late here alone right to dictate; but I should like to ask you, sir, how it happens that in a civilized town, where you dispose of ten thousand national guards, public tranquillity should be so utterly disregarded as to suffer a peaceful, inoffensive citizen to be nearly choked and trampled to death by the populace?"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"The lords of the provisional government," said he, "had begged of you not to breathe a word of the untoward event of Fiorenzola to any living soul, and you hasten to promulgate it from the *Ringhiera* before a crowd of fanatics, as if we had not trouble enough to keep them quiet already."

"I had the honour to tell you before that I acted under the most brutal compulsion. But if you are determined to find fault with my conduct, I am a national guard, and as such amenable to your martial laws; allow me, therefore, to tell you that your reprimands are as useless as they are unjust and unseasonable."

The colonel smarted and winked.

"You have your leave to retire, young sir," he said, bowing haughtily. "Remember, however, that while I continue to fill this dignity, the whole town must be brought to the rule of the strictest military discipline."

I had no sooner quitted the presence of this would-be absolute ruler, than I was able to perceive what chances he had in enforcing his dictatorial sway. I had not been present at the tumults of the memorable 13th of February, and although I had heard of its details from more than one accurate and prosy narrator, yet I had not been able to conceive an adequate idea of a town, and especially an Italian town, in a state of popular convulsion.

What I now witnessed was not a revolution, since no strife or sanguinary tumult took place, but the confusion, the hurry, the *harum-scarum* irruptions of the maddened populace in every direction, and apparently without any determined object, had something truly appalling and tremendous. The tolling of alarm bells, the rolling of drums, the shouting of men from the streets, and shrieking of women from the houses, the banging of doors and shop-windows by the terrified tradesmen, and presently the measured march of several patrols



and companies, the trampling of horses, the braying of fanfares and fifes, the singing of national anthems, and a few random shots occasionally fired at chance by some of our inexperienced military men,—set up a wild confused clangor, a heaven-storming din, which might have startled the dead from their graves.

In less than half an hour the whole town was under arms, and before I had reached my own domicile every house had poured forth its own champion, armed and accoutred cap-à-pie, in that wild and motley attire, which, till the government had determined on the shape and colours of a national uniform, was understood to represent the martial dress of our Italian *banlieue*. By degrees the streets became deserted and silent, as our brave militiamen hastened to the place of rendezvous, and women only were seen, half-hidden behind their Venetian blinds, awaiting the result of these startling events in anxious suspense, or calling to each other as if for mutual encouragement.

From the looks and gestures of several of them I was made to perceive that I had become the theme of their conversation, and began to experience all that mixture of complacency and uneasiness which the “*digito monstrari*” is apt to awaken in juvenile breasts. That I was not, in that age, utterly insensible to the charms of popular notoriety and fame, the reader must be aware; yet, though I was by no means sorry to hear those good creatures crying “There he is!” and “Look at him!” after me, the fresh experience of the dangers of too close a hug from an excited populace had the effect of damping my ardour to a considerable degree, and I had resolved in my mind that, however welcome my fellow-citizens might be to raise my name to the stars, I should take good care another time how I ventured my bones among them. I went home accordingly, and never before, perhaps, did I feel the luxury of stretching myself at full length on my sofa, and lying there for a quarter of an hour, listening to the naïve and nonsensical prate of my sister Louisa, who only appeared to be happy when her eldest brother was at home with her; and though the sense of duty soon roused me from that lulling repose, and summoned me to the muster, yet I lingered on with a listless fondness, as if the fate of my native town, and perhaps of all Italy, had not been, as I then fancied, at stake.

Up, however, at last I started; I changed my dress, wrapped myself in a large cloak, took no arms but my pistols with me—they were the same that I found in the holsters of the Hungarian war-horse I had rode on from Fiorenzola—and thus incognito, I hastened to join my comrades.

The buildings of the Pilotta, reared by the munificence of the reigning house of Farnese in the sixteenth century, were only intended as the accessory premises of a large ducal palace, which the degenerate princes of that proud and guilty race in after generations never had money and perseverance to bring to a close. The edifices still extant encircle two spacious court-yards, surrounded with lofty porticoes, in excellent taste, as well as on the most magnificent scale. One of these quadrangles is entirely occupied by the stables and other offices of Maria Louisa’s household. The other contains the ducal library, the gallery and academy of the fine arts, and that

famous Teatro Farnesiano, which for its extent and architecture has few or no equals in the world. The porticoes are supported by pillars of prodigious massiveness and strength. The whole fabric (as indeed are most of our edifices in Lombardy) is built of bricks, but of that superior ancient Italian clay, to which time gives all the compactness and solidity not only of stone, but of adamant.

The square of the Pilotta, generally one of the duller and most silent quarters of our faded metropolis, was now the theatre of a busy and almost gay and gaudy scene. More than three thousand of the élite of our national militia, young men of every class and condition in life, were here convened and mustered in different battalions with tolerable order and discipline. Their dress was, as I have already noticed, rather fantastic and various, but their muskets were kept in excellent trim; and however unskilful some of the young warriors might have proved in the use of them, that long array of flashing bayonets was not without its formidable appearance.

The military bands and drums were silent, and a vague and anxious expectation reigned over the assembly. The officers stood in a disorderly group in the middle of the square, near a colossal fountain, engaged in grave consultation, and the eyes of every one were fretfully turned towards the Piazza di Corte, whence they awaited the regiment of regular infantry, their commander-in-chief, and the order to start.

As I drew near to this *état-major*, always wrapped in the ample folds of my cloak, I found that the most conspicuous and noisy among the number was my old acquaintance, Count Berardi, whom, it will be remembered, I had seen acting with cool determination at Fiorenzola, and whom I had left beset by the Austrians, with many others of our tirailleurs, at the Osteria del Cervo, and, for aught I knew, killed or taken prisoner by the enemy.

Here, however, he was, safe and sound, gesticulating in his wild and half savage manner, pointing to sundry musket holes in his hat and Spanish cloak, and relating, with all the warmth of his demagogical eloquence, the action in which he had been hotly engaged.

It appeared that, after firing the carbine which, as I saw with my own eyes, had struck brigadier Anselmi dead under the walls of the inn, and after having routed and dispersed the body of Hungarian cavalry which that ill-fated carabineer led to the assault, the count, unable to subdue his mettlesome spirit so as to bide within doors with his comrades, had sallied forth alone into the dark, beleaguered streets of Fiorenzola. He had met and seized Anselmi's good charger, which, after its rider's fall, wandered loose and affrighted about, and, once mounted, he had set out at full speed in quest of adventures. He could not fail to have plenty of business in that night of terror and alarm. He was fired at by whole platoons of Croats, fired at, by mistake, even by some of our friends, till, though escaping all dangers with the rarest luck, he began at last to tire of the game. Unable to make his way back to the Stag Inn, which was now completely blocked up with the soldiery, he presented himself, with wary cautiousness, at the different avenues with various success. After having been repeatedly repulsed from several quarters, he rode to one of the most

sequestered parts of the town, to which the din of war had not hitherto arrived, and where the Austrians stood resting on their muskets, cursing the ill luck that had stationed them so far from the scene of action.

The count was challenged by the sentinel as he drew near; but as he had long resided in Germany, and spoke the language of that country as well as his own, he was not only enabled to utter the watchword with the true accent of a native, but, with the greatest *sang froid*, rode up to the gazing soldiers, dictating orders with the greatest volubility, and giving himself the airs of a field officer taking the round of the encampment. The fanciful chacko and martial cloak he wore, and the darkness of the hour, rendered the delusion complete, and he proceeded between man and man along the whole line of Austrian infantry, till he found himself in the open country, and gave his horse the spur. The German officer commanding the detachment had alighted from his horse, and was resting, perhaps slumbering, on a stone bench by the road-side, while one of his men held his trusty charger in readiness by the side of him. Roused by the tramp of the galloping fugitive, and by the clamour of the astounded sentinels, who began to recover from their stupor, he jumped on saddle, and rode on the track of the count.

The Austrian was the best mounted of the two, and, after a short race, Berardi, closely pressed, felt the necessity of facing his persecutor. He wheeled his horse round, and, unclasping his cloak, he threw it on his left arm, and with drawn sword confronted his antagonist.

There ensued a short but deadly engagement.

The imperial officer had pistols at his saddle, but neglected, or perhaps scorned, to use his advantage. His first blow fell heavy but harmless on the folds of his adversary's mantle. But the count was more successful. He bent his head nearly on his horse's neck, and dealt so fell and desperate a blow, that, as the German raised his right arm above his head to parry it, it struck the sword and the hand that held it to the ground.

The blood sprang hot and copious from the mutilated wrist, and the horse, half blinded, and wholly startled, by that gory shower, drew back, plunging and rearing with such a fury, that his ill-fated rider, disabled by his wound, and, as Dante has it,

“ Levando il moncherin per l'aria fosca,”

suffered himself to be borne back to his friends.

The count's recital, which some of us were inclined to look upon as an idle vaunt, turned out to be strictly correct. His antagonist in that equestrian rencounter was the youngest son of a Transylvanian prince, only twenty years of age, and, no more than three months back, had entered into the Austrian service. The rapid loss of blood, and the want of opportune assistance, so dangerously exasperated his wound, that he died of the consequences of it in the course of that same day at Placentia.

The epic interest attached to the narrative of his nocturnal exploit could not fail to add new importance to the character of a personage

who stood so high already in the estimation of his brothers in arms. The particulars of his adventures were circulated with wonderful rapidity throughout the whole line of our combatants, and became none the worse for a few light touches of high colouring which the fertile imaginations of his admirers added to it.

"And now, ye pack of marmots and hinds," said the gallant count, whose eloquence, like that of Demosthenes, rather consisted of objurgation and reprimand than cajolery or adulation, "now, ye deluded fools, what do ye mean to do? How long will you suffer yourselves to be led by the nose by that set of trembling dotards whom ye have, in an evil hour, trusted with the safety of your country? Bestir yourselves! The Austrians will be at your gates by sunset. Will you let them in in the dark, and be caught by them asleep in your beds, like dogs in your kennels, till they dislodge you by fire and sword, as they did at Fiorenzola? Waiting for Colonel Fuseli, are you? Why, by this time, he is perhaps a hundred miles off, to"—I must give a literal translation of the coarse but expressive phrase—"to save his belly for the figs of next summer. But if you are in want of a leader—if you, like the Austrians, are a soulless body till you receive your corporal's orders—here am I: follow me; I know the way; and I hope by this time the Austrians, my good friends, know me too!"

Saying this, he broke from the circle of officers he had thus been addressing, and, brandishing and flourishing his sword before the assembled militias, "Now I'll show you," he said, "how these good lads are to be spoken to." Then he bawled out, in that cracked, shrill, but powerful voice that was so peculiar to him,

*"Attention!"*

They started—or rather, since, notwithstanding my antipathy for the French, for their language as well as for their country and nation, I am forced to confess that it has words for which I can find no equivalent in other less nasal and more human tongues—*Ils s' ébranlèrent.*

Our men shouldered their guns with right good will, fell back in their ranks, and stood still, like a breathing wall, acknowledging the authority of their self-constituted chieftain.

"*Colonne, portez armes,*" continued the count, with increasing boldness. The commands were then, thanks to the unnational fondness of our Napoleonian veterans, given in French.

"*Colonne, en avant—marche!*" cried the new general, moving on foremost towards the Ponte Verde, or Green Bridge, whence was the road to Placentia.

Drums and trumpets gave forth their signals, the officers hastened to their posts, and the mighty column moved forward.

In this emergency, Colonel Fuseli made his appearance from the other end of the square.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## The Bivouac.

“ Italia volle,  
Volle un istante—e disperò.”

Had the worthy commander-in-chief, Colonel Fuseli, broken his leg, or, at least, sprained his ankle, so that he might either never appear, or arrive too late on the square of the Pilotta to interfere with our departure; or otherwise, if he were to be there in good time, had he better understood and seconded the spirit by which our youths were animated—had he praised their ardour and zeal, ordered out his regular forces, which were comfortably quartered at the citadel, and thus, with his whole host, marched against the Placentine garrison—it would be difficult to ascertain the probable result of the expedition.

The short but well-fought scuffle of Fiorenzola had demonstrated, beyond all shadow of doubt, that our young people could, in the hour of need, fire a gun or handle a broadsword. All those who had been immediately engaged in that action had exhibited as much determination and steadiness as might be reasonably expected from the best trained soldiers, and their present state of exasperation and excitement, if properly acted upon, might have wrought wonders; while the Austrians, on the other side, unwilling as we are to call in question their military valour, had, even in that nocturnal encounter, where everything was calculated to inspire them with utter security, evinced an indefinable awe and hesitation, naturally arising from the consciousness of the false position they stood in in our fettered but not subdued country, and of the treacherous and slippery ground on which they trod.

Had the camirado of Fiorenzola been considered as a most decided violation of the non-intervention, and an open declaration of war; had only our national forces, with or without the assistance of our natural allies and brothers of Bologna and Modena, been brought to meet the Austrian troops in full daylight, in a wide-open field; and were even the Italians as pusillanimous a race as foreigners are fond to believe and style them, so that we could not expect as brilliant a success as the ragged Parisian mob obtained at Jemmapes and Valmy over the best troops of the continent; had only a few hundreds, a few scores of us, died, like men, with their faces turned towards the enemy for the sake of Italy—an unheard-of event since the days of the Lombard league—I should not, perhaps, gentle reader, be here now speculating on “ifs” and “buts,” and writing these silly memoirs for your gratification.

Fate had decreed otherwise.

The column had not proceeded three steps, when “Halt!” cried Colonel Fuseli with a voice of thunder, and the column stood waving to and fro, like a field of green corn under the blast of the summer breeze.

“Well, and whither go you, national guards?” shouted their commander-in-chief, “without waiting for orders? Do you thus abandon the town that relies on your defence? What know you of the ene-

mies' moves? How can you say whether they are coming from east or west? Are we here all leaders and rulers? Who remains to guard the town while you sally forth on your fool's errand? Halt! halt! we have sent our gendarmes to reconnoitre. When we know better on what ground we stand, we shall all start together. He who stirs one step further is a traitor to his country."

There was something rational in what he said. The Austrians were but at ten or twelve miles from us, all along the line of the Po, ready to fall upon the unprotected town at an hour's warning. The statement of that well-known fact had the force of a hundred arguments. The national champions stood abashed and irresolute, and even their riotous and presumptuous ringleader, Count Berardi, looked downcast and discountenanced.

The colonel availed himself of that precarious advantage, and proceeded to emanate his orders. "Call out ten patrols, each composed of a hundred well-intentioned young men"—(*giovani di buona volontà*)—it was the phrase of the day—"let them scour the country in every direction for five or six miles around our walls. The main body of our troops shall bivouac under these porticoes, to take their turn with their comrades, and keep themselves ready for the worst extremities. Meanwhile we shall be better enabled to ascertain the enemy's intentions. This is likely to be a busy and perilous night. The country expects every man to be awake and active. Brave young men, your commander-in-chief takes up his quarters here amongst you."

Having said these words, the valiant colonel withdrew to the great vestibule of the ducal library and academy, where he established his head-quarters. He called all the officers round him, and gave the necessary directions for our nightly encampment.

Soon the porticoes of the Pilotta presented a various and animated scene. The ten detachments of volunteers were picked out from every rank, and started one after another for their different destinations. The others crossed their guns, or, as they called it in French, *formèrent les faisceaux*, and made other accommodations for the night. The stables and other storehouses of the duchess's household were close at hand, and some of our marauding young soldiers were tempted to invade those hitherto unviolated establishments, and returned with cart-loads of straw and firewood, with which they flattered themselves to have provided comfortable beds and warmth for what promised to be a cheerless and dreary winter-night.

They soon found out, however, that they had too hastily reckoned without their landlord. The colonel broke out in the most vehement invectives against their disloyal and sacrilegious conduct, declared that they disgraced the cause of liberty by jacobinic deeds of pillage and robbery, and prevailed upon those good, dutiful militiamen to take back and restore the stolen goods to the premises of their dethroned sovereign.

It was not written, however, that their pliancy and docility should defraud them of such comforts as were compatible with their soldierly duties. A few gentlemen, residing in the immediate neighbourhood, stepped forward, and with due submission to the irritable chieftain,



obtained leave to supply, out of their own stores, the articles which the defenders of the country stood amazingly in need of. Besides fuel and fresh straw, basketsful of cold meat, eggs, and other eatables, were sent, and wine in greater quantity than, for any other but an Italian soldiery, would have appeared compatible with the maintenance of discipline. Thus, at close of day, the whole area of the Pilotta was turned into a vast banqueting-hall, lighted by glaring watchfires, and cheered by war-songs, our people having, in the novelty of the scene, with true southern light-heartedness, forgotten all their excitement and consternation of the morning.

Fresh arguments of congratulation and rejoicing contributed, at every moment, to keep up their spirits and prolong those hours of revelry which either their own good sense or the orders of their rulers ought to have made them aware were better employed in recruiting their forces by a few hours of sleep, so as to be prepared for the events with which the future seemed to be ominously pregnant.

The disbanded fugitives of Fiorenzola, both those who had escaped among the tumults of the first attack, or effected their evasion after the conflict, arrived in several small detachments, according as they had met in their disorderly retreat, and with one accord directed their steps towards home. Among the first was Count Berardi and Pippo Galli, the circumstances of whose flight I have already related; then others and others successively made their appearance, until, before daylight, it was plainly ascertained that no more than fifty were missing.

Each of these had his own share in the action, his own personal exploits and adventures, his own hair-breadth escapes to tell of. Each of them thought he had arrived first, and had the freshest news to communicate. Each of them entertained the most exaggerated notions as to the extent of our losses in that sudden disaster. They all were sure of a large, eager, inquisitive audience. Notes were compared, facts verified or discredited, news were circulated, weighed, and sifted with the most sagacious criticism. Men who had been reported as dead, wounded, or prisoners, suddenly appeared safe and sound among the wondering assembly, by their presence interrupting and belying the mournful recital. There was an infinite deal of embracing, kissing, and shedding tears of joy. To so many strange and extravagant emotions had given rise the petty incidents of that poor skirmish; and that, too, among a people, who no farther back than twenty years ago were accustomed to see hundreds of thousands of the flower of their youths torn asunder from the clasping arms of their mothers, and starting for a long, dreary pilgrimage to the northern deserts of Russia, from which only a few blighted, frost-bitten, mutilated wretches were ever to return!

Those who had outsped their comrades in their precipitate retreat, arrived, as I did, under the impression that the Hungarians must be riding close at their heels, and the alarm which my first appearance had created was, for many hours, constantly on the increase. But when it began to be positively ascertained that the enemy had never ventured beyond the Stirone; that even their vanguard had been called back to their standard, and finally that before noon the whole

host had quitted the invaded town of Fiorenzola, and repaired to their stronghold in Placentia, it became a matter of incontrovertible evidence that they harboured no intention of pursuing their advantage any farther, and that our town was safe enough for the present.

These more cheering and favourable conjectures were officially confirmed, when early at daybreak the weary host of our anxious militia were roused from their pallets of straw, and Colonel Fuseli appeared among them, proclaiming, in the name of our provisional government, "that it was full time the good citizens of Parma should recover from their groundless alarms; that, however thankful they might feel for the patriotic zeal and valour evinced by the national guard on the first appearance of danger, yet they regretted the unnecessary inconvenience to which so many brave youths had been put, in consequence of the hasty report of the unfortunate affairs of Fiorenzola; that in their attack of our detachment, the Austrians had only acted in consistence with the rights of nations and the laws of war, which empower every garrison to repulse by main force any armed force that ventures within reach of its cannon, or even within the territory immediately belonging to the town it is intended to protect; that the commander of the citadel of Placentia had full right to consider the intrusion of our volunteers as an open aggression, and, as such, he had considered it his bounden duty to act on the defensive; but that the Austrians were so far from infringing the pact of non-intervention, that as soon as they had regained possession of their invaded territory, they had scrupulously respected the line of demarcation between the two states, and hastened to retire to their own quarters, from which, without our flagrant provocation, they would never have stirred."

The colonel concluded by thanking the militia as he dismissed them, commending the promptness and eagerness with which they had answered that call, and exhorting them to exhibit no less ardour and alacrity, whenever the welfare of the country should really require it.

Thus did our national troops withdraw to their homes and peaceful avocations, and before sunrise the most perfect quiet and security was restored. I was struck dumb with amazement. "What!" thought I, as, taking the arm of my faithful Pippo I walked leisurely towards home, "what! the non-intervention again! Will then nothing cure these dotards of their illusion? Has the blood of our brave Modesti been spilt in vain? In vain have fifty of our friends been dragged in chains to Placentia? Will our government trifle with the happy disposition of our youths, till their excitement have time to cool, and their enthusiasm be utterly exhausted; till the selfishness of private affections interfere with the ardour of public spirit; till every one grows sick with despondency and disenchantment? The non-intervention once more! when a man must be utterly blind if he do not see that the Austrians are only waiting for reinforcements ere they venture to attack us in earnest!"

Filled with these all but agreeable meditations, I shook hands with my friend rather sulkily, and walked up to my bed-room, where I had not slept for months. I undressed and threw myself on my bed,

just as the first rays of the morning sun were making their way through the blinds.

The night had been spent in walking from group to group, and listening to the animated conversations of my comrades at the Pilotta, so that a few hours of rest would have had an unspeakable charm for me; but I was not to be left alone for long; for, no sooner had my heart gone to sleep—as our good people have it—than there was a pull at the bell, and Signor Brandi unceremoniously broke in upon me.

“Well, De Negri, my friend, how are you?” with his wonted bustling, shuffling manner. “Hot work, wasn’t it, at Fiorenzola? and a narrow escape we had, thank our stars.”

“Narrow or wide,” said I, “I am never glad of an escape—from the enemy.”

“Aren’t you? How very odd! Would you rather have been taken and dragged to Placentia with a rope round your neck, and the prospect of being shot before you, like the poor devils, our friends?—Well, De Negri, I came to talk to you about it. We have received the most appalling news of our prisoners.”

“Did they hang them?”

“Hang them! Heaven forbid!—Why, you speak of it with as much unconcern as if they were a gang of highwaymen about to be executed for murder.”

“My dear friend, I contemplated the event of falling, myself, into the hands of the Austrians, though I would rather have done my best to fall by their hands. Had I been taken prisoner, I knew what I had to expect from their tender mercies. I think every one of us ought to be prepared for the worst. In the eyes of our countrymen, we may be heroes and martyrs, but our enemies have full right to look upon us as rebels and brigands.”

“You take rather a philosophical view of the matter. The Austrians, however, know better than that. No! they dare not hang their captives; but they have thrown our poor fellows into the darkest and dampest dungeons of the citadel, and overwhelmed them with threats and ill-treatment.”

“Woe to the conquered,” said I laconically.

“Wo, indeed,” said Brandi. “Our government, however, is about to take strong measures to soften the hearts of their gaolers, and this is the reason I intruded upon your morning slumbers. De Negri, we want hostages.”

“Hostages! What do you mean?”

“We must secure ourselves of the persons of every one within our reach, whose life may be precious in the eyes of Maria Louisa, or of the vile minions who continue to stand by her at Placentia.”

“Hush!—for shame! Let me never hear of it. It is an unjust and ungenerous, as well as a useless and improvident measure. You will only create mistrust and terror, and never be the better for it.”

“We will, we hope, lay hands upon men of high standing and character in our enemy’s eyes, on whom we may inflict such a treatment as our captives meet at their hands.”

“A mean and poor resource! You provoke an enemy whom you

have no means, or no courage, to attack. Why were we not suffered to march against Placentia? If you want to retaliate, let us fall upon the Austrians and take fifty of them."

"We have nothing to do with the Austrians. These prisoners are Maria Louisa's, and our attacks must be directed against her. To be sure, the Austrians are her shield and breast-plate. Thank heaven however, we have yet power to wound her to the quick."

"So be it, then," said I, quite disgusted. "My voice has no chance to be heard, and my opinion no weight on your deliberations. But, if you are to rely for your success on a reign of terror, farewell. Let me shut my door and never hear of it. You will find it easy enough to wreak your vengeance on the unarmed and helpless."

"Not so easy as you may imagine. De Negri, listen to me. If the undertaking were not fraught with difficulty and danger, I would not have deemed it worthy of you. Listen, De Negri—we must lay hold of the Bishop of Guastalla."

"Oh! ha! Well, a priest is no very formidable enemy after all."

"The job requires address and resolution, I tell you. The prelate enjoys great credit and popularity among the populace of his diocese, nor would it ever be safe to get at him even in the most profound peace. Besides, you have to cross part of the Modenese territory, you know, and there are rumours afloat that the Duke of Modena has effected the conquest of Brescello. We may have to carry off the bishop through the midst of his troops."

"Good God! and is it in moments of such awful perplexity, when we should all and each of us take the field, that you would waste time and men for no better purpose than catching a bishop?"

"My dear friend, we cannot meddle with the affairs of Modena without spoiling our own and our country's business. But we must have that prelate to save the devoted lives of our ill-fated militiamen. However, I see what it is—the smell of gunpowder at Fiorenzola has proved offensive to your nerves, and you are afraid of getting into such untoward scrapes again."

"Devils and furies!" I exclaimed, starting up in my bed, stung to the quick by his galling insinuation. "If you have no one else for your 'job,' I am your man. I regard it as a foolish and disgraceful expedition; but I am convinced that my country has more need of my arm than my head. I will not give myself the trouble to think or have an opinion of my own. Let your governors send me an order, I am nothing but a soldier. Let my officers command, and I must obey. Let the responsibility of the deed rest upon them, and I will take care of the execution. Let the order come, and in five minutes I start."

"Spoken like yourself, De Negri. In course of an hour you will receive your writ, and a few friends who are to be the sharers of your daring exploit. Farewell—you are aware that such an enterprise requires expedition and secrecy. Good-bye—you know that you had occasion more than once to be glad that you suffered yourself to be guided by my experience. Adieu!"

I shook my head with dissatisfaction as he withdrew. I was about to embark, and to become the principal abettor and agent of govern-

ment, in what I considered mean and unprincipled conduct: and though I tried to stifle all scruples by looking upon myself merely as a tool in the hands of the established authorities—though I was rather flattered than otherwise by the confidence placed upon me for a transaction which might indeed require no little discretion and valour, yet I could not help wishing that my discernment and courage might be tried on a more noble and worthy achievement. However, I was in for it, and, dressing in haste, I set about reloading my pistols, and making other necessary preparations.

The bishop of Guastalla was a German by birth, though from what part of the country he came, and what his name was, I never took the trouble to ascertain. But I remembered to have seen him often walking alone in the Giardino Ducale, with red stockings and white cravat, when he filled the important station of chaplain and confessor to her majesty Maria Louisa. She had brought the young abbé from the court of Vienna in 1816, and he had been for several years so much of a favourite, that, as he was a tall, fair, and blooming—in fact, the handsomest priest in Christendom—vague rumours were spread about, that he had won the good graces of his fair penitent by other merits besides the holiness of his doctrines and the eloquence of his sermons. Whatever might be thought of these popular slanders, certain it is, that when, in the palmy days of General Neipperg, the duchess's ghostly adviser was dismissed, ample provisions were taken to administer to his future comforts. The diocese of Guastalla, upon which formerly only an *abbate* presided, was dignified into a bishopric, and Maria Louisa obtained from the condescending pontiff the appointment of her ex-chaplain to the vacant see.

That the arrest of this important personage might bring perturbation and vacillation among the counsellors of Maria Louisa, and have power to soften her heart towards her prisoners, was, to tell the truth, most likely; but that we had any right to lay hands on a neutral, inoffensive person, only because his imprisonment was a matter of importance to us in our present circumstances, was to consult rather convenience than right, and I had need of all my self-denial and sense of duty to persist in my determination to comply with the decrees of government.

In less than an hour the written order arrived. It was delivered to me by my friend Brandi himself, in the shape of a sealed despatch, directed to the municipal authorities of Guastalla. He gave me the names of the seven young amateur policemen that were to be placed under my order, and added that I should meet them at the Porta San Michele, where two post-carriages would be in waiting for us, it having been deemed advisable that we should give the least possible *éclat* to our expedition, by parading ourselves through the streets of the town.

I was pleased to see among the names of my comrades that of a young fencing-master, a pupil of our poor Modesti, and, like him, esteemed a man of a most determined character. His name was Scrivani, or rather—as his mother had a decided *penchant* for everything that was French, and pretended that her husband's family was of French extraction—D'Escrivan. He was a small, thin, pale man,

but gifted with prodigious strength and activity, and was considered by his friends as an excellent fellow, though, to my liking, there was something too boisterous and swaggering in his pretended open-heartedness and joviality.

For such an attempt, however, as we were about to take upon ourselves, I knew I could never rely on a more efficient auxiliary.

As I was thrusting my pistols in my greatcoat pockets, and was ready to start, a visitor was announced, and I beheld with great exultation my good friend Doctor Caluga, surgeon in ordinary to the castle and garrison of Compiano.

"You come in good time, my dear doctor," said I, when the first greeting was over. "The country has need of your service. Have you got your pistols with you?"

"I left them in their holsters, with my saddle and horse, at the inn," answered the doctor. "But where are we to go?"

"Tush! never ask, man, or you are not fit to serve our free and patriotic government. Go, get your pistols, and come with me. Obey first, and you shall know better anon."

He did not stop to inquire any further; but in a few minutes he came back, showed me his weapons, and arm-in-arm we walked to the town-gate.

There we found our men and carriages waiting for us. We took our places, Scrivani, the doctor, a young divinity student of the name of Rodani, and I, in the first carriage, whilst the five others, all muffled in their cloaks, and armed to their teeth, mounted the other carriage behind.

And bang went the doors, and crack went the whips, and the horns were blown, and off started the mighty convoy.

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## MR. MARRABLE'S MANAGEMENT.

MR. ALEXANDER MARRABLE, or, by courtesy, Alexander Marrable, Esq., went out from his lodgings in Bloomsbury one Friday morning, and bought himself an unexceptionable new Brussels carpet-bag, with an unimpeachable lock, and a very respectable-looking second-hand portmanteau, not many whits worse for wear. Being in a shopping humour, he likewise turned into some convenient depositories, and fitted himself with a few pairs of dainty gloves, a couple of new stocks after the fashion of the Prince's, a watch-guard, a seal-ring, and some other of those trifling et ceteras which are generally supposed to be necessary for furnishing a gentleman—the process being somewhat similar to that of furnishing an empty apartment.

Having accomplished his specific purpose with specific gravity, Mr. Alexander Marrable returned to his lodgings. Being a young man on whom nature, in manufacturing, had thought it proper to bestow good abilities, he had forgotten nothing—a circumstance, perhaps, the less remarkable, as people with the worst sort of memories generally contrive to remember themselves. But what was more particular, all the shops which he honoured with his patronage had sent home his orders with the utmost punctuality; and the watch-guard, and the gloves, and the stocks, and the et ceteras, actually presented themselves, all most accurately tied up in whity-brown paper, and lying in most loving company upon his dressing-table, while the bachelor-like carpet bag and the very respectable-looking portmanteau were duetting together on the floor.

The fates, or rather the shop-boys, having been thus propitious, Mr. Marrable proceeded to perfect his arrangements. Taking a *quantum sufficit* of those necessary things which gentlemen usually use to make themselves handsome—but we never enter upon the mysteries of the toilette—they are known only to the magical glasses which reflect them; and of course inventories of male apparel—coats, and cloaks, and cravats; and boots, and shoes, and slippers; and dress coats, and frock coats, and great coats; and this, and that, and the other—can have no particular interest for anybody but those whom they most concern. We therefore skip all that, only assuring our readers that Mr. Alexander Marrable forgot nothing that he ought to remember—a most happy circumstance for a traveller—and that his carpet-bag and portmanteau held the whole upholstery of the gentleman's furnishing, and the watch-guard, and the gloves, and the stocks, and the et ceteras, and all.

Having perfected these arrangements according to the best recipe of all the oldest travellers, Mr. Marrable caused the foot-boy who officiated in the establishment as shoeblack-in-chief, and brusher of clothes in general, and everything by turns, and all things upon occasion, to intimate to the nearest cabman that he had occasion for his equipage and his services; whereupon the cabman communicated

the same to his horse, and his horse, influenced no doubt by the best motives, manifested a sudden energy of character, and imparted, by an extraordinary impulse, something of a revolving power to the cab-wheels, and lo, they turned round like the world, and thus again, by a happy accordance in the propitious circumstances of the case, Mr. Marrable and his luggage were safely packed in his cab, and his cab flurried off to the coach-office, and the carpet-bag and the portmanteau were safely transferred to the boot of the Seven Oaks coach, and their owner was as safely perched on the left-hand corner, and all in due time the whole concern was whirling away, rattling over the stones of the town, and irritating the dust of the country, in such a way that it was perfectly flying in everybody's face in the most disrespectful and disagreeable manner possible.

Mr. Marrable sat with his arms folded on that coach-top, turning over in the warehouse of his brain all the marketable commodities which it contained. "I must manage," said Mr. Marrable to himself, "I must manage. There is no doing anything in this world without management. Here is an old squire in the country, a rich old fellow. I must find out his weak point, get to the blind side of him, and manage him. It is a great step to get the entrée of the house. Then there is a daughter—I shall soon see what she is like. I must manage her too—but that will be easy enough. All women have so many open avenues, that one only is at a loss which to choose to fool them by—the garrisons are so open, that you might enter them blindfold—blunder in in the dark. I must pretend to think her clever—the silliest creatures always like to be thought the most sensible; and a beauty—the greatest frights invariably set up for beauties; and accomplished—ah, no doubt she is accomplished!—every little green-grocer's girl is accomplished in these days. Perhaps she daubs, and I shall call it fine painting; or strums, and I must pronounce it splendid playing; or squeaks and quavers, and I must say it is divine minstrelsy; or dances about like an idiot, and I must compliment her on being one of the Graces. I shall soon twist her round my finger; and if she is not altogether too intolerable, and I like the country, perhaps I may make up my mind to take her for better for worse. A man must marry some of these days, and if I don't see that I can hope to do much better, I may as well have her as any one else—that is, if I find that I should like to settle down there—if I like the country, and like the house, and find good shooting—as to liking the girl, that matters but little if all the rest do. I shall manage well enough, never fear—there is nothing done in this world without managing."

Such were the thoughts that flitted across the brain of Mr. Marrable as the *pro bono publico* conveyance which had the honour of being his triumphal car dashed past milestone after milestone on the highway of our sovereign lady the queen; and what, if Lady Nature had put on her May dress to meet him on the way, and hung the trees with silver wreaths, and attired her train in green, the livery of hope, and carpeted the fields with sun-lit verdure, and gemmed them with flowers, and breathed over all things a living freshness—why, what was all this to Mr. Alexander Marrable? What did he

care for apple-blossoms, and trees, and daisies, and grass, any more than as a little fruit was well enough in its way, and he required hay for his horses; as for anything else, Nature might go begging of her own children on the highway for any admiration he had to give her; or he would leave her to a certain grave steady young man who was sitting on the other corner of the stage-coach near him, feasting his eyes on the increasing loveliness of the scene, and apparently regardless of everything else. In fact, the great difference between the two young men who were on that particular day sitting on the opposite corners of that one identical coach, was, that the one on the right hand was thinking of everything *out* of himself, and the other of everything *in* himself, and the mere trifle of *in* and *out* made all the difference.

"Which is Squire Quaife's?" asked Mr. Marrable, as they began to near the habitations of Seven Oaks; to which inquiry the gentleman that drove replied by a significant gesture of his whip, and a laconic "that there," which directed Mr. Marrable's attention to a perfect gem of a country-house lying embowered in a rich plantation, and giving every promise that its master had some sufficiently plenty of the *wherewithal* to support so admirable a *whereabout*.

"Set me down, there," said Mr. Marrable with a self-complacent air, for he felt that the very fact of being deposited at such a house must enhance his value with the coachman and his fellow-passengers. "Set me down there," said Mr. Marrable.

"And me," said the silent staring gentleman at the other corner of the coach-top, whereat Mr. Marrable stared *at him*.

So down Mr. Marrable got from the left-hand side of the coach, and was dittoed in the movement by the gentleman on the right-hand side, and forthwith, on requisition, came the portmanteau and the carpet-bag from the boot, and this was dittoed also: two carpet-bags and two portmanteaus were disinterred from the coach-boot, the one belonging to the right-hand side gentleman, and the other to the left.

So the two gentlemen having given their respective property in charge with the porter of the lodge, proceeded to progress together up a fine well-gravelled avenue to the house, and as they walked side by side, a casual observer would have said there was very slight difference between the two specimens of the species, being much about the same height, the same shape, the same corpulence, the same make, the same mien—in fact, being very nearly a pair, only with some variation in physiognomy, and Mr. Marrable having much the better features of the two, with pretensions to good looks of a stronger character than his companion by a very many degrees.

The two gentlemen entered the house together. Mr. Marrable casts his quick eye upon every new object as fast as eyes can be made to move, and everybody knows that that is quicker than rail-road or cannon-ball speed, and was perfectly well satisfied with the inventory that they made out. In fact, he walked on appraising in a most brokerly fashion the whole garniture of the dwelling, and, sooth to say, nothing could be much better than its appointments. There was no frippery finery, no sort of apologetical contrivance, but everything was as good as money could purchase, and that is saying a great deal.

There was a noble hall, and a staircase that deserved to be called the grand one, and a number of handsomely-corniced doors, which seemed to say that they shut in an equal amount of eligible apartments.

"I'll have the run of the house before long," thought Marrable as he passed them, and followed the very stately tread of the very model of servant-men, who with powdered hair and drab and silver coat, and bouquet in his button-hole, and silk stockings, and the brightest pumps in the known world, preceded himself and his silent companion to the door of an apartment, into which he ushered them, and left them to scrutinize for a few moments at leisure.

Mr. Alexander Marrable looked at everything as if he were going to buy it, and hoped he should get it cheap. The ceiling was lofty, the windows noble, the pictures fine, the furniture richly carved, and highly polished old oak, the walls and the hangings of crimson damask, and the cornices of gold.

"This will *do*!" said Marrable to himself. "I must have this Miss Quaife, even if she were as ugly as sin on a Sunday. Yes, this will do—I must *manage* to make myself master here."

At this moment the present master incumbent entered, and the self-elected future one began to take him into consideration as a preparatory step towards securing his own succession. Squire Quaife was neither particularly tall nor particularly short, particularly handsome nor particularly ugly, particularly old nor particularly young; in short, he appeared to be particular in nothing, which we suppose is just that state of happy medium which philosophers have measured and weighed out as happiness, though, for our own part, we, not being philosophers, and not possessing happiness, profess, with the utmost sincerity, to know nothing at all about it. As to Squire Quaife, he would have passed in a crowd as having nothing remarkable about him, and if you lifted your glass at him, or if even you could have put him into a microscope, you would have found nothing but an ordinary face, interlined and intersected by a lot of sly dry lines running in curves and angles, as if their meanderings were the boundaries of that mass of the world of passions which are divided into districts in the human face. Such as he was, he walked quietly into the room in an unpretending sort of way, and looked at his two visitors by turns, who returned the compliment doubly by staring at him together.

"Cut and dried," said Mr. Marrable to himself. "Yes, I see—I must proceed cautiously. I must put on the respectful."

"Happy to see you, gentlemen. Happy to make your acquaintance," said Squire Quaife. "You are punctual. I love punctuality; it is like the machinery of a watch—makes everything go right."

"Punctuality is a virtue which I make a point of practising," said Mr. Marrable; "on it depends much of the comfort of life."

"Sensibly said," said Squire Quaife. "And you, sir," addressing his other visitor; "you join in that sentiment, don't you?"

"I don't find any sentiment in it," replied the silent gentleman, "and I never compliment either myself or any body else."

"You don't, don't you?" said Squire Quaife.

"Only by accident," said the gentleman, with a smile; "one can't help accidents sometimes."

"Are you never punctual?"

"Yes, sometimes by accident."

"Then we need not be obliged to you for your exactness to-day?"

"Not at all. I don't like people to be obliged to me."

"And why not?"

"Because it makes them troublesome. They are always thanking you."

"Hum!" said Squire Quaife.

"What a boor!" thought Mr. Marrable. "I have nothing to fear from him."

"What say you to that?" asked Squire Quaife.

"I say," said Marrable, "that they who do not know the infinite pleasure of obliging have lost the greatest happiness of their own lives."

"Hum!" said Squire Quaife.

"And for punctuality, my dear sir, what would the commerce of our country be without punctuality, and what would our country be without commerce?"

"Ay, what?" said Squire Quaife.

"You, my dear sir, who so long and so honourably supported the character of a British merchant, best know by their practice what are its highest virtues."

"Do you hear that?" asked Squire Quaife.

"It belonged to you," said the visitor drily.

"The pride of birth," said Mr. Marrable, "fades into nothing before that real dignity, and that vital influence over the destinies of our land, which are centred in our merchant princes."

"Very useful, no doubt," replied the opposition guest; "but I don't see the dignity of buying and selling red-herrings and cheese."

Squire Quaife reddened, but cleared off a little irritability in his throat with a "Hum!" Mr. Marrable lifted up his eyes.

The dinner-bell of Quaife Hall rang out. Dinner in the country is a great event in the day; who would think of neglecting it?

Mr. Marrable had unlocked his portmanteau and unclosed his carpet-bag, and with the aid of their contents had beautified himself to the entire satisfaction both of himself and his glass. He was therefore down long before the bell had ceased ringing; so too was his right-hand side coach companion.

As they entered the drawing-room, each of them saw Squire Quaife standing at the lofty window of the other end with a lady by his side. Marrable was rather anxious to see what this doll in silks and satins should be like, and his inquisition was sufficiently satisfactory. She turned out to be a graceful pretty figure, dressed in the present revived old Elizabethan fashion, with the long full skirt, and the pointed body, and a fall of rich lace vandyke drapery disclosing her fair well-rounded throat. A couple of elongated serpent-like spiral-like curls were dangling down each side of her face, and the faint echo of a merry laugh, instantly suppressed, caught the ears of the two visitors as they entered the apartment, and the girl lifted up a pair of piquant black eyes to look at them, and Squire Quaife turned round to introduce his guests to his daughter. Had Marrable at that moment

looked at the squire, he would have seen that the sly dry lines of his face were more deeply engraven there than ever, but he had already formed his judgment of the father, and he was now very busily engaged in scrutinizing the lady to whom he had devoted the honour of becoming Mrs. Alexander Marrable.

"My daughter," said Squire Quaife. The lady dangled her curls, and made something of a movement between a bow and a curtsy. Mr. Marrable bent himself half way to the floor with a look of most entire devotion. The other gentleman inclined his head rather too slightly. "Mr. Marrable, my dear, a gentleman who did me the honour to wish to consult me on some commercial interests, and whom I therefore invited to Qnaife Hall. Mr. Wintringham, my dear, the gentleman who last week forwarded to me a letter of introduction from one of my oldest and best-tried friends, and for whose sake I was most happy to offer him the welcome of my house. Gentlemen, my daughter Helen joins me in expressing her pleasure at the honour of your company."

Mr. Marrable immediately *looked* all the admiration he could possibly contrive to throw into his countenance. This gentleman was a great adept in the art, and a great admirer of the science of looking. A man who has a pair of tolerable eyes scarcely needs a tongue—he can convey his meaning quite as expressively. Nobody hears what is said with the eyes, and, besides, it does not commit him. We believe there never was such a thing known as an action for damages brought against a man for what he had looked, though we are sure that there ought to have been a great many. Mr. Marrable knew that he was on safe ground with his eyes, and he therefore commenced his campaign with looking forthwith, and, by choosing his position judiciously, ensured to himself the advantage of leading Miss Quaife in to dinner, and sitting on her right hand.

We have already said that Marrable had a good understanding and an agreeable person. With these "means and appliances to boot," and actuated by the strongest desire to please, the wonder would have been if he had not succeeded. His attention to Miss Quaife neither slumbered nor slept—she was made to feel that her slightest action or her most trivial want was a matter of the most lively importance in his eyes. As to the squire's whims and fancies, it was astonishing to see with what tact he fell into them, how judiciously he praised, how skilfully he contradicted—half the science of flattery consists in knowing when you are to *dissent*, the other half of course being *assent*.

As for Mr. Wintringham, Marrable found him exceedingly useful in the character of a foil. He was remarkably silent, never praised anything, presumed to blame, occasionally opposed the squire, and contradicted Miss Quaife.

Marrable soon felt that he was in the high way to favour on a macadamized road, or going by steam. Squire Quaife appealed to him for his opinion unceasingly, and fair Helen's pearly teeth shone out in her happy smiles.

"I shall manage them, I see," said Marrables to himself exultingly. "I am going on swimmingly. It is a tide which leads to fortune. I



always felt that I had a talent for managing people, and though I have been balked so many times, yet I know that the distinctive mark of genius is that it never doubts itself. As to honesty being the best policy, as the old saw has it, so it is for dolts who have not brains enough to manage better, but truth would be a sad shackle to men of ability. How, for instance, could I manage the old squire here if I were to contradict him as often as I think him wrong, or what sort of sugar-plum could I find to please this little beauty? O no—truth may be all very well for those who cannot contrive good falsehoods, but I should like to know what sort of an affair I should make of it if I stuck close to it here. See how well this neighbour of mine manages with his honesty, contradicting and offending everybody; but I shall manage to get some good even out of him. Playing him off will help me on.”

“For example,” said Marrable to himself, “now ten to one that he contradicts me.” And then aloud to Mr. Wintringham, “We smoke-dried townspeople are in danger of envying those who have the enjoyment of living in the country, like our hospitable host here—are we not?”

“Country people are more apt to envy town ones,” said Mr. Wintringham.

“Is it possible that you do not prefer a country to a town life? so pure, so innocent, so happy!”

“I don’t like dusty roads and stupid graziers, and I don’t like fat women with red faces.”

“What a description of the characteristics of your country and its ladies! Have the charity, Miss Quaife, not to hear him.”

“Not out of charity to me, I beg,” said Mr. Wintringham.

“Then you don’t approve of the country, Mr. Wintringham?” said Squire Quaife.

“I like to wake in the country in the morning, and be saluted by its sounds and scent,” said Wintringham; “for the rest, I don’t like its dust, and I don’t like its dulness.”

“You forget, my dear sir, that we are now in the country, and in the house of a most hospitable host,” said Marrable; being determined that the point of Wintringham’s spleen should not be lost by being inverted.

Squire Quaife’s face bore for a moment a very peculiar satirical smile.

“I suppose,” said Marrable, “that you prefer the aristocracy of Grosvenor-square and St James’s to pure skies and green fields?”

“I confess that I rather admire a condition of real rank, though in these days of liberalism I am in danger of being thought vulgar in my taste.”

“Does he know,” thought Marrable, “that this Quaife here rose from the dregs?” and then aloud, with an appearance of honest indignation, “I must speak candidly—I must speak honestly. There does not seem to me a poorer prejudice in the world, than that respecting the paltry accident of being born to a title, and making one link of a chain of nonentities. The brat in its leading-strings is the same helpless animal, whether in a cottage or a palace, whether

lost in dirt or covered with tinsel, and whether he be called his grace the duke, and asked if he be pleased to have a rattle? or, a grade higher, will your royal highness choose to be fed with a spoon? or, on the other hand, whether some Tom or Dick are squalling and sprawling upon a mud floor with the pigs, and told to get out of the way on pain of being kicked."

"It is hardly possible," said Wintringham, with a particularly quiet accent, "to avoid giving the preference to the condition of his royal highness, or even to that of his grace."

"You jest, sir," said Marrable, feeling a little angry; "but for my own part, I think that the man who labours for his daily bread—"

"Has hard work," dropped in Wintringham.

"—is of more moral worth than the lords of long descent, who live on the credit and the wealth of their griping, grasping ancestors. I would sooner have the noble satisfaction of having carved out my own position in society, and established the respectability of my own name, and laid up my own fortune, than find myself born to a rent-roll and a title!"

"Sir," said Wintringham to the squire, "that belongs to you."

"Impudent fellow!" thought Marrable.

"Hum!" said Squire Quaife.

"Yes," said Marrable, energetically, "I honour the character of a British merchant! I honour commerce! I honour industry! I love to see a man elevate himself!"

"He need not have reminded me of my origin," thought Squire Quaife. "If my father *was* a journeyman carpenter, what is that to him?"

"I have a sort of fancy for birth, I acknowledge," said Wintringham. "I can very well endure being tolerably well connected. I have no taste for mushrooms."

"Matchless!" internally exclaimed the squire to his private self. "This to me! in my own sight—in my own hearing! at my own table! I must say something to carry it off;" so he spoke with a very red face, "Quite right, Mr. Wintringham, quite right. Money can buy most things, but it cannot buy birth; so I suppose we must put it on to the list with genius and taste, and youth and beauty, things that are not in the money market."

Wintringham smiled, but Marrable thought that this was a capital occasion for him to ignite; he therefore exclaimed against Squire Quaife's putting the thing in the wrong place, with great energy, for the double purpose of proving his own independence of opinion, whilst he pleased his host by undervaluing that which never having had, he never could have.

The dry lines of the squire's sly face had not yet unpuckered themselves, when he said, as if to change the subject, "Helen, my dear, have the books come yet?"

"No, papa," said Helen.

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Time ambulated on at Quaife Hall very comfortably and easily, neither going too fast nor too slow, and therefore never getting particularly tired. Weariness of time is worse than weariness of all other

things. It is no little sin to be tired of our best friend. However, as we said, night and day followed each other in very good marching order. The different individuals of Quaife Hall were all of them wending their own way very comfortably. The squire was tolerably well amused with his two visitors. Marrable was getting used to his satirical smile; he saw it so frequently excited, as he persuaded himself, at the expense of the opposition guest, that he felt a sort of satisfaction in beholding it, and Wintringham seemed very well content for the sly squire to smile as much as he pleased. To say truth, that gentleman used his privilege pretty freely while amusing himself with drawing out the characters of his two guests. As to Marrable, he did his part admirably, constantly eulogising everything that, by the most remote contingency, could be supposed to meet their host's tastes and pursuits, and reprobating everything that appeared to militate against them; he had likewise become quite an adept in drawing out the contradictoriness of his fellow right-hand stage-coach companion, who in the surliness of his nature never held back his opinions, but gave them in all their length and their breadth, seeming to care very little whether he pleased or vexed. Marrable was, too, particularly well satisfied with his own superior share of favour with the squire, who seemed to help him most ably in drawing out the crooked contradictoriness of Wintringham, constantly appealing to him with the question, "Mr. Wintringham, what do you say to that?" and then turning to Marrable, with his sly dry face and his satirical smile, "Ha, Marrable, you hear. Now what do you say?"

As for Helen, she was always laughing. It was impossible to fix her to anything. If she looked at the squire, she laughed; if she looked at Wintringham, she laughed; if she looked at Marrable, she laughed. Her nature was so all-sunshiny over, that she could not choose but be pleased, and was obliged to be happy.

"Helen, my dear, have the books come?" asked Squire Quaife for the hundred-and-fiftieth time.

"Yes, papa," said Helen.

"Then why did you not tell me?" said the squire petulantly.

"Only this moment, papa," said Helen.

Squire Quaife hastily seized the parcel, and fumbled over the cord. It was tied in a sufficiently safe knot; with his knife he cut it in about a dozen different places.

"Here are poems," said the squire; "Poems! What do they send me poetry for, I should like to know? Poetry, indeed!"

"O papa!" said Helen reproachfully.

"Half a dozen sets of one work!" exclaimed the squire. "What can they be thinking of, to send me such a dose of poetry?"

"O papa!" said Helen.

"As if poetry and men of business could have any suitableness to each other. What do you say to that, Mr. Wintringham?"

"I see no reason against it," said Wintringham.

"A man casting up accounts all his life, and yet addicted to poetry! Shipping, and buying, and selling, and underwriting, and yet to be supposed to like poetry! Ha, Marrable?—we generally agree—what do you say to that?"

"Ridiculous!" said Marrable.

"I see no reason why an educated man, though he be a merchant, should not find it a recreation to read poetry, or even to write it, if he can," said Wintringham.

"You don't, don't you?" said the squire.

"What, such empty trash as this," said Marrable, taking up one of the volumes.

"I have not yet found it to be trash," said Wintringham, taking up another.

"Trash! yes, no doubt it must be trash!" said Squire Quaife, with a particularly red face.

"*O papa!*" once more ejaculated Helen.

"I think it possible that you may be wrong, sir," said Wintringham. "At all events, it is far too hasty a judgment. I think that it deserves to be called poetry. I have already found, in this hasty glance, two or three passages of singular beauty."

"You have, have you?" said the squire. "What do you say to that, Marrable?"

"Say," replied Marrable, with a sneer, "why, I am obliged to say that I cannot compliment him upon his taste."

"Don't you think it must be trash, Mr. Wintringham?" said the squire, fidgeting.

"I think I shall find real poetry," said Wintringham.

"*You* think so though, Marrable, don't you?"

"I am sure it is trash," said Marrable; "poor, paltry rubbish—quite meagre and contemptible."

"He! he! he!" nervously laughed the squire. "I wonder what the critics will say?"

"Cut it up, to be sure," said Marrable.

"He! he! he!" laughed the squire, with a very red face.

"How obtuse this Wintringham is," said Marrable to himself. "He has not the sense to see that every word he utters grates upon this old squire most horribly. I managed that poetry affair *well*, and indeed I think that I am getting on swimmingly. Quaife appeals to my opinion every moment, and Helen does nothing but smile."

The next morning was the one fixed on for the departure of the two opposition gents. Marrable congratulated himself on having obtained an invitation to return, which he had gladly promised to do in a fortnight's time. To show his avidity for the society of his entertainer, he came down particularly early in the morning, found Helen out among her flowers, followed her wherever she went, and made himself as amiable as possible.

As for Wintringham, his conduct up to the very last moment proved an admirable foil for Marrable—he kept them waiting breakfast.

"You keep your consistency to the last," said Marrable. "You don't think a morning in the country worth opening your eyes upon. Here we have had such a delightful ramble, and you are at last down to a late breakfast."

"I have been finishing my volume of poetry," said Wintringham.

"I sat up late last night, and rose early this morning to do so. I could not persuade myself to leave it."

"You have, have you?" said the squire, with a slight choking, chuckling laugh.

"What, that trash?" said Marrable. "Now," thought he, "he must finish himself with the squire. The man must be almost an idiot."

"Mr. Wintringham," said the squire, "will you pay us another visit? will you come down again this day fortnight?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Wintringham.

"Then come," said the squire.

"Thank you, I will."

"Very odd," thought Marrable. "What can the squire mean? Ah, I see! he wants to play him off!"

### ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE mighty Lord who sits on high,  
 Round whom the hovering angels wing.  
 Enthroned above the starry sky;  
 To whom the circling planets sing;  
 Who, in his all-embracing love,  
 Sustains the sparrow in its flight;—  
 At whose command the waters move;  
 At whose word sprang from darkness, light;  
 Superior Power, who gave to man  
 His own bright image at his birth,  
 To rule the lower world—great plan!—  
 The lord—not tyrant—of the earth,  
 By the same fiat did decree  
 A Sabbath day—a day of rest;  
 No labour on that day should be;—  
 Such was Jehovah's high behest!  
 A solemn day, reserved to all—  
 A holy day—a day of peace,  
 Which man and beast should disenthral,  
 When all their toil and care should cease.  
 God's gift to man!—He too did give  
 "Good will," and, with that gift, the tear—  
 (Soft Pity's high prerogative!)  
 The inward voice that makes to hear.  
 And wilt thou, man! his wrath contemn—  
 Each better, higher feeling still?—  
 To sufferings sad the brute condemn,  
 Regardless of thy Maker's will?  
 Say, wilt thou Heaven's own vengeance dare,  
 To torture that thou shouldst protect—  
 The beast whom thou art taught to spare—  
 Yet mercy for thyself expect?  
 The beast lent kindly for thy aid—  
 This thy return—to doom to pain?  
 Who for thy slave was never made—  
 Blind man! God's will thou dost profane!

W. L.

## THE BLUE BELLES OF ENGLAND.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE PLOT THICKENS—OFFERS OF MARRIAGE ABOUND—LOVE SHOWS HIMSELF UNDER  
A VARIETY OF FORMS.

"It is over, Penelope!" said Constance, looking very pale, and trembling from head to foot, "and my fate for life is fixed—I am the affianced wife of Henry Mortimer."

Though so perfectly prepared for this intelligence, it was not without emotion that Miss Hartley received it; and there was considerable solemnity in the manner with which she replied, "God for ever bless you, my dearest Constance, and render this most important of all human events a source of happiness to your latest hour!"

The tone and look of Penelope affected the young *fiancée* so deeply, that she burst into tears, and wept upon the shoulder of her friend for several minutes without uttering another word.

"Have I frightened you by the gravity of my blessing, dearest?" said Penelope, making an effort to speak gaily; "or may I turn Miranda's pretty words upon you, and say 'you are a fool to weep for what you are glad of'?"

"It is neither folly nor wisdom that makes me weep, Penelope," returned Constance, rousing herself, "for I feel quite aware that reason has nothing to do with it. The sluices of the eyes are a blessed safety-valve, when the heart is over-full, and kindly open themselves for us without our interference. I dare say I shall feel better now."

"Better? Do you not feel most superlatively happy, Constance, at this realization of all your dearest hopes?" demanded Penelope.

"I do not suppose that anybody feels conscious of great happiness while under the influence of strong agitation," replied Constance. "Do they, Penelope? I expect all that will come afterwards. But, at this moment, I declare that I feel something much more like terror than happiness."

"Terror, my dear child? that is rather a strong word for agitation, Constance. Terror of what?—of the solemn duties to which you have pledged yourself?"

"Perhaps so. I hardly know what I feel myself, and therefore am not very likely to explain it clearly. But it seems to me, Penelope, as if I were astonished at myself for having so suddenly, so vehemently wished to win the affections of a man, of whom I know so little, beyond what all the world knows. Is it possible, think you, that I have fallen in love with this Juliet-like rapidity, because Mortimer is a poet? Is it possible that the enthusiasm for name and fame which I have yielded to, nay encouraged, from a sort of feeling that it was



noble, generous, high-minded, and intellectual,—is it possible that this enthusiasm may have deluded me, Penelope? I am ashamed to give utterance to what sounds so like the most contemptible caprice, but I feel as much terrified, to-day, lest I should not love Henry Mortimer enough, as I did yesterday lest I should love him too much.”

Penelope might, perhaps, have been inclined to return a laughing answer to this speech, had not the lip of Constance trembled as she uttered it, and, instead of laughing, she looked at her with great anxiety. But a moment's reflection seemed to remove whatever painful doubts had suggested themselves, and she replied cheerfully, though not jestingly, “If I have not known you, dear Constance, for a dozen long years, in vain, I may venture to assure you that you have no need to fear the return of the sentiment to which you have yielded. You are incapable of loving lightly, if you love at all. A man less brilliant than Mr. Mortimer might have required a longer time to effect the conquest he has achieved—but being what he is, there is no great reason to wonder at the Cæsar-like sort of style of it—especially when the fascination of his passionate devotion to yourself is taken into the account. If you were destined to love this petted poet at all, my dearest Constance, it was impossible you could witness the adoration he has offered, unmoved; or that you could insist upon taking a very long time in replying to a sentiment that has been so frankly and undoubtingly expressed. That the affair has been brought about with more rapidity than I should have believed probable, before we left Devonshire, I will not deny; but it does not follow thence that its result will be less happy. On the contrary, dearest, I am greatly inclined to believe, that quite as much in affairs of love, as of murder—

‘If it were done, when ’tis done, then ’twere well  
It were done quickly.’

So look not so full of doubts and perplexities, fair bride elect! What would the world say, could they see the chosen of Henry Mortimer looking so very little triumphant as you do now?”

“Say?” replied Constance, her cheek kindling into recovered brightness, her drooping eye-lids raised, and her mouth dimpling into a smile, “they would say, Penelope, that I have the most wayward and ungrateful heart that ever poet wooed, or woman gave! But you must not judge thus of me, Penelope—you must make allowance for all the nervous fancies which surely must ever be inevitable upon so sudden and complete a change in all one's feelings, prospects, and projects. Do not believe me capable of ingratitude for a preference which I so well know, in the very depths of my heart and soul, it is equally impossible I should deserve or be indifferent to! If the most devoted admiration, the most unbounded gratitude, and the most ardent desire to become all that he wishes me to be—if this, Penelope, can make me more worthy of the glory that has fallen upon me, neither Henry Mortimer, nor the world whose idol he seems to be, shall have reason to reproach me with ingratitude.”

Penelope looked at, and listened to, her earnestly; but, for the first time during the many years of their intimate acquaintance, felt doubt-

ful if she fully understood the feelings which were working in the features of her friend. The only fact concerning those feelings of which she was quite sure, was, that they bore no resemblance to her own for Markham. Yet so certain was, she that nothing which Constance could do deliberately, could be otherwise than right, that she felt something like a pang of self-reproach for doubting that the man she had promised to marry was loved and valued by her in such a sort as to justify this promise. She could not, she would not doubt it; and happily for the removal of the involuntary anxiety which tormented her, she remembered that, though independent, Constance did not absolutely stand alone in the world, and might reasonably enough be feeling some little uneasiness as to the opinion which might be formed of her engagement by those who were likely to consider a poetical reputation as a less eligible property to make a settlement upon, than a landed estate, or a substantial deposit in the funds.

With such thoughts in her head, she gaily exclaimed, "Well, my Constance, will it be for you, if no graver objection shall be brought against your engagement with Mr. Mortimer than that you do not sufficiently love and admire him. What do you expect Sir James will say, when you tell him that you are going to bestow yourself and your thirty thousand on one whose income is said to arise more from his bargains with booksellers, than from either house or land? What will your brother say to this, Constance?"

"May Heaven but grant me moderation in the pride with which I contemplate such an income, Penelope, and I shall not greatly quail before any of Sir James Ridley's observations upon it. I do assure you, my dear friend, that my greatest anxiety at this moment arises from the fear that I shall be unable to restrain within the bounds of proper Christian-like humility, the glory and self-gratulation arising from the hope that my fortune, such as it is, may be useful to Mr. Mortimer."

Before Miss Hartley could set about considering what other cause there might be, less easily answered than the one she had just suggested for the look of anxiety which had pained her, the door of the room in which they had taken refuge was opened by Caroline, who, with every feature expressive of mirth enjoyed, and more mirth hoped for, came to inform them that Mr. William Weston was in the drawing-room, the very perfection of youth and elegance in manner and appearance, and inquiring for his "fair ward," and his "*belle voisine*," in accents of such unmistakeable tenderness, that it would be much too cruel to think of keeping him waiting for another moment. "Mamma says," she added, "that you told her he had offered to you while we were out this morning, and his returning so speedily gives us all reason to suppose that you *must* have accepted him. Have you been in love with him long, Miss Ridley?"

"How can you talk such nonsense, Caroline?" said her sister. "My mother was altogether mistaken. Constance never said that Mr. William Weston had offered to her—and it would be exceedingly good-natured in you, Caroline, if you would sit down and talk to him, and make him offer to you, instead of making Constance go down—for I do assure you we were very busy, talking of something else."

"Who was it, then, that you told mamma had offered to you?" said Caroline eagerly. "Do tell me! O do, do tell me, Constance Ridley! and I will go down this moment and talk to Mr. William Weston about Paris, and his dog Fanfan, for an hour, if you will. Do, do tell me."

"Only wait till Mr. William Weston is gone, and I *will* tell you," replied Constance, laughing and blushing in the most provoking manner possible.

"But I shall die if I do not know this very moment," returned Caroline. "O Penelope, how can you be so barbarously heartless as not to tell me? My dearest, dearest Miss Ridley—I love you dearly, I do indeed! quite, quite as well as Penelope does—will you let me be your bridesmaid?"

"My dearest Caroline!" returned Constance, "how can you suppose that everything can be settled so in a moment? How do you know, my dear, that your mamma may approve it? Pray do go down to Mr. William Weston, there's a darling girl! and you shall know all about it as soon as it is possible I can tell anybody." And in saying this, Constance applied a little gentle violence to the slender waist of her young friend, in order to prevail upon her to depart; but Caroline resisted stoutly, girlfully at least, if not manfully, and replied, "As to mamma, my dear Constance, you must be aware how very much she approves of girls being married, so there is no danger whatever that she should object to my being bridesmaid. It will make Margaretta so mad! How very *very* much obliged to you I am! Now then, I'll go this very moment, because you have as good as promised me;" and, without waiting for any rejoinder, the fair waltzer twirled out of the room with a movement lively enough to have been inspired by Strauss himself. But before the two friends had fully recovered the comfortable consciousness of being again quietly *tête-à-tête*, Caroline returned with a message from her mother, which she said had been spoken in a whisper, particularly requesting that Miss Ridley would come down directly, because there was no getting rid of Mr. William Weston without her seeing him.

This message was too peremptory to be refused, and poor Constance, with all her newly-blown blushing honours of an affianced woman thick upon her, was obliged to force her overwrought spirits into an appearance of tranquillity while she listened to and answered the inanities of her ex-guardian.

It was soon evident to her, however, that preposterous as appeared to be the ideas which Mrs. Hartley had conceived respecting his intentions towards herself, they were nearer the truth than any which had entered into her own imagination concerning him. He flourished up to her as she entered the drawing-room, and having taken possession of her fingers, bowed upon and kissed them with so monkey-like an imitation of what he remembered to have seen upon some stage or other in the metropolis of *la grande nation*, that Constance, despite the throbbing of her still fluttering heart, could with difficulty receive his salutation without laughing. But the feeling that it was a rustic acquaintance of long standing who stood before her, exposing himself to the observations of Mrs. Hartley and her satirical daughter Mar-

garetta, did him good service, and greatly as she wished that he at that moment occupied any other spot of the known world save that on which he stood, she not only conquered her inclination to laugh, but spoke to him in a voice of great kindness, and inquired for his family.

"What can this mean?" muttered Mrs. Hartley to her daughters; "has he not been here before we returned?"

"It was not him, mamma! it was not him!" whispered Caroline. But ere this information could meet the attention it deserved, Mr. William Weston put an end to all conjecture by gracefully swinging his person round, so as to face Mrs. Hartley, and saying,

"Though perfectly aware, (alas! how painfully!) respected Mrs. Hartley, of the barbarity of the practice which authorizes my request, I nevertheless avail myself of it to ask permission to see this young lady, your present visiter and my late ward, alone."

"Assuredly, Mr. Weston!" replied Mrs. Hartley, skilfully converting a smile into a cough, and taking the hand of one daughter, and the arm of the other, to lead them with her. "Assuredly! I feel certain that neither Miss Ridley herself, nor any of her family, would wish me to refuse such a request from you." And with an arch glance at her young guest, and a graceful bow to her elder one, she withdrew from the room, leaving Constance and Mr. William Weston standing, very literally, *tête-à-tête*.

Constance felt, and probably looked, what is expressively termed *embarrassée de sa personne*,—in plain English, she knew not exactly what to do, or to say, next. But from this painful state of uncertainty her companion relieved her, by taking her hand, and leading her, with a sort of minuet step, to a sofa.

"The divine Constance has been too long acquainted with my passion, and must have been too constantly anticipating its present result, for any portion of surprise to mix itself with the soft agitation which is at this moment swelling the beautiful bosom beside me," he began, as soon as he had seated himself by her; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he started from the position he had taken, and dropping on one knee before her, continued,—

"Pardon! O pardon me! belle des belles, if the barbarous incongruity of thus making a declaration of love to a demoiselle—an unmarried lady, in short—should have so greatly embarrassed my feelings as to render me forgetful of the only attitude in which such a declaration should be made. But England is England, and its laws and customs must be obeyed, however revolting to the taste or the judgment of a young man habituated to those of a fairer and more genial clime. Can you forgive me for this truly Britannic blunder, my charming friend?"

Constance would not have believed it possible ten minutes before that any possible combination of events could have so changed the current of her thoughts and emotions as to make her laugh, and that too in defiance of civility, and a multitude of other good feelings, all of which would have led her to refrain from it, had it been possible. But it really was not; the sight of this resolute lover, on his knees before her, with his indescribably boyish-looking old face, redolent of

the happiest confidence and self-complacency, while he thus politely apologised for not kneeling earlier, was too much for her, and in utter forgetfulness of propriety, and of everything else which might have tended to check such ill-timed mirth, she hid her face with her hands, and did laugh heartily.

For the space of about five seconds, Mr. William Weston looked puzzled by the merry mood in which his addresses were received; but with that happy rapidity of thought which is perhaps only to be acquired by natures essentially Gallic in their organization, he then started to his feet, exclaiming, with every appearance of ecstasy, "Ah charmante! Mais charmante! divine! adorable! How beautifully, loveliest Constance, do our natures assimilate! I, I whose motto, as you doubtless know is, '*Vive la folie*,' I have the *incroyable* happiness of finding in the *partie* which a thousand reasons point out to me as eligible, I have the *bonheur* to find the same delicious continental *légèreté* which I so carefully cherish in myself! May we not together thank *le bon Dieu* for a conformity of character *si aimable, si touchant*?"

Constance, very heartily ashamed of herself, now felt it was time to be serious, and rising from her seat that she might be in readiness to leave the room when her speech was ended, she said, "Most certainly, Mr. Weston, nothing but the appearance on your part of the *légèreté* which you mention, could in any degree excuse such an exhibition of it on mine as you have just witnessed. But now, it seems to me more desirable to speak seriously, in case you should really have intended to convey any serious meaning by what you have said, and I must therefore beg you to believe me quite in earnest when I assure you that it is not, nor ever can be, in my power to return the sentiments which you have done me the honour to express for me."

So saying, she moved towards the door, Mr. Weston gazing at her the while with clasped hands, and an aspect of the most evident delight, but offering no opposition to her progress, and contenting himself by exclaiming again and again, "Charmante! divine! mais absolument divine! Ah! que le bon Dieu m'a rendu heureux!"

Hardly knowing whether to think him really mad, or only more youthfully playful than ever, Constance left the room, and sought Mrs. Hartley in her little boudoir.

She found her with her two youngest daughters in close committee upon the subject of the imperfect but very important intelligence obtained from Caroline, namely, that Miss Ridley had most certainly that morning received an offer of marriage, that she had accepted it, that Caroline herself was to be one of the bridesmaids, but that Mr. William Weston was not to be the bridegroom.

Such being the occupation of the party, it may be readily believed that her entrance among them was hailed as a blessing, and that she did not long remain without such proof of the affectionate interest they felt for her, as the most eager questioning could give.

To all they asked she answered very distinctly, and had no reason to complain of being listened to with indifference. Mrs. Hartley was eloquent in congratulation, Margaretta in astonishment, and Caroline in delight.

"You might, doubtless, my dearest Constance, make a better marriage in point of money," said Mrs. Hartley, "though, if I mistake not, I have heard that Mr. Mortimer has great expectations from some quarter or other, though I do not exactly know what—but this at least I know, without a shadow of doubt, that no connexion you could possibly form, could tend to place you more completely in the very best circle of society that London can offer, than this. Such a man, too! Good heaven! Such a mind! I congratulate you, dearest love, most sincerely, and with my whole heart; and be assured, my sweet Constance, that no friend you have will be more likely to appreciate, or, let me frankly say, will be more capable of appreciating this circle than myself."

Constance, of course, replied with smiles and blushes to this, as well as to all the moving accompaniments to it which proceeded from the young ladies; but felt herself compelled to bring the conversation rather suddenly to a close, by saying, "But, dear Mrs. Hartley, what are we to do with Mr. William Weston?"

"Do with him, my dear? Why, all-charming as he is, you cannot commit bigamy for him, and therefore, though of course with great reluctance, you must perforce send him back to his papa and mamma with the dismal news that you have refused him."

"But he will not be refused, Mrs. Hartley. I have this moment left him, thanking God for having made him the happiest man in the world. I wish you would have the kindness to see him yourself?"

"Do you suppose he is still here, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Hartley with considerable surprise.

"Yes, I do. I am shocked and ashamed to give you so much trouble, Mrs. Hartley, but I should be very much obliged, indeed, if you will make him understand that he had better go, for I am greatly afraid that it is my own folly which has beguiled him into believing that I was not in earnest in refusing him. Do not be angry with me, Mrs. Hartley, but—I am very much ashamed to confess it—I laughed when he made his proposal."

"Fie upon you, Constance! and you have the conscience to expect that I shall be less inclined to laugh than yourself? But I suppose I must humour you to-day, and will undertake to send him off, if indeed he be not gone already."

So saying, Mrs. Hartley descended to the drawing-room, where, contrary to her hopes, she still found the rejected lover.

"Ah! c'est vous? charming Mrs. Hartley!" he exclaimed as she entered the room. "Has my fair ward told you what has passed between us?"

"She has, Mr. Weston, and I am sorry for your disappointment. But young ladies of her age, you know, are apt——"

Mr. William Weston suffered her to say no more, and she had only said so much because he was too much astonished for speech himself.

"Disappointed!" he exclaimed at last, "*Leger comme je suis, je n'ose* not enter on a subject so grave as the heart of woman. Ah! it is too deep, too solemn, too profound. But this much you must permit me to say, *mère respectable*, that far from being disappointed, my soul is *noyée* in delight at discovering that the demoiselle who has



suggested herself to my judgment as in every respect the most worthy of my alliance, is *absolument jumelle* to my character by the most striking features of her own."

Mrs. Hartley stared at him with a look that by no means ill-expressed the astonishment she experienced, but felt more at a loss what to say than was usual with her on any occasion; at last, however, urged by the obvious necessity of saying something, she began—"Indeed, Mr. William Weston, I am afraid—"

"Fear nothing, excellent Mrs. Hartley!" he cried, snatching her hand and kissing it. "*Tout va bien!* Permit me only to enjoy such freedom of *entrée chez vous* as our old acquaintance warrants, and I pledge myself to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that the destiny of your fair young friend shall be everything you would wish."

So saying, and without giving her time to utter a single syllable in reply, the gay lover darted from the room, bounded down the stairs, and danced out of the house.

"Mad, absolutely mad!" muttered Mrs. Hartley as she returned to the room where she had left the three girls. "My dear Constance, the plot thickens upon us. You have just confided to me the proposals of a lover whom you have accepted, and I am now come from witnessing the triumphant happiness of another who most pertinaciously persists in declaring that he has not been refused. William Weston assures me, my dear, that he is the happiest man in the world, adding for my particular satisfaction, that he will make you the happiest woman in it. What in the world are we to do with him?"

"Oh! do not let us talk any more about him, dear Mrs. Hartley," replied Constance, with some little appearance of impatience. "I must write to grandmamma by to-night's post; and I may tell her, may I not, all you have so kindly said about Mr. Mortimer?"

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. Only, of course, you will take care to add that I am by no means unaware of its not being, in a pecuniary point of view, so good a marriage as she has a right to expect for you. Do not fail to tell her this, my dear Miss Ridley. I owe it to myself, as you must be aware, to take care that no one shall have any right to tax me with imprudence."

"Your very cordial approval of Mr. Mortimer in all other respects will perfectly content grandmamma," replied Constance. "She has often expressed to me the satisfaction she enjoys from feeling that my own independence in that respect was sufficient to save me from the risk of making the fortune of any one man who proposed for me, a reason for accepting him."

Mrs. Hartley turned her eyes another way as Constance said this, and then changed the conversation by remarking that she could not help feeling some little uneasiness about Mr. William Weston, and the open and visible signs which his inward satisfaction might possibly produce.

"When he claimed an *entrée* here on the plea of old acquaintance, he gave me no time to answer him," she said; "and if he had, I really know not how I could have mustered the unneighbourly courage to refuse it. But upon my word, my dear, he is so fantastical, that I expect to see him make his appearance, like Malvolio, cross-gartered,

and smiling upon you with all the ineffable complacency of assured success. What shall we do with him?"

"Just do nothing with him, Mrs. Hartley," replied Constance. "If his wits be wandering, they will be sure to come back to him anon, and he will go on again as well as ever."

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The ladies then separated, Constance taking refuge in her own room, where, before she set about the agitating task of writing to her grandmother of the great change which had befallen her, she indulged in the greatly-longed-for luxury of a little solitary musing concerning it, first locking the door, and then throwing herself upon the sofa which stood at the bottom of her bed, while with closed eyes and motionless limbs she lay meditating on all that passed, and all that was to follow it.

Mrs. Hartley meantime, accompanied by Margaretta and Caroline, having hastened their luncheon and their second morning toilet, set forth again to enjoy the high-flavoured gratification of spreading far and wide, news to which all would be eager to listen.

To Mrs. Hartley herself this occupation was very peculiarly delightful. It in a great degree identified with her own family an individual whose consequence in society was sufficient to give her precisely the position she desired to hold. Never, perhaps, at any period of her life had the future smiled upon her so brightly. Herself and her own income indissolubly united to a husband, having another income more than double—her favourite daughter wedded to both title and wealth, and the celebrated and arch-fashionable Henry Mortimer thereby connected with them all in close kindred, formed altogether so bright a picture of domestic felicity, that her heart swelled with delightful emotion; and graceful and playful was the action with which she disentangled the chenille fringe upon the mantelet, as it mixed itself with the pendant hearts on her bracelet, while she re-seated herself in her carriage; and joyous was the accent in which she said, "Upon my word, Margaretta, this seems likely to be an important season to some of us."

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### A PEACE-MAKER—MORE LOVE-MAKING.

The proposal of Mr. Mortimer appeared to have touched a spring which gave movement to many others; for every circumstance and every person with whom Constance had anything to do, appeared either directly or indirectly to be influenced by it, or at any rate it certainly happened, whether in consequence of this event or not, that the various upper and under plots of the little drama, in which she made one, seemed to have received a jog that carried them suddenly forward.

The first symptom of this became perceptible on the night of Lady Stephen's literary soirée. Sir James Ridley, who, from the moment he had heard this "intellectual reunion" mentioned, had stoutly declared that "wild horses would founder and break down if they

attempted to draw him thither," was not rendered less inveterate in his dislike of "the sort of thing" by the information officially communicated to him by Mrs. Hartley concerning his sister's marriage.

At first, hearing that Mr. Mortimer had offered, and been accepted without any intervention of his, he was furious, and it required the very utmost efforts of Mrs. Hartley's skill in soothing, to bring him into a manageable mood. Nor was this done at last without her pronouncing a heavier philippic against the presumptuous Constance, than she would have liked her dear Miss Ridley to overhear; but this answered after everything else had failed, so her conscience fully acquitted her.

"What right have you, my dearest Sir James," she said—"what right have you to expect a miracle from the hand of nature, in order to satisfy the brotherly tenderness of your noble heart?"

"I want a miracle, Mrs. Hartley!" he replied; "I want nothing from this abominably conceited girl but a little decent reverence to the will and wishes of a brother, who has in every way so good a right to it."

"That is to say," replied Mrs. Hartley gently, "that all you wish to find in her is the same beautiful perfection of character that it has pleased heaven to bestow upon yourself. Sir James! I tell you again, this is asking for a coincidence so rare, and so little likely to occur, as to approach very nearly to a miracle. I have not lived with my eyes shut, Sir James Ridley, but till I knew you, I never met an instance of such lively imagination and brilliant faculties, as I find in you, joined to that perfection of judgment which enables you to decide at a glance upon what it is right to do under every possible circumstance. To expect the same in your sister is unreasonable,—it is indeed, Sir James, and when you have lived in the world as long as I have done, you will find yourself obliged to confess it."

"Then at least, Mrs. Hartley, I have the comfort of knowing that you do not approve this most insolent conduct in Constance?" said the baronet.

"Approve it? I approve a girl's deciding upon such a subject as this without consulting such a brother as you have been, Sir James? Good heaven! Is it possible that for a single instant you could have suspected this? I consider her conduct in this matter, (but remember, dearest Sir James, I say this under seal of the strictest confidence,) I consider her conduct as detestably ungrateful, and disgustingly presumptuous; and all I have to say in her defence is, that you have no right to expect that because you are yourself faultless, your sister should be so too."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say, certainly, my dear Mrs. Hartley, and you are the best friend she has in the world, I can tell her that; for if there is anything under heaven that could lead me to forgive her, it would be listening to the reasonable manner in which you put the case. But you will allow, I am sure, that it was enough to put a man in a passion."

"Enough! Good Heaven, yes, enough indeed! and if you really do overcome the anger and indignation which it is impossible not

to feel on the occasion, I shall positively be ready to think you as perfect a being in temper as in intellect; and though my experience does not teach me to expect that any two persons in the same family—except, indeed, it should be parent and child—should possess an equal elevation of character, my theory leads me to believe, that perfect gentleness and forgiving mercy are always likely to be the concomitants of great ability and consummate judgment.”

“I believe you are right, my dear Mrs. Hartley,” replied Sir James, while every feature assumed a sort of wooden benignity that promised well for the future peace of all belonging to him. “I do not myself believe that very clever people do suffer themselves to care very much about anything that does not absolutely and positively interfere with their own comfort and advantage—only, you know, when one does happen to be aware that one is the best judge about everything, it is trying to see a fool of a girl like Constance insist upon acting for herself, and that in such an affair as marriage too, without stopping for a single moment to inquire whether I thought it right or wrong—such a thing as that does certainly try one’s temper.”

“Try!—it may, indeed, try, and *only* try, *your* temper, Sir James, but trust me it would destroy for ever all that was gentle and kind in the heart of most men. But you are—well! it is no use talking about it. It is our duty, you know, as Christians, to take things as we find them, and be thankful they are no worse; but, to be sure, it is rather provoking that your own sister should be the only person in the world who seems perfectly unconscious of the inestimable value of an opinion from such a man as yourself. There is my poor Margaret, for instance—what a singular contrast to be sure! She has just received an offer—an excellent offer, certainly, in the eye of the world—from Lord—but no, I will not name him, for I have promised not to do it; there is nothing boasting or ungenerous, however, in saying that he would be a very great match for her. But you will smile when I tell you, that the first words she uttered on receiving his letter were, ‘I wonder if Sir James Ridley would advise me to accept him?’ ”

“Did she indeed? Well, to be sure, as you say, it is very remarkable, when one thinks of it just by way of a contrast to Constance. Your daughter Margaretta is a very charming girl, Mrs. Hartley, and let who will offer to her, it can do him nothing but honour. Any man may be proud of making such a choice as Miss Margaretta Hartley. She has good sense and judgment greatly beyond her years; I have observed it, I can assure you, on many occasions, and you know, I believe, that as far as finding out character and cleverness goes, I may be trusted pretty safely.”

“You may indeed!” was the reply, uttered with a degree of solemnity which might have enabled Sir James to say of it, “*qu’il dit plus de choses qu’il n’est gros;*” and if he did not say this, being in fact no great reader of Molière, he felt it, and felt at the same time that of all the various pleasures afforded us by society, there was none comparable to that of falling into familiar intercourse with persons of first-rate ability.

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The party at Lady Stephens' happened on the evening of the day on which this conversation took place; but notwithstanding the amiable frame of mind in which it left Sir James Ridley, he still persevered in his declaration, that nothing on earth should induce him to join it. His final resolution on the subject was announced at the dinner-table, at which he and his friend Marsh were seated, as they generally were about five days in the week, and Margaretta, on hearing it, replied,

"I think you are perfectly right, Sir James; I am positive it will be a most horrid bore; and as I really and truly, and beyond all joke and jesting, do not feel particularly well to-day, I shall beg mamma to excuse my attendance. The party from hence will be quite sufficiently numerous, without my increasing it."

Sir James was engaged in preparing an orange for the young lady when this was said, and he continued the operation without returning any answer; but it came into his head that if he could find time, after looking in at his club, he would just step in again at Bruton Street, to find out, if he could, who it was who had proposed to her.

The rest of the party set off at the usual hour to take their places in the "*court of Apollo*," as one of Lady Stephens' most particular favourites termed her *soirées*, and about half-an-hour afterwards a quiet and unalarming knock was heard at the door, and in the next moment Sir James Ridley entered the drawing-room.

Though the discreet and perfectly well-conducted Miss Margaretta Hartley was certainly not in love with this gentleman, her heart, nevertheless, gave a bound as she beheld him, and there was exactly as much confusion in her countenance and manner, as there ought to have been under the circumstances.

"Do I disturb you, Miss Margaret?" said the baronet, as soon as the door had been closed upon him. "Because, if I do, I won't sit down. Upon my life and soul, there is nothing I hate so much as boring people—there is not, upon my soul."

"Sit down, Sir James," replied Margaretta, with the very slightest little sigh in the world. "I do not think you need be afraid of it here."

"It is very obliging of you to say so," he returned, "and the more so, because I believe what you say is neither more nor less than true; and I am sure I can say in return, that there is no house, let it be where it will, where I feel myself so perfectly comfortable as here. I will tell you what it is, Miss Margaret, and you may take my word for it you will always find it so; I know you have no bad opinion of my judgment, and therefore you will remember what I say, and that is just this,—that when people find one another out to be mutually clever and mutually suitable to one another in conversation, and all that is intellectual and mental, you know they do and always will find pleasure, more than mere common visiting pleasure, you know, in being together. Now do you keep that in your head, Miss Margaret, as a sort of keepsake from me, and you'll see if it does not turn out that I am right."

Margaretta gazed upon him, as he spoke, with the most fixed attention, and when he had finished replied, with the air of a person upon whom some striking but hitherto unknown truth had fallen,

"I do believe it! Sir James, you are right. I feel that you are right, and I do not much think I shall ever forget it. No, there is no danger of that."

"I am sure it is always a pleasure to lay down any observation to you,—you are so quick at understanding one," he replied; and then added, changing his position from the chair he sat upon to a place beside her on the sofa—"And do you know, I want to say a word or two to you about something your mamma confided to me this morning. Can you guess what I mean?"

Now the truth was, that Miss Margaret not only did not guess what he meant, but that it was morally impossible she should do so, inasmuch as the confidential communication respecting the offer of marriage was one of those impromptu hits upon which Mrs. Hartley so justly piqued herself; but not having had time or opportunity to mention it to her daughter, that young lady was completely thrown out. Fortunately, however, her imagination presently suggested an interpretation which served admirably well, not only to push forward the conversation in the direction she wished it to take, but also to prevent any appearance of incongruity between herself and her mamma. In short, Margaret most fully believed that her mother had thought it advisable to confide to the amiable baronet a few hints concerning the passion he had himself inspired in her tender heart, and thereupon, with all the natural delicacy of her character, she fell into such a series of blushes and agitations as considerably puzzled her companion at first, but which happily ended by touching his heart in the most desirable manner possible.

To a man of Sir James Ridley's temperament, there is no charm, either in earth or heaven, so potent as the simple process of persuading them that they are irresistibly enchanting, and that what would be denied to all other mortals must, despite every effort to the contrary, be yielded, of necessity, to them. It is true, that this process was not now put in action for the first time upon the nerves of the baronet, by the stedfastly-purposed and patient Margaretta; but it so happened, at the present moment, that time and place cohered to render him peculiarly susceptible; and accordingly, after enjoying for a good while the pleasure of fancying that the young lady was sinking into the earth with confusion, and that his eyes produced on her an effect that made him feel himself gifted with an almost godlike power of annihilation, he condescended to say,

"Come, come, Miss Margaret! you need not be so afraid to look at me. It is a fact, to be sure, that I am no great admirer of young ladies in general, because, upon my word, I believe, for the most part of their time, they are thinking a devilish deal more about themselves than about anybody else,—I do, upon my life and soul. But I never did think that was exactly your case, ever since we became acquainted. In point of fact, I have great reason to know the contrary, and I should despise a man, let him be who he would, who would obstinately stick at all times and seasons to one opinion, when there was good and sufficient cause for him to alter it. And that is the reason, Miss Margaret, why I think a great deal better of you than of any girl I was ever acquainted



with yet—a devilish deal better, I promise you—I do, upon my life and soul.”

As Sir James paused here, and in fact stopped short, in perfect silence, Margaretta thought it advisable to look at him, and it was such a look as really seemed calculated to melt a marble man. It was made up of admiration, reverence, passionate love, and such a degree of confusion, as almost seemed to threaten the reason of the poor confused one.

This admirable look produced the desired effect, and Sir James went on.

“And now that I have fairly told you what sort of an opinion I have formed of you,” said he, “I don’t see why you should not tell me, just as plainly, what sort of an opinion you have formed of me. I like to hear you talk about me—I do, upon my soul; and I need not be ashamed to say so, because the reason of it is neither more nor less than the love of truth; for, without meaning to flatter you the least bit in the world, I can say this, that nobody I have ever known, except perhaps that excellent person your mother, can be compared to you in the matter of finding out what I really am. It is true, upon my life and soul, so you need not scruple to return my compliment in kind, and tell me, just from the bottom of your heart, what you think of me.”

For a moment, something like a weary, languid distaste of the task before her threatened to take possession of Margaretta’s nerves, and she very nearly yawned, instead of prefacing her reply by a sigh. But a speedy recollection of the importance of the prize before her came to her assistance; all her strength and apparent animation was renewed, an expression of the most effective kind returned to her eyes, her voice faltered quite as it ought to do, and, in a word, she did honour to her mother and herself, by the manner in which she replied to him.

“O, Sir James!” she began, first looking speakingly at, and then, if possible, more speakingly from him,—“O, Sir James! if truth, and if a true knowledge of your character, were all that was necessary for doing what you ask, it would be easy indeed—thoughts, and words too, would come faster than I could find breath to utter them, and—and—you might perhaps know, at last, how you are estimated by one who—I mean by a real friend. But it is impossible! Alas! I cannot, dare not, say all that I think of you!”

“Well, I declare now that, for the life and soul of me, I can’t see the reason why. I am sure I have said enough, Miss Margaret, to prevent your feeling yourself shy with me, and therefore I can’t understand what should stop you now, when I frankly desire you to speak out.”

Again Margaretta fixed her very tolerably expressive eyes upon him, and replied, “O, you would be angry with me—I know you would. You could not bear it. You would say I flattered, or that—O, I know you would be angry with me!”

“Upon my life and soul, my dear girl, you are altogether mistaken. I have long ago made up my mind to think that it is a great weakness

to feel shy and put out upon hearing oneself praised, and I don't mind it now—that is, in the way of being confused by it—the least bit in the world; so if that is all, my dear Margaret, you might speak out all that your poor little heart has got in it. There are some men, I believe, who blunder in such matters a good deal, but I can't say that I think I am one of them. I saw, from the very first day that we all became intimate together, that you and your excellent mother formed a very proper idea of what my situation in the world really was, and that neither of you ever conceived the silly thought of attacking such a character as I am with any man-trap thoughts in your heads. Silly women would have fancied that there might be hope in such a scheme; but you and your mother are no fools, Margaret. You saw at once what sort of a man I was, and I do really believe you would as soon have thought of setting your cap at the emperor of China as at me. But that's no reason, my poor dear girl, that you should be blind, or deaf either, for that matter, and upon my soul I don't think the least bit the worse of you, seeing at last that, despite of all your prudence, poor little soul, you have not quite been able to help loving me. You have no right to blame yourself, my dear girl. The circumstance of my being thrown so much in your way, by my sister's being here, is quite a sufficient excuse for it, so don't let my having found it out vex you—nor don't believe me such a hard-hearted fellow, nor such a fool either, as not to see the difference between such love as yours, which you could not help, with all the pains you took to do it, and that of the fortune-hunting misses whose ways are so different."

By this time the arm of the well-judging baronet encircled the waist of Miss Margaret; and as he now again came to a full stop, which seemed to indicate that he expected a reply, it struck the young lady that the shortest and best answer might be given in pantomime, so she permitted her head to droop upon his shoulder, and, to all appearance, burst into a violent flood of tears.

When a love affair gets to this point, matters usually progress rapidly to the climax at which vows are exchanged, and the parties become bound to each other for life; so that it was, comparatively speaking, but a very few moments after Margareta had begun to weep upon Sir James Ridley's shoulder, before she exclaimed, with the most touching appearance of satisfaction,

"Is it possible? Am I, indeed, the affianced wife of Ridley?—of the only man my heart ever acknowledged as capable of inspiring love?"

These impassioned words, though uttered with every accompaniment of look and action that could increase their effect, were, nevertheless, not solely the result of love that now, for the first time, ventured to clothe itself in words—they were uttered *avec intention* in the French sense, and in the English sense too. In short, Margareta now thought it advisable to ascertain to a positive certainty, before the interview ended, that Sir James Ridley considered himself as engaged to her, and might, being interpreted, have been rendered thus:—

"Now, sir, remember you are neither more nor less than my affianced husband, and I am your affianced wife—we must have no va-

cillating after-thoughts in this business." And it might have ended with the favourite phrase of her mother, "Do I make myself understood?"

The reply was favourable, though tacit. Sir James kissed the young lady, which, as there was no pen and ink close at hand upon which she could have playfully scribbled a promise of marriage for him to sign, she was fain to accept as a seal, testifying that the affair was happily accomplished.

But, in fact, Margaretta had no reason to fear any retrograde movement after the moment in which Sir James had been so obliging as to declare that it was his intention to make her his wife. From that moment he considered her as his own property, which was a surer way of her becoming precious in his eyes than any other. All that belonged to himself, from his own eyes and his own nose down to his own cat and his own dog, had, in his estimation, a species of value that might almost be called sacred. Caprice could not affect it, inconstancy was powerless to weaken it; it had the united strength of a principle and a sentiment joined; and nothing but a doubt of her being, in spirit and in truth, one of his belongings, was in the least degree likely to shake his fidelity—a risk which Miss Margaretta, on her part, was not the least likely to run.

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

CONSTANCE RECEIVES HONOUR DUE—A SHORT REPRIEVE—"WHAT SHALL WE SAY WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

While this very interesting scene was passing in Bruton Street, Mrs. Hartley, her eldest and her youngest daughters, together with Constance Ridley, were amusing themselves as well as they might in the drawing-rooms of Lady Stephens. There were many assembled there whose names, a wondrously short time before, would have made the heart of Constance swell with pride and pleasure, had she been told that she should meet them. But now she felt as if there would be treason and falsehood in remembering that there was more than one living poet in the world; and if, when in the midst of Lady Stephens' circle, she looked out upon the stars which composed it, she did so rather in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Mortimer than her own.

Not only, indeed, did Mortimer wish her to contemplate and remark the various peculiarities which distinguished his accomplished friends and companions, but he wished also that she should be contemplated and remarked by them; and as he well knew that the most effectual way of making this certain was to render her conspicuous as the elected lady of his love, and (which was, in fact, the same thing,) the "queen of beauty" throughout the empire of May Fair and its dependencies for the time being, he took excellent good care to make her election known.

This was, in truth, a degree of notoriety by no means agreeable to Constance; but she no longer felt herself at liberty to complain of it, even to her own heart. Mr. Mortimer had put it out of her power to doubt the sincerity of his love, and she felt too greatly honoured by

possessing it to feel at liberty to complain of his displaying its existence to all the world. Nevertheless, she would have been much more at her ease, and, it may fairly be said, more happy, had his manner of proclaiming the preference with which he honoured her been marked with less ostentatious publicity. Again, again, and again, he brought up poets, dramatists, novelists, and statesmen, and presented them with an air which said, as plainly as any words could have done, "I bring you to look at my affianced wife! Receive them, Constance, as it becomes you to receive my friends."

This style of doing her honour was the more disagreeable, because, while placing her in the midst, and making her, as it were, the very centre of a circle, to revolve round the extremest verge of which had long been her greatest ambition, it wholly prevented her from enjoying the contemplation of any of the wonders within it. No choice, however, was left her but to yield herself, as gently and gracefully as she could, to the wishes and the will of her future lord; and she went on blushing, and smiling, and looking beautiful enough to elicit some dozen allusions to what

"Youthful poets fancy when they love,"

as long as his sayings and doings rendered it necessary.

But most thankful was she when, at length, the ceremony of introduction appeared to be over—so thankful, indeed, that though the relief was obtained only by the absence from her side of the admired Mortimer, she absolutely seemed to forget his having left her, while breathing freely during her release from eloquently-turned speeches, and the necessity of replying to them.

It was necessary to understand the character of Constance Ridley, and all its peculiarities, as well as Miss Hartley did, in order to understand the feeling expressed by the accent in which she said, "Dearest Penelope! let us get into that corner, and sit down! I should so enjoy being quiet a little!"

There was much kindness, and some generosity, in the silent obedience with which this request was replied to. Penelope *might* have asked her how she could fancy it possible to enjoy anything while her lover was transferring his adoration—not to another beauty—there really seemed at present to be no danger of that—but to a nobleman, high in power and place, who had given him an inviting nod, and at whose side he had strolled out of her sight, and out of the room. Penelope felt that her friend had been "blasted by excess of light" from the stars and arch-stars brought to blaze, shine, and twinkle upon her; and though wondering a little, perhaps, that love had not sufficient power to make her insensible, or at least indifferent, to everything else, she led her quietly to the retreat she had pointed out, and permitted her to enjoy it, without teasing her by a single observation.

But Miss Hartley was not the only person who had watched the entrance of Constance into the drawing-room of Lady Stephens as the bride elect of Mr. Mortimer. The news of his having proposed, and having been accepted, had reached Mr. Fitzosborne, who, considering that he himself certainly admired Constance more than any woman he had ever seen, bore it with great philosophy, and saw the happy lover

fly to her as she entered the room, and proudly offer his arm to lead her through it, with a degree of stoicism that did him honour.

That she did not as yet become quite an object of indifference to him was proved, however, by the attention with which he had watched her progress through the rooms, and all the honours that had met and followed her in the course of it. But this attention was so quietly and unobtrusively bestowed, that not even the most curious eye had remarked it; and it was only after the two friends had succeeded in establishing themselves on a sofa in the quietest part of the quietest room, that he made them aware of his presence by taking a chair beside them.

There was something in the manner of Mr. Fitzosborne, when addressing Constance, so completely the reverse of ostentatious admiration, that even at that moment, when she wished for nothing so much as to be out of the way of eyes and speeches, she felt glad to see him, and more speedily recovered the power of enjoying the scene around her, and of forgetting the painfully conspicuous part she had just played in it, than she would have done without him. He saw all this, and understood it too, a great deal better than she did herself; and by leading both her and Penelope to converse on subjects that had no connexion either with love, marriage, or Henry Mortimer, he soon calmed the fluttered looks of poor Constance, and made her feel herself again at ease.

Having succeeded in this, and finding that Mortimer, who, for the moment at least, seemed to have drank his fill of the delicious cup of mingled love and vanity, did not return, he ventured to propose that he should conduct them to a small inner room, in which a very precious group of Lady Stephens' lions were showing themselves off to each other, by reading a little, and talking a great deal, about more things in heaven and earth than were ever dreamed of in any philosophy.

Both the young ladies seemed to enjoy the proposal exceedingly, and Penelope, after performing the ceremony of looking about a little, to discover "where mamma could have hid herself," ventured to accept the arm offered by Mr. Fitzosborne, and thus protected, to lead the way to the interesting retreat he had mentioned. That it *was* interesting was proved by the fact, that before Constance had been a quarter of an hour amidst the illustrious group, she had absolutely forgotten she was an engaged woman, and only remembered that the *dramatis personæ* who were performing so amusing a farce before her eyes were represented by individuals whose names, or at least some of them, had been long known to her, and that the scene was London.

Fitzosborne marshalled his two fair charges to a very advantageous position, which suited them better than it would perhaps have done any other persons present, for it was a corner whence they could see and hear much more advantageously than they could be seen or heard.

The first few moments were occupied by questions as to who was who, on the part of the ladies, and answers which showed a very perfect *connaissance de personnes* on that of the gentleman; and then they fell into silence, which was absolutely necessary to enable them to

snatch intelligibly some fragments of the wit and wisdom that were floating round them like the contesting flashes in a snow-storm; while each, by a sort of tacit agreement, that seemed to foretell a profitable comparing of notes afterwards, addressed an ear to a different speaker. The honoured name of the female Howard, of our day, had just been brought upon the tapis, and as Penelope listened to the right of their retreat, she heard an eulogium pronounced upon her that not only placed her in the very highest rank of martyrs, but scrupled not to predict the speedy restoration of the lowest fallen of the species to a state of purity only second to that preceding the fall, as the sure and certain consequence of her labours.

Constance, meanwhile, turned her ear towards the left, and heard a gentleman, who, by the sotto voice in which he spoke, seemed aware of the opposition orator on the other side, thus reason contrariwise:—

“It strikes me,” said he, taking a prodigiously long pinch of snuff, “that this Howard lady is in benevolence what Miss Linwood is in the fine arts—she seeks to perform, by means totally unfitted to the purpose, a beautiful work, which would infallibly be brought to greater perfection if left to the hands and the tools best fitted for it. When a delicate and fragile gentlewoman sets about a work of charity by bringing herself into close contact with rogues and vagabonds, depend upon it she blunders egregiously. It is not her vocation. If the same funds which her influence now enables her to command were employed to engage zealous but unbeneficed clergymen in the task, the work would not only proceed more steadily, but with infinitely greater propriety;—if I mistake not, there would be found about as broad an interval between the utility of the appointed minister and that of the errant lady, as between Miss Linwood and Vandyke. For my own part, I never feel disposed to admire any operation merely because the implements used are unsuitable to it.”

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Then came a discussion on poetry, on which theme, as there did not at the moment happen to be anything personal in the manner in which it was handled, many spoke together, and all aloud.

“The art,” exclaimed a slight pale man, with red favourites, and a *shy* beginning of an imperial tuft upon his chin of the same hue, “the art is better understood among us now than it has ever been since the days of Pindar. Poetry, by its very nature, consists of glowing, dreamy, startling, rainbow-tinted thoughts, chasing each other like the flashes that illumine the voluptuous atmosphere of a tropical night.”

“I am sorry to differ from you, Mr. Jumbleton,” replied an elderly gentleman of a different physiognomy, “but it strikes me that poetry is the very reverse of all this, and can only be produced by the deep and firmly-stamped impressions of a vigorous fancy on a philosophic mind.”

More than one young gentleman with the drapery of their throats *disciolto*, and thin locks in the fretful porcupine style, looked at the old gentleman with contempt; while three middle-aged ladies raised their near-sighted glasses at him at the same moment, and were then



unanimously seized with a little shivering fit, that seemed to reach from head to foot.

One very gentle-looking creature, however, raised only the deep lashes of a pair of magnificent eyes, and ventured to murmur, in reply to the sober-minded old gentleman, "Indeed I think so!" But she was speedily punished for her temerity; for the most decided-looking of the above-mentioned three ladies turned almost fiercely towards her, exclaiming, "I am quite willing to dispute the point with you, Mrs. Monkton, and I promise you that I shall show no white feather in the combat."

"O no! I cannot dispute about it," returned her gentler adversary, actually becoming pale; "and your triumph, Lady Burton, would not be worth having, for I am afraid I am white feathers all over."

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"Never," said an authoritative voice at the farther side of a table covered with new publications—"never did the drama stand so high as at present. In all else, the immense impulse of newly-awakened intelligence is carrying us forward into new worlds, and new states of existence, even while we still remain on this globe of earth; but in the drama, the only point where we could retrograde with advantage, we are getting back to Shakspeare as to our authors, and to Garrick as to our actors. It is a glorious age in which we live, and might well be called the age of diamonds, so brightly do the gems of genius show themselves among us."

A deep groan from an individual seated at the same table appeared intended as a reply to this enthusiastic burst, and it was presently followed by the words, "God bless my soul, sir! I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times, but I really did not conceive that we were fortunate enough to have any drama left!"

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The trio amused themselves not a little in their retreat by listening to these and several other varieties of "blue" opinions, equally contradictory, and equally positive. But this quiet interval did not last long; for Mr. Mortimer entered the room, evidently in search of the fair creature he had so recently appropriated to himself, and purposing to re-claim her attendance upon him, which purpose he demonstrated by approaching her with a projecting elbow, that plainly said, "Now take my arm again."

Penelope watched his manner with a meditative look that was more grave than gay.

Constance herself blushed, and smiled, and blushed again, as she rose and accepted the offered arm; but there was more of mortification than of pride, and more of pain than of pleasure, in the thought that she was going to be again promenaded through the rooms, as a personage upon whom all the world were invited to gaze.

Mr. Fitzosborne looked on and thought;—but it matters not what Mr. Fitzosborne thought, for he communicated his speculations to no one, nor did they in any way appear to influence the even tenor of his way.

## THE PRINCESS PARAZADE.

A SKETCH FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

“ PRINCESS, a spell from the fairies ask,  
Else canst thou never achieve thy task ;—  
Thou must climb this rugged and steepy track,  
Though unnumbered voices may call thee back ;  
Thou must not pause, by their threats deterred,  
Nor must thou utter one angry word ;—  
Princess, the trial at once resign,  
Woman had never a lot like thine !”

Fair Parazade looked up and smiled—  
Hers was the spirit resolved though mild,  
That little values the world's applause,  
Nor fears its ire in a righteous cause ;—  
Her ear was by threatening clamours rent,  
But she recked them not—on her way she went,  
Nor glanced she back till the goal was gained,  
And the magic treasures were all attained.

Reader, my record forbear to slight,  
Nor deem my heroine's labour light ;  
Is it not trying to wend along  
'Mid the scornful taunts of a gathered throng ;  
Injurious jest and reproach to hear,  
Yet meekly bear the insulting sneer ;  
Our eyes and thoughts on our goal inclined,  
Nor ever cast on the scene behind ?

'Tis true that in safety we may tread  
Our chosen pathway, unharmed by dread  
Lest the tyrant arm of lawless force  
Should turn us back from our steady course ;  
But the bitter strife of evil words  
Is often keener than pointed swords ;  
We answer in wrath, and we yield in fear,  
And cease in our course to persevere.

Yet words of menace, of scorn, and ill,  
Happily boast not the power to kill ;—  
Let conscience bid us through toil rejoice,  
Cheering us on with her “ still small voice ;”  
Then the world's harsh taunts may echo round,  
We shall not shrink from the mocking sound,  
But our hopes shall shine, and our strength increase,  
As we journey on in our road of peace.

## MEMOIRS OF AN ITALIAN EXILE.

BY ELI BLACKGOWN, D.D.

## CHAPTER XV.

## Catching a Bishop.

“ Veggio in anagnia entrar lo Fiordaliso  
E nel Vicario suo Cristo esser catto.”

Few are the men, owing to the multifarious imperfections of our nature, who can venture to look back on the past with a firm conviction of having always strictly and stoutly adhered to principle. Many are the deeds, of which, however active and successful he may be at the time of their perpetration, in working himself up to the persuasion of their plausibility and equity, the recollection is not, even to a man of irreprehensible character, wholly unaccompanied by some indefinable twinge of remorse. What seems fair, proper, and natural in the first ebullition of passion, is apt to appear less correct and honest after cool and mature consideration; the speciousness of palliative arguments vanishes in proportion as we contemplate our own actions at a greater distance, in proportion as illusion fades and leaves us alone with our sleepless, ruthless, inexorable, inward monitor. Even then, perhaps, we may lull ourselves to rest by dwelling with fond sophisms on the attenuating circumstances which determined our course; but a sudden thought, in spite of ourselves, breaks through the cobweb work of our fine logic, an eager wish that we might live our life over again, and have once more our choice of the matter.

It is with these views that I would recommend to every man who had in his lifetime frequent occurrences of exercising his free will, to come, as I do, to a general confession of his sayings and doings, to a weighing and sifting of all the motives by which his conduct was actuated, to a self-searching examination in which he may be freely allowed the benefit of the pleading of his *self-esteem* and *love of approbation*, provided conscience may be freely suffered to read the act of accusation. It was only for such a laudable object that I ventured to bring my cause before the mighty jury of the readers of the “Metropolitan,” making myself voluntarily guilty of what would otherwise appear a most unwarrantable presumption.

The arrest of the most Reverend the Bishop of Guastalla is one of the events in my life to which I find it most difficult to reconcile myself. Those of my readers who had the perseverance to go through the last chapter must be aware of the objections which, at the first blush, my natural good sense suggested against that unjust and arbitrary measure. They must equally know by what artificial reasoning I brought myself to consider as a duty my participation in a deed of which I certainly would by no means have taken upon myself the responsibility. I must now candidly avow that I acted under no

impulse of absolute necessity ; that our provisional government was so very far from having any means of enforcing its mandate, that had I firmly refused to accompany or to head the expedition, the project would most probably have been altogether abandoned ; that, in fact, their messenger never dreamed of addressing me in the peremptory terms of official authority, but had recourse to all the insidious arts of friendly insinuation ; and that, after having strenuously and victoriously combated his arguments, I had yielded to a moment of puerile vanity, and accepted the commission merely because no one else, I fancied, had sufficient boldness to carry it into execution.

It was, then, the novelty and boldness of the enterprise that made me wink at what there might be in it objectionable and illegal. I did not stop to consider that, however an Austrian by birth, and bred up at the court of Vienna, the inoffensive Bishop of Guastalla had offered no resistance, and showed no symptoms of ill-will against our revolutionary proceedings. I did not recollect my determination to consider as enemies only those that I should meet on the battle-field ; that priests, like women, were to be regarded as helpless creatures, whom, in the code of ancient chivalry, it was deemed a felonious and cowardly act to lay hands upon. I forgot my favourite maxim, "Be just, that ye may be free." I did not reflect on the possible consequences that might result from exposing an innocent person to the resentment of a lawless multitude in the present state of exasperation and resentment ; nor did I know how far I could be answerable for his safety when once I delivered him into their power.

It may, perhaps, appear strange that among so many sources of disinclination to this unlawful undertaking, no mention is made of religious repugnance. For it is well known that among Catholics any violence offered against the person of a minister of the sanctuary is looked upon as an awful sacrilege, calling upon the head of the offender the vengeance of Heaven and the excommunication of the church ; so that, till very late, even criminal priests were only amenable to their ecclesiastical tribunals, and could not be delivered over to secular authorities without a previous ceremony of desecration. The fact is, however, that such notions of pious forbearance had gradually worn away even during the bigoted era that preceded the French revolution ; for among the convulsions of that stormy age so many churches were turned into play-houses or stables, so many convents converted into barracks or granaries, so many monks and nuns let loose upon the wide world, so many priests summarily shot or unceremoniously hanged, that the dogma of priestly inviolability, no less than that of papal infallibility, have lost their hold even on the heart of the stanchest believer.

But, in my case, who, attached as I was to the faith of my country, still ardently wished and firmly believed it practicable that religion might subsist without the aid of ministers, whose anti-levitical spirit was sorely vexed and sickened before those myriads of idle "black sheep of the church," whose blood boiled at sight of a jesuit, whose eyes darted fire and death at every cowed head I met on my path ; the arrest of a prelate—could it only have been called forth and

authorized by the slightest suspicion of guilt—would have been looked upon not only without any superstitious misgiving, but entered into with the greatest fervour as a most meritorious exploit.

Indeed my hatred of the church went far, I believe, to induce me to lend my co-operation in that deed of injustice; so that, laying all possible future blame at the door of my committers, I was only alive to the excitement, the bustle, the anxiety, of “catching a bishop.”

I was then in that heroic mood which tended to magnify my person and actions to the most prodigious dimensions, and the images of monarchs and illustrious personages I had read of in history, as being implicated in violent quarrels with the church, a host of Henrys and Fredericks of Germany, of Philips of France, the ghosts of Arnold of Brescia, Savonarola and Sarpi, rose triumphantly before my silly imagination, and I fancied I was soon going to be ranked among the greatest of them. Above all, my mind loved to conjure up and to dwell on the phantom of Sciarra Colonna, the daring rebel, who, at the head of a few French barons and the partisans of his house, had taken by surprise the false Pope Boniface VIII. in Anagni, and struck him with so much violence, that the pontiff bore on his face the marks of his iron gauntlet to the grave; and I started and fidgeted on my carriage-seat as I began to consider that journey, and the thief-taking business that was at the end of it, as a first signal of a general attack upon our overgrown clergy; and I hailed the dawn of the day when all Italy should rise against its ten thousand monasteries with fire and sword, drive the dotting pope and his purple retinue from the Vatican, and accomplish the work which even Napoleon left unachieved.

The times seemed indeed fully ripe for the realization of the happy dream. The pope's subjects were in open insurrection, and were rapidly marching against the vicar of Christ; and though it was loudly declared that they rose against him only as a temporal ruler, still every one was aware that once the throne being upset, the altar itself would stand on a very treacherous basis; that the nation and the church could never come to a reconciliation without a most radical reform of its flagrant abuses; and that, in fact, the whole edifice would of itself crumble to atoms as soon as that time-sanctioned scaffolding, by which tyranny had hitherto contrived to support it against the inroads of freedom of inquiry, were actually removed. As yet, no open declaration of war had taken place—questions of vital importance were to be previously settled. The terrors of an impending Austrian invasion paralyzed the endeavours of our boldest innovators. Not a word was said, not a cry raised, against the church. Our patriots knew how fatal priestly enmity had proved to Napoleon and the Carbonari of 1820. The influence of the clergy had, indeed, of late considerably subsided; the unpopularity of the papal government had reflected a universal disgrace on the whole Catholic hierarchy. Still it was deemed a prudent measure to leave them alone till the national cause had prevailed. In our power they were, and we could always immolate them at full leisure. On their parts, the priests seemed aware of the precariousness of their situation. The Jesuits at Modena and in Romagna never stirred from their convents. A few Franciscans, if they ever ventured out, walked downcast and woe-

begone. The most cultivated priests courted popularity by affecting liberal manners and principles. The youngest of them threw off surplice and gown, and boldly abjuring their vows, joined the ranks of our national combatants.

All this, however, would hardly do. We felt that we were on the eve of a tremendous explosion, and the arrest of a bishop might as easily have hastened it as the storming of the castle St. Angelo.

One circumstance, however, acted in our favour, and bade far to reconcile that first act of aggression with the maintenance of peace. The bishop was a German. Had he been racked, and burnt, and quartered alive, the most conscientious Catholic in Italy would hardly think it a sacrilege. He was a German, and the very circumstance of his promotion to an Italian see, to the exclusion of the native clergy, called upon his head the resentment which, perhaps not unjustly, rankled in every bosom against the partiality of our un-national government. "Our priests," I thought, "will never stand up in defence of a minion of Maria Louisa. Rather will they thank us for having vacated the seat of the foreign intruder, and made room for their general advancement. 'It is an ill wind,' they will say with that resignation with which men are wont to accommodate themselves to war, plague, and other calamities,—'it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

However these and similar thoughts might then dance before my mind's eye, they certainly did not greatly affect my spirits. All alive to the extraordinariness of my situation, I was rather pleased with the idea of being engaged in an expedition, of which the management was solely trusted to my discretion, and my chief anxiety was in measuring our chances of success. If anything could have power to remove all my anxieties, it was the calm and bold look of determination with which my companions returned my occasional glance. Little was spoken between us during our journey, and of that little scarcely anything concerning its object.

Our tall and lean and lank but high-mettled post-horses meanwhile carried us onward at so speedy a rate as would have left even the highly-boasted English mail-coaches behind. Our magnificent Lombard plain, smooth and level as a billiard-table, spread before us in its monotonous nudity, and, though divested of its green mantle, it scarcely exhibited any object to rivet our attention, yet there was something in the majesty of its unbounded ocean-like extent, and in the winter breeze that swept over its faded meadows, highly refreshing and exhilarating. The sun too shone in its full pomp; and although the mildness of the weather allowed us in February to ride in open carriages with impunity, still every wood and field, every object in view, was mantled with hoar-frost melting and glittering in the meridian ray.

Presently we arrived in sight of the Modenese confine, and were not a little cheered by the sight of the tricolor standard, which, contrary to the common reports, was still waving from the ramparts of Brescello. The moment our convoy was descried, three horsemen rode full speed towards us.

"Who, and what are you, and where are you bound to?" ex-



claimed the foremost, reining up his horse, and standing right on our path.

"We are national guards from Parma," answered I, "and bound to our good town of Guastalla on an official errand."

"You have our leave to cross the Modenese territory," replied the stranger; "only you must suffer us to escort you on your way. My name is Rolandi, gentlemen, acting deputy commander of the national guard at Brescello—these two gentlemen are equally officers of the garrison."

"Rolandi!" said I, starting from my seat with irresistible surprise. "What! not the——"

"Ay, the same," he interrupted, guessing my meaning. "You have heard my name mentioned before this, I dare say."

And truly I had. I turned round to look at him with all the intensity of unutterable curiosity, as, having placed themselves on the right and left of our carriage, our escort suffered our caravan to proceed. Truly I had heard of him, and many thousand miles would I have travelled to see that countenance that so unexpectedly offered itself to my inspection. He had hardly reached thirty, but his sun-burnt complexion and dappled hair gave him the appearance of a man somewhat beyond the meridian of life. His stature was tall and commanding, and he bore him loftily on his saddle. His eyes were dark and piercing, but their rapid and frequent twinkling scarcely allowed one to get a full insight of them. There was such an eternal restlessness in all his features, such a perpetual convulsion pervaded his limbs, as might easily have betrayed the inward working of an uneasy mind, even to the eye of the dullest observer.

There was a fearful history attached to that man, and I had heard of it in that age of earliest mental developement, when such recitals are calculated to leave an indelible impression.

At a nocturnal meeting of the Modenese Carbonari, after the downfall of their revolutionary schemes of 1820-21, a long deliberation was held as to the most expedient means of putting an end to the hostile proceedings of the police, whose indefatigable activity seemed to threaten their society with utter extermination. The president or minister of that all-powerful engine of government was the too famous Tesini, a man who had been numbered among the most conspicuous members of the Carbonari society, but who, by an act of the darkest apostasy, had passed over to the enemy, and was now the right arm of the duke's government, and the soul of his council. The disclosures of this unnatural monster, who was in possession of all the secrets of the revolutionary sect, had spread universal consternation among his former associates. Self-defence, however, inspired them with the courage of despair: they met once more; they constituted themselves into an awful tribunal, rigidly adhering to all the rites and ceremonies of their dark institutions, and after having heard every argument that could be brought forward in exculpation of the ill-fated commissary, sentence of death was unanimously, solemnly pronounced against him. The judgment having emanated from the supreme council of the grand masters, the execution was to be left to one of the youngest members of the community. Lots were drawn,

and the choice fell upon Rolando de Rolandi, a young student of medicine, quite recently admitted among the junior members of that formidable brotherhood. Some of his friends remonstrated against the imprudence of charging an inexperienced youth with a mission fraught with such difficulties and dangers; many volunteered to take it upon themselves, but he remained inflexible. He repeated that since Providence had chosen him as an instrument of its eternal designs, it could not fail to support and strengthen him in the hour of trial.

He was then in his nineteenth year. Only two days afterwards, a few minutes before the peals of the Ave Maria announced the setting of the sun, quite in full daylight, in one of the most frequented streets of Modena, Tesini was walking leisurely home from the palace, where he had a long conference with the duke. He walked arm-in-arm with one of his secretaries, all absorbed in deep conversation. The people gave way before him, bowing in silence, and casting their eyes to the ground, then stopped to look after him, muttering a curse between their teeth. He wore on his breast the ribbons of the decorations with which his sovereign had rewarded his treason. He was an old man, and had long been seen walking with an unsteady tread, and bent by years and infirmities; but now he strove to raise himself to his full height, and returned the salutations of the crowd with a haughty smile of condescension, as a man who knew he owed the homages to the dread he inspired, and exulted in his hated but redoubted authority. At the turn of a corner a man was seen rushing upon the well-watched pair with the vehemence and rapidity of lightning. The impetus of his onset threw the ill-balanced secretary flat to the ground. With his left the aggressor grasped the throat of the president of the police, whilst with the right he buried a dagger in his bosom. Ere any one had so far recovered from surprise as to be aware of what had happened, the assassin had darted through the crowd, and was out of sight.

The minister of the police (I leave surgeons to account for the fact as they can) stepped forward three or four paces, then turned round and stooped to help his companion that lay still stunned and bewildered on the pavement.

"Look," said he with great coldness, pointing to the handle of the murderous weapon that stood stuck up on his breast, close to his knightly ribbon, but from which not a drop of blood was seen to trickle out. "Look," said he, as he handed the hat to his fallen friend, "look what they have done to me!"

The crowd gathered round; but the commissary continued his walk without leaning on his friend, and refusing the assistance of the most officious by-standers.

"Let his highness look well to himself," said he; "who ever heard of such an abominable trick? In full daylight too—and, look! in sight of the Holy Virgin of the *Sette Dolori*. Jesus Maria! Doctor Manghi," he added, turning to a surgeon he met on his progress, "I am glad to see you. These is a job for you, you see. I wish I could have a quarter of an hour's *tête-à-tête* with his highness."

Thus he continued talking somewhat incoherently, but always with the greatest volubility, and walked with firm step, till he reached his

own door. His friend and the doctor alone followed him up stairs. He threw himself on a sofa completely exhausted. His cheeks were deadly pale, his eyes haggard and wild. Not a drop of blood had issued from the wound, but it was plain that death was busy at his heart.

His dying wish was complied with. No sooner had the report of his mishap reached the ducal palace, than Francis IV. threw himself in his carriage, and, escorted by his dragoons, hastened to visit his devoted servitor. Surgeons and priests gave way before their sovereign. He was left alone with the dying man for about half an hour, when he rang the bell and summoned the attendants. Tesini was speechless. The surgeon made an attempt to remove the lethal weapon. The features of his patient were distorted by a ghastly smile, and he expired without a groan.

The conversation between the duke and his minion no one could presume to have overheard; but it was universally surmised that Francis IV. had evinced the deepest sympathy in his friend's misfortune, and vowed he would never rest till he had fitly and adequately avenged him.

Meanwhile the idlers of the "Caff  delle Belli Arti" were looking from behind the shop-window at the bustling crowd without.

"Something dreadful has happened," said Liberati, a young lawyer of quiet, indolent habits. "Ho! one of you go and see what the deuce is the matter there. But, stay; here comes Rolandi.—Well, my boy, what's the news?"

Rolandi came down the street where the tumult seemed to be at its height. "I do not know—I never stop to inquire. Some murder, I suppose."

No one asked any further. The cry "murder" is, or rather used to be, too common in Italy to excite any considerable alarm.

"Hanno ammazzato uno!" say the gaping crowd at Florence or in Rome, and the bell is rung, the brothers of the *misericordia* run to the spot, and it is nobody else's business to meddle with it.

"What's the matter with you, Rolandi? you look pale," inquired his friend.

"Nothing in the world," replied Rolandi with great firmness. "That odious crowd! Here, boy, bring me a lemonade! And, by-the-bye, Liberati, do you know you owe me a *revanche* at chess? Come, the chess-board awaits us."

So he said. He sipped his lemonade, played his game, and beat his antagonist.

He was then aged nineteen.

On the morning Professor Pascali was invited to proceed to an official visit of the commissary's corpse, and to make what is there called "*l'autopsia del cadavere*." He was professor of *medicina legale* at the university, and was followed by some of his pupils. Rolandi was among the number.

"Young gentlemen," said the professor, accurately wiping his spectacles with a cambric handkerchief—Italian doctors are as nice and effeminate in their habits as ancient Sybarites—"young gentlemen, you see there has been a wound inflicted in the thoracic region

by a sharp instrument, most likely a dagger or *stiletto*, with one of those triangular blades, a hurt from which is so usually attended with instantaneous death."

"Ay, ay, so it appears," said Rolandi, on whom the eye of the good professor happened to rest.

"There has been, as you perceive," continued the learned doctor, "hardly any effusion of blood. This is one of those wounds which are said to bleed inwardly; for the dagger having been left in the wound, in consequence also of the exiguity of the blade, the blood bursting from the broken vessels found every outlet obstructed, and invaded the cavity of the lungs, producing immediate suffocation."

"Quite plain," echoed the pupils.

"Rolandi," pursued the professor, "hand me that *specillum*, or rather, since you are more at hand, oblige me by sounding the depth of the wound. There, gently, do not force your instrument in, but follow the wound in all its natural meanderings."

"Five and a half inches, sir," said Rolandi, extracting the long blunted needle, dripping with clotted gore. "It is evident the assassin took a good aim, and struck to the heart's core."

We must draw a curtain over the rest of the proceedings of the member of the faculty, and of his hopeful pupils, lest the reader should sicken at it. Suffice it to say, that Rolandi was left alone to perform the last offices—alone in the chamber of death—alone with his victim.

But this young man, who, acting under the influence of a false and guilty principle, but too fatally in consonance with the most generous feelings of patriotic duty, had evinced such a rare firmness and inconceivably cold blood, who had steeled his nerves to such a wonderful ordeal, had received a shock from which he could never, in after life, entirely recover.

Like his victim's wound, the impression he had received worked inwardly. Like the Spartan youth, he hugged his remorse to his bosom. His countenance never, by the slightest twitch, by the faintest flush, betrayed the agony of his soul, but the stifled pang of conscience had fastened its fangs on his heart, and preyed on his vitals. Sleep had deserted his couch. He started up in the dark in anguish and terror. He was heard at dead of night gnashing and howling like a maniac. His ravings went so far, that after a long struggle, dreading lest remorse should betray him during his fearful slumbers, two months after the perpetration of the deed, and before the suspicions of the anxious police had in any manner lighted upon him, he asked and obtained his passport, and put the Alps and the sea between him and the scene of his guilt.

May the clemency of an all-righteous God look mercifully on human transgressions! for here we have a premeditated deed of bloodshed, an assassination, committed in open defiance of all divine and human laws, by a youth, than whom there seldom was a more upright and generous character, and in obedience to orders issued by a body of men, to whom a whole town looked up as the best models of irreprehensible citizens.

How far the concurrence of extraordinary circumstances may go

to render homicide an excusable, unavoidable, and even meritorious act, Heaven forbid that I should ever take upon myself to affirm. Since the light of the Gospel dawned upon the benighted earth, the exploits of Harmodius, Timoleon, Brutus, and other patriotic assassins, as well as suicides of antiquity, have been considered only as delusions of pagan heroism, and looked upon as anything but enviable or imitable examples.

In modern Italy, the Pazzi, the Olgiati, the murderers of Alessandro de Medici, Pier Luigi Farnese, and a hundred others, were either not actuated by the purest motives, or the sanctity of their motives was misconstrued in consequence of their want of success. William Tell is, for aught I remember, the only christian hero whose premeditated murder received the universal, unqualified absolution of posterity, and the great plea of self-defence is, somewhat gratuitously, urged forward in his exculpation. The same argument operated with equal force in favour of the Vehmic tribunal of the Modenese Carbonari, and of their fearless executor. A heartless renegade was selling them all to a relentless tyrant. The sword of an arbitrary law hung on their devoted heads. Every night they laid themselves down to rest uncertain of the morrow. Tesini held their fatal secret in his hands—a secret with which nothing but the awful oath which he had most unnaturally violated had possessed him. Could he thus have their fate in his keeping, and live? Was he not aware of the terrible vengeance with which each of his associates had sworn to visit all apostasy? Had he not voluntarily acknowledged the authority of that illegal jurisdiction—entered into that solemn, mutual compact—laid his life down as a pledge of his honour and truth? From the first moment of his cowardly defection, he knew that the dagger stood lifted up against his breast, and that nothing but sheer terror or impotence stayed the avenging stroke.

All these reasonings were insufficient to allay the storms that raged in the startled imagination of the unfortunate Rolandi. How wide and far did he not roam, in his anxiety to fly from himself? what did he leave unachieved that could, in some degree, atone for that rash deed, to the perpetration of which he was led by what he believed to be the most sacred of duties?

In Spain, in Greece, in South America, wherever a revolutionary standard was raised, the noble youth hastened, the sworn champion of liberty. Always in the foremost ranks, in the forlorn hopes of every battle, he fought like a man courting death for its own sake. But where he sought danger he only found glory; from the wastes of Columbia to the shores of Morea, his name was repeated with enthusiasm, and, especially after the battle of Missolonghi, the gratitude of the Greeks knew no limits. They loaded him with honours and dignities, and spared nothing that could bind the Modenese hero to his adopted country.

Meanwhile the murder of Tesini had filled Modena with a joy that no terror could subdue. The duke, faithful to the promise he had made to his dying minister, looked around him for a proper object on whom he might glut his vengeful ire. He singled out two innocent victims, Toccoli and Panzani, whose recent differences with the late

police president might, he supposed, have tempted them to that act of revenge. The two young men were thrown into prison, from which it was the duke's mind that they should never see the light again. In vain they both succeeded in proving, by an *alibi*, the impossibility of their participation in the deed; in vain did Rolandi, who happened to be in England, when he heard of their arrest, write to the duke, assuring him that he, and he alone, was the author of the crime; in vain were the prisoners declared innocent, even by the mercenary tribunal appointed to decide on their fate. The duke answered, that the written evidence given by Rolandi could be of no avail, and that, in the meanwhile, he should consider his two prisoners as his accomplices, and send them back to jail, at the disposition of the police, until the main culprit should appear to give satisfactory proofs of his assertion.

In this manner did the innocent suffer and languish for more than eight years, till 1831, when Rolandi, on the first report of insurrectional movement, sailing from Navarino to Rimini, and thence to Modena, after the expulsion of the duke, broke open the iron doors of his friends' cells, and restored them to liberty.

But alas! the revolution of 1831 had but an ephemeral success. Scarcely a twelvemonth afterwards, I met these two unfortunate sufferers, then helpless emigrants, in France, Panzani well-nigh deprived of his eye-sight, Toccoli labouring under a periodical mental alienation. Both of them testified to the long infliction of torture, in comparison with which even the melancholy recitals of Pellico and Andryane sink into insignificance. They both firmly believed that slow poisons, especially an infusion of *belladonna*, had been administered to them, with a view to wrench a confession from their impaired faculties and shattered brains. They told that terrific apparitions and appalling monsters had been resorted to, to enfeeble their understanding by constant agitation and sleeplessness. Perhaps these terrors may be partly ascribed to the effect of a diseased imagination; but that one had left the duke's prisons nearly blind, and the other more than half insane, could be no matter of doubt.

But if these poor wretches were so far indebted to our movement of 1831, as to exchange the doom of imprisonment for life for what may prove endless exile, their deliverer Rolandi was not equally fortunate. Failing, even by his own strenuous example, to breathe his own bold spirit into the hearts of the timid old men who, at Modena, no less than at Parma, had been placed at the head of public affairs, he was involved in the retreat of the national forces, and, after the combat of Rimini, he embarked with some of the most conspicuous patriots at Ancona, whence, the vessel he sailed in having fallen into the power of Austrian cruizers, he was, with his friends, conveyed to Venice, and there thrown into the prisons of the ancient inquisition of state.

But even in that awful extremity his brave heart did not quail within him. By what means he may have contrived to baffle the hundred-eyed vigilance of his Austrian keepers, by what unprecedented good luck he broke through the all but insurmountable obstacles by which he found himself environed in those *Piombi e Pozzi*, from which no victim was ever before or afterwards known to escape, I never had



means to ascertain. So far only I know, that with the aid of a fair, devoted Grecian maiden, who sailed to Venice on hearing the first report of his misfortune, he scaled the walls of his prison with that unmatched agility for which he was renowned, found shelter in the house of the British consul for a few hours,—the French consul had basely shut his door against him,—went through several disguises, so as to elude the search of his pursuers, rowed to the main land in the garb of a gondolier, and travelling across Lombardy on foot, without money or passport, he never stopped till he saw himself in perfect security in the land of the Grisons.

On that very day the commissaries of the Duke of Modena applied for his removal to the dungeons of the House of Este !

Such was the character of the adventurer with whom unexpected circumstances brought me into contact. As we travelled across the five or six miles of Modenese territory that divide the duchy of Parma from the little state of Guastalla, I astonished him with the news of our engagement at Fiorenzola. His eyes flashed with unutterable delight as he pointed to the opposite bank of the mighty river, on whose gigantic dike our main road was built, and blessed his stars that he had come in time, and that he could yet give for his country what was to him a cheerless and wearisome life.

The road ran, as I said, immediately over the bank of the Po, and that glorious stream, swollen by the thawing of snows from the Alps and Apennines, rolled its impetuous billows with such a vehemence, as to shake the lofty ramparts that the industry of men raised against its ravaging fury. The river has there an extraordinary width, and as it winds rather abruptly towards the south, it presents such a broad extent of waters that the view is, as at sea, lost on its boundless surface. The low opposite shore is only seen here and there, at wide intervals, overgrown with long rows of Lombardy poplars, towering over the waves, straight, erect, compact, like a long array of myriads of combatants.

Beyond these waves, beyond that shore, behind those forests, dwelt the northern rulers of Italy. Our old father Po seemed to roar with redoubled strength, as if willing to afford his sons, more amply and safely, the shelter of his broad-eddy waters. As long as that vast stream ran between us and the enemy, we could stand in no dread of sudden assaults. But alas ! at Placentia, at Ferrara, at Novi, and elsewhere, the provident Austrian had, by the treaties of 1814, secured in his hold the passes of the river. The cause of our country had no bulwarks but the unarmed breasts of our citizens, and the numberless disciplined hosts of our masters had power to fall upon us suddenly, irresistibly, from every quarter.

On the confine we parted with our escort, and a few miles' ride brought us to the gates of Guastalla. Our third little capital, the ancient seat of one of the younger branches of the Gonzaga of Mantua, was now kept on the war-footing, and its militia was seen beautifully arrayed before the walls, engaged in its warlike exercises. We gained admittance with little difficulty, and, riding to the Town Hall, were ushered in the presence of the municipal magistrates. The *podestà*, or mayor, as stout and portly a personage as mayors and alder-

men are wont to be all over the world, received from my hand the official packet, containing, as I thought, the habeas corpus, in virtue of which the person of his eminence the Bishop of Guastalla was to be delivered into our hands, and having opened it, remained staring and gaping in an attitude of utter mystification.

"I hope your worship can read," said I, with some impatience. "Those secretaries write such a shocking bad hand," I added, with a view to soften my insolent remark.

"He must be a cleverer man than I am that reads this," said his worship, handing the paper over to one of his syndics. The syndic shook his head, and passed it to one of his colleagues. After having made the tour of every person in the room, the precious document finally came back to my hands.

The paper was blank!

"It is most probably written with sympathetic ink," I observed, "and your worship must have the key to it."

"I know nothing of inks of that sort," replied the mayor, "and am at a loss to guess on what errand you have come."

I seized his worship by his coat-button, and led him to the embrasure of a large balcony.

"It is a matter that requires some delicacy and discretion, Mr. Mayor," said I; "we have come to take your bishop a prisoner with us, and want the countenance and assistance of the municipal authorities."

"What! what! what! Our bishop a prisoner! Why, had you really brought such an order, the very stones of our pavement would rise in rebellion to thwart your design."

"Hush, Mr. Mayor, if you please. I tell you we must proceed with caution and speed. An order we brought, I assure you, and it is most unfortunate that we have to deal with a mayor that cannot read."

"But I tell you ——"

"Nay, you understand me not. I see that you are not aware that our revolutionary officers correspond through the means of chemical preparations, of which they alone, and their trustworthy correspondents, are in the secret, and I am greatly puzzled to explain how it happens that you have not been initiated in their mysteries."

So I said, and such to a certain extent was the case. Though in that peculiar circumstance I felt assured that no such expedient had been resorted to, and that we were in fact the bearers of nothing but a blank sheet, our government being unwilling to commit to paper an arbitrary order, which, should our revolution fall to the ground, might have risen in judgment against them.

My little stratagem, however, completely succeeded. The worshipful magistrate turned the mysterious paper in every direction, held it against the light, always with the hope of deciphering what there never was written. I availed myself of his perplexity, and continued—"Mr. Mayor, it will be no use to attempt to read what is only meant for an adept in all the arcana of republican bureaucracy; but there is another book, on which experience must long since have taught you to read. Look at me, at my countenance! Do you

see in it the marks of subterfuge and deceit? Well, then, I tell you, on my honour, we are here in compliance with an order of our provisional government, to effect the arrest of your bishop. We are armed and determined; we will never go back without our prisoner. Now take your choice. Say one word, and your town becomes a scene of strife and bloodshed. Let us alone, and we will do the business without you."

"But, but, but ——"

"Not a word, Mr. Mayor, not a word! No living man has ever heard our conversation. Trust me for once, you had better forget every word of it."

As I said this I bowed profoundly, and left the room. I held a brief conversation with my followers on the staircase of the Town Hall, and we determined on our best course with sufficient calmness and resolution.

### SIMILITUDINES.—No. III.

BY MISS H. B. MACDONALD.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

As in the silence of resigned repose,  
 Some mournful Nightingale is watching by  
 The last faint breathing of his dying rose,  
 With something wearing in his hopeless eye  
 To speak its flight of life, is dimming now,  
 While others lovelier, around may glow  
 In vain for him,—is one who watcheth love  
 Departing,—by its cold and withering look,  
 And cheerless smile, which late so joyed to rove  
 'Neath his warm glances, even as it took  
 Its inspiration there: Alas, alas!  
 Which it shall seek no more! Think to regain  
 The odours that with autumn winds did pass,  
 And sighs for past affection are as vain!

MR. MARRABLE'S MANAGEMENT.<sup>1</sup>

MARRABLE was once more at his lodgings in Bloomsbury. The room looked very small, and the furniture very shabby, and the condition very dirty, and the air very suffocating, and the house-tops very smoky, and the whole affair very unendurable, after the lofty rooms and their princely garniture, and the gladdening sunshine, and the fresh breeze of Seven Oaks.

"I wish I was there again," thought Marrable; "but with all my management I scarcely see how I am to manage that. My purse is empty, and how is that to be replenished? Ay, these ways and means questions are questions of plague enough. If I could only manage to get out of them, and if I could manage to get this Helen Quaife, then adieu to these sad frettings of pounds, shillings, and pence, which are enough to make one's hair gray in a week, and spoil one's good looks for ever. But I won't give up—I have too much spirit for that. I have managed all my life, and I am not going to give up now."

Whereupon Marrable snatched up his hat and sallied forth, plunging into that stream of human life which is daily ebbing and flowing through the channels of our town.

"Things turn up," thought Marrable, "when you are mixed up with other people. What can come to you when you are shut up in a little six-foot-square room, and nobody knowing where you are? Always throw yourself into fortune's way—never keep out of it."

So Marrable turned into Regent Street.

"Marrable!" said a loud full-toned voice.

Marrable turned his eyes upon a tall, large-boned military-looking man.

"Ah, Captain Ravenall, is it you? and how d'ye do?"

And "how d'ye do? how d'ye do?" said both the gentlemen together.

Marrable was an adept at small talk; it was a necessary part of his qualification to *manage* everybody. He immediately opened a chapter of nothings. In five minutes he had run over the weather, and the town, and the country, and the opera, and the queen, and the prince, and politics.

Captain Ravenall was evidently rather impatient to get away.

"I have a world of business to do in town—I came yesterday, and go to-morrow. Off to the East Indies for eight years. Sail the day after to-morrow. Makes me in a great hurry. Know nobody in town. I am sure you will excuse my haste."

"Anything I can do for you?" said Marrable.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Here is my card," said Marrable. "If anything arise in which I can be of use, command me."

<sup>1</sup> Continued from p. 336.

"Thank you, and good-bye," said Captain Ravenall with a hasty shake of the hand.

"I might have *managed* something out of him if he would only have given me something to do," said Marrable to himself.

Marrable wandered about the remainder of that day; but, with all his acute and quickened observation he could not discover a single opening of opportunity which he could *manage* to make anything of. He took off his pinching boots and put on his easy slippers, but even easy slippers after tight boots cannot administer to a mind diseased. In vain he racked his brain—in vain he ransacked his memory; neither the one nor the other were of the least use to him. His memory was like a book of bad debts, and his head like an empty barrel. He asked himself over and over again if he had a single friend in the world who would lend him five pounds, and as many times as he made the inquiry he got precisely the same answer; so at last he was obliged to go to bed and try if dreams would suggest anything; but as his dreams told him that Quaife Hall was never built for him, and that Helen cared not a straw for him, he got up in the morning declaring that dreams were all rubbish, and that they only adulterated sleep.

Another day Marrable spent as like unto the last as two twin cherries on one stalk. Again he returned to his lodgings, again he moralized on the instability of agreeable things, and the stability of disagreeable ones; again he kicked off his boots, and thought himself the most ill-used of all the children of men; and again he was just on the point of prostrating himself upon his pillow, when his thoughts received a new impulse by the very hasty entrance of Captain Ravenall in a sort of red-hot speed.

"Mr. Marrable," said the captain, "excuse my untimely visit. You were kind enough to say you would allow me to make you useful. Were they only words of course, or did you really mean it?"

"Try me," said Marrable.

"I will. I told you yesterday that I had much business upon my hands; one of its heaviest parts was this: I dare say you are too prudent ever to get into debt, but I have not always been so. I was greatly in want of money some time back, and I got a little tradesman of mine to cash me a bill; it was not paid, and though only for five hundred pounds, it ruined him. The man was a bankrupt, and I know not what. Two months back I received a letter from him full of the most dolorous tidings; he was starving; he had nine children who were starving to keep him company, and a wife equally complaisant. Well, I have done what I could to get this money together; you will smile that so small a sum should either ruin him, or inconvenience me; but little matters sometimes harass us as much as great ones. Well, I could not leave England with a quiet conscience, and know that this trifling affair was unpaid. I have here the five hundred in my pocket-book."

"Why did you not apply to me—a word would have been enough—that I might have had the pleasure of assisting you," said Marrable, with great liberality.

"You are very good—liberal indeed; but I could not have thought of such a thing."

"O, why not? Trifles between friends. You could have done the same for me another time."

"You are too prudent ever to fall into such dilemmas. But to go on. It was my business to-day to pay this money. Here is the man's last letter to me, containing his address in a vile out-of-the-way place in the Borough. I have been there, and he had gone to some hole in Gray's Inn Lane. Well, that, after innumerable tracings about and dodgings, I contrived to find, and then, lo and behold! the poor fellow with his nine children have gone to live at Shadwell. Of course it is impossible for me to go to them now. I should never be able to discover them in the middle of the night, and if I did, I could not rouse them out of their bed even to pay them money. I have already lost my place in the coach to Portsmouth, and we sail to-morrow—it is all that I shall be able to do to be there in time. In this dilemma I remembered your offer to help me, and likewise that you were living at a not immeasurable distance from my last post, and I resolved to put your friendship to the test by asking you to undertake this disagreeable journey to Shadwell to find this poor Mugeridge out, and pay him these five hundred pounds."

"Most willingly," said Marrable.

"Thank you heartily," said Captain Ravenall, "that disagreeable affair will be off my mind. And now I must try to redeem lost time."

The captain was gone, and Marrable sat with the five hundred pounds spread out before him.

"If they were only mine," thought Marrable; "if I could only borrow them, all my difficulties would be over. I could make an *appearance*, and manage to get Helen Quaife in a couple of months' time. Five hundred pounds would enable me to throw dust in the old squire's eyes, make him think I was substantial, and the thing would be done. I could equip myself afresh, buy a cab and a horse, and go down in something like a suitable style for a pretender to little Helen's hand. I wish they were mine. I wish I could borrow them for just two months."

But as there was nobody there to lend them, Marrable rolled them up, and went once more to the realm of visions, where he dreamt all night of a white and green cab, and a piebald horse, and Helen Quaife, and that he was in fact lord and master of the lady and mistress of Quaife Hall.

He woke, however, to find it but a dream. The white and green cab, and the piebald horse, and Helen Quaife, were nothing but very agreeable spectres, which vanished from the opening eye and the morning light. So Marrable breakfasted and set off for Shadwell.

The road was intricate, and dirty and disagreeable beyond all genteel supposition. The squalid, forlorn, unwashed children swarmed under his feet. There were so many, that Marrable thought it must have rained children, and that they had not yet had time to melt. Alas for the loathsome poverty that hides like a stagnant pestilential vapour in the unsearched-out corners of this our luxurious capital! Alas for our fellow-beings who are chained down by their destitution within those prison-houses of crime and want, the courts and the alleys, which are the very nests of sin and misery!



Marrable at last penetrated to the very bottom of one of these no-thoroughfare avenues. The houses were of the lowest class, and looking as if they were in danger of every moment crumbling away; the windows cracked and broken, some with paper pasted over their orifices, others with bundles of old rags crammed into them. Many times was Marrable on the point of turning back; but however loathsome the road, his direction was so plainly written down that he could not persuade himself into the belief that he could not understand it, and at last he came to the domicile indicated in his paper.

"Does a man of the name of Muggeridge live here?" asked Marrable of a little dark, sharp-eyed, suspicious-looking man.

"What may you please to want with him? What is your business with him?" counter-asked the man.

"What business is that of yours?" retorted Marrable.

"Civil words cost nothing," said the man.

"You are an impertinent fellow," said Marrable. "Why don't you give me a straightforward answer?"

"Least said 's soonest mended," observed the man sullenly.

"I ask you once more where I can find the man Muggeridge?"

"In his shoes, in his coat, in his hat, if he happen to have any."

"Very well—very well. This is all very fine, no doubt," said Marrable; "but it is of no consequence. I shall take other means. I'm not to be baffled."

"Well then, if you must know," said the man with a peculiar and sinister expression of face—"if you must know, he's gone out as a settler to New South Wales."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed Marrable, with a long-drawn breath. "Ah, indeed!"

"So you see, sir, he can't be hunted out, and you know when a thing is not to be had, the queen must lose her right."

"Ah, true, true," said Marrable, half muttering. "What will Captain Ravenall think?"

"Captain who did you say, sir?"

"O, nothing! nothing! it is a thing of no consequence, none in the world. Good-day, my good man!" and so saying, Marrable hurried off with sudden precipitation.

"Now what did he want?" said the man to himself as he gazed doubtfully after him. "Was it mischief or not? He does not look much like a John Doe or a Richard Roe. Perhaps I've hindered Muggeridge some piece of good luck, and I had not need, for he's low enough in the world already, but I did it for good any how. Captain Ravenall! but perhaps that was all fudge. Here, you Mike," said he, addressing a cunning-looking, ragged, half-barefooted boy. "Dodge that gentleman, Mike, and see where he lives, and what's his name. Go after him like his shadow, Mike, only don't let him see you. Manage it cleverly, and I'll give you a sixpence the next money I get."

Whereupon Mike departed.

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Marrable sat in his quiet backroom in Bloomsbury; everything was so silent, that the very stillness seemed a weight upon him. He never remembered that it had had the same effect upon him before.

He seemed to *hear* his own thoughts in the oppressive silence of the place.

There was a change in Marrable during the last twenty-four hours—a change in the expression of his face.

“It is but borrowing,” said Marrable to himself, “it is but borrowing. I cannot at this moment return the money to Captain Ravenile—he has sailed for India. If he were here, he would lend it me—I know he would. The loan of it would make my fortune, and of what use could it possibly be to let it lie idle in my pocket-book? The poor man has gone out to settle at New South Wales. I cannot follow him there. But *has he gone?* There was something in that man’s manner. Yet why should he say so if he had not? Yes, certainly he has gone.”

Marrable passed a sleepless night. He looked haggard, and ten years older in the morning in his glass; but doubtless the glass was oblique, askant, and in a state of misapprehension and mistake; so he dressed with more than ordinary care to hide a certain something which neither self-love nor vanity could approve, and sallied forth to make those purchases which he fondly hoped would enhance his value at Quaife Hall, of which he now confidently trusted that he should soon be heir apparent.

Everything went on very prosperously. Marrable had good taste, and he manifested it in the choice of his cab. It was the prettiest shape imaginable, and painted the prettiest of greens, picked out with the daintiest of whites. He also managed to get a piebald horse with a particularly good physiognomy, and his harness was unimpeachable; he likewise engaged a servant—of course a necessary adjunct to his gentility; and, with all those “means and appliances to boot,” Marrable assumed the appearance of a station in society which he fondly trusted would render his pretensions to the Quaife Hall heiress not altogether out of keeping.

The morning on which Marrable was to drive down to Seven Oaks in his new equipage arrived. His cab was at the door, his portmanteau was packed, his servant was holding the reins, his hat was on, his gold-headed whip in his hand; the little boy, all over buttons, who acted as page to the establishment, was standing bowing and bowing at the door, in hopes of coming in for loose half-crowns, and Marrable himself was pausing and deliberately drawing on his gloves, surveying his new apparatus of gentility with an air of no small pride.

“Any letters for me to be forwarded to Quaife Hall, Seven Oaks,” said Marrable.

The little boy bobbed his head down to his buttons.

“Send them down to Quaife Hall, Seven Oaks, Kent,” repeated Marrable, who seemed to have a pleasure in the sounds which syllabled out the signification of his hoped-for inheritance. “Quaife Hall, Seven Oaks, Kent. Ha! what have we here?”

This ejaculation was occasioned by the sight of a tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed man, who seemed almost in the last stage of starvation. His shabby, worn-out clothing hung on him in large wrinkles. His look was half wild, half fierce—that expression which no human being should ever be goaded into wearing. Marrable’s eye was for a moment rivetted upon him, and then it wandered on to a long train

of poor, forlorn, beggarly-looking children, who, like a patriarchal tribe, were following close upon the heels of the head of the family, who was carrying his youngest heir to the misery of the world in his arms. Marrable counted nine of these starving, staring, (those who are starving always stare,) lanky, long, lean specimens of human nature with a sort of repulsive feeling, quite consistent with his usual good taste.

"Stand out of the way," said Marrable; "don't you see that I can't get to my carriage through your brood?"

"We want to speak to Mr. Marrable," said the man. "Does he live here?—is he at home?"

An ashy paleness came over Marrable's face. His knees knocked against each other—his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth—his heart actually boomed in its beatings. He had it on his lips to deny his own name, and leap into his cab, and drive off; but he was surrounded by people who would hear the falsity, and without doubt unveil it. And why was all this? Because he felt a conviction that it was Muggeridge and his starving family who were trooping before him.

"This way," faltered Marrable.

The poor gaunt man gave his youngest child into the arms of his eldest, and, leaving his tattered and miserable offspring to admire Marrable's turn-out and his piebald horse, the wild-looking man in the shabby coat followed Marrable into a side-room.

"Now," said Marrable, "what is it that you want with me? Who are you? What is your name?"

"My name is Muggeridge," said the man.

Marrable would have been much obliged to anybody who would have shot him at that moment.

"What do you want with me?" asked Marrable.

"I was in hopes you wanted something with me," said Muggeridge.

"What could you think I wanted with you?"

"You went to my poor lodgings and mentioned Captain Ravenall's name, and I did hope he might have sent me my five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" said Marrable. "Do you say that he owes you five hundred pounds?"

"Yes, and for years. That five hundred pounds has been my ruin. I was in comparative opulence in those days;—that was the beginning of my misfortunes—everything went wrong after that!"

Marrable listened to what he said merely to gain time to consult within himself what line he should pursue—whether he should go into the commiserating line, or the indignant line, or the not understanding him sort of line, or what.

"Yes, everything went wrong," resumed Muggeridge, "from that day to this. The loss of that five hundred pounds made me that I could not meet my payments—my goods were taken from me by an execution—I was thrown into prison—my wife fretted herself to death—and here I am, with my nine miserable children, without either house or home!"

"But that person, at that house where I had been directed to, told me that you had gone out to New South Wales."

"I am going," said Muggeridge, "but not gone."

"I wish you were, with all my heart!" thought Marrable.

"I am sorry that he misled you," said Muggeridge; "but he knew that I had had trouble enough, and he thought you were one of my creditors."

"Well," said Marrable, "I am very sorry for you, and I will tell you what I will do—I'll write to Captain Ravenall."

"Write to him! Ay! ay!—'Live, horse, and you shall have hay!'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Marrable, "five hundred pounds are always useful."

"But," said Muggeridge, "I am just going out to New South Wales with my poor children, and Captain Ravenall is already off to India. Ay, ay, hopes that come to nothing are bitter things—I wish I had not heard another word about it!"

And the large salt globules, which are the outward signs of inward misery, coursed each other down his care-furrowed cheeks. O, a man's tears are terrible things!

"I wish you hadn't, with all my heart!" thought Marrable.

"I love old England," said Muggeridge. "It's hard to be driven from one's own fireside."

"O, but you are going to a fine country—fine climate—very encouraging—very prosperous—great opportunities for such men—you will make a fortune."

"They tell me that my children, who drag me down here, will pull me up there."

"They are quite a property. No doubt you will do well. Nothing now to be done in England. And pray when do you go?"

"We came up this morning to get a few matters together, and to-morrow we go down to Gravesend—the ship is lying there."

"Well, I wish you a fair voyage. Good morning, good morning. You see I'm rather in a hurry—going into the country."

Muggeridge wiped away a large tear on his coat-sleeve. He walked to the door with the air of a man who had been so used to beating down, that he had lost the inherent right of his native independence. When with his foot just upon the threshold, and when Marrable thought that he had undergone the torture of reading the lines of his miserable face for the last time, it seemed suddenly to occur to him that he had left something undone.

"Then what did you want with me when you took so much trouble to find me, Mr. Marrable?"

The cowardice of conscience once more shook the strong man. His very spirit quailed. He felt that his face was livid, and his tongue parched, but he *would* fix his glazed eye upon his questioner's face, and constrain his yellow lips to open. *That moment was like the beginning of hell.*

"Captain Ravenall gave me your name, that I might know where to find you. He means to remit you the money. I wished to keep you in sight, and therefore I looked you out."

"That was very good of you, to be sure. I wish you had been told the truth. Honesty is always the best policy."

"I wish I had always thought so," said Marrable to himself; "I should not now have been in this accursed state—still, with *management*, I shall get through it. How I wish he was fairly off! But to-morrow I shall be safe, and, after all, I am only borrowing the money. I will send it after him as soon as ever I am married. Of course I do not mean to wrong him. Ravenall made him do without it long enough, and I am only making a slight convenience of the loan for a very short time, not half nor a quarter so long as Ravenall. He can very well do without it a little longer, and, in fact, it will do him good, teach him to exert himself, and then what a pleasure it will be to him to receive it. But I really must do something for the poor fellow now. It will be quite a satisfaction to me. In fact, my feelings would not let me do otherwise." And with this generous sentiment Marrable finished his soliloquy.

Marrable drew a particularly elegant purse from his pocket, through the crimson and gold meshes of which were glittering a whole regiment of sovereigns, as beautiful and attractive as our lady the Queen's face could make them. The hungry eyes of the gaunt, miserable man seemed to devour them. Alas! that a little of the dross of this earth should thus involve like a destiny the whole happiness of beings born unto immortality! "Here," said Marrable, as he slipped the rings and drew out five sovereigns, "*here are five sovereigns—you are as welcome to them as if they were your own.*"

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A certain distinguished vehicle, commonly known by the name of a stage-coach, was once more raising a very fury of a dust on the road to Seven Oaks, in its endeavour to out-jehu a particularly genteel green and white cab that was flourishing on in its rear. The race was continued with great spirit on both sides for some time, but was at last decided in favour of the stage-coach, which drew up triumphantly, and with great animation and spirit, at the lodge-gate of Quaife Hall; and, as on a previous occasion, a certain gentleman descended from the right hand corner, and, after an interview with the same portmanteau and carpet-bag which has likewise been honoured with a former introduction, seemed to consider his journey finished. Room for the cab being now made, it came in second, and Marrable had the pleasure of driving past Winteringham through the lodge-gates and up to the hall-door in good style, in his own green and white cab, with his own piebald horse, his own servant, and his own everything, and all this in the eyes of Helen Quaife, and under the observation of the squire. This was very fine, especially as Winteringham was "dragging his slow length along" on foot. Marrable felt himself to be A number one.

Helen Quaife looked more rosy, more redolent of health, more brimming full of spirits than ever. There is something very refreshing to the care-worn and withered of heart in coming in contact with the unblighted and unfaded freshness of beautiful young life. The cheerfulness of girlhood is something like the odour of a flower—it inspires and delights us while we inhale it. Marrable, while gazing at her, began to find out that he could feel. His love-making was no

fiction. As to Winteringham, nothing could be more indifferent and disagreeable than his manner, and Marrable congratulated himself heartily upon having a rival of such poor pretensions, and was sufficiently well pleased to see him saunter off with the dry, sly old squire, leaving him alone with Helen.

Marrable exerted himself to the utmost to entertain Miss Quaife, not in a facetious, but in a sentimental style; while she too, like all her sex, actuated by the spirit of contradiction, did nothing but laugh. Marrable used his eyes, and very good eyes they were—eyes that had been much approved—eyes that had never been found fault with—he used them, we say, to the very best of his ability. He looked lovingly, languishingly, die-awayingly, and punctuated his looks with emphatic sighs. He thought of every scrap, and rag, and tag of poetry that his memory had unwittingly torn off from their webs, and was as delightful as gallantry could make him; but still Helen Quaife did nothing but laugh, until Marrable got pretty sufficiently provoked, and thought that he had better transfer his attention to the squire, and find out if he were more comeatable.

So Marrable went out of the line of love-making, and went into that of making the amiable. The manner in which a gentleman plays off a lady is, of course, quite different to that in which he plays off a gentleman, requiring a different treatment altogether. Marrable thought that he developed the squire and Winteringham both of them to admiration, and it never once occurred to him that the old, dry, sly, retired merchant, who could be nothing better than cobwebbed with living in the country, could have the absurd vanity of thinking that he could penetrate so profound a politician and so skilful a manager as himself.

“Been reading any poetry, Mr. Marrable?” asked the squire. “Reading any poetry? Seen anything of that poor little orphan book of poems that those stupid people in town sent me such a lot of copies of? Ha, Mr. Marrable, ha?”

“Now I’ll give him a gilt pill,” thought Marrable to himself. “Yes, I’ve seen them, sir, noticed in the reviews.”

“Ha! indeed, Mr. Marrable! and what did they say?” said the squire, with a wry face.

“As you said, sir, as we all said—that they were poor, trashy, miserable, vulgar things.”

“Ha, indeed! Yes, I remember that you thought so.”

“And you thought so too.”

“Did I? O yes, certainly, they must be poor weak things.”

“Blind men are no judges of painting,” said Winteringham.

“Do you mean to say that Squire Quaife is blind to the beauty of that little volume of miserable tirade?”

“If he see no beauty, he must be blind.”

“Do you hear?” said Marrable to the squire.

“I do,” said the squire to Marrable.

“And *my* opinion,” said Marrable, “goes for nothing; but of course I am very happy to be condemned in such good company as *that* of Squire Quaife.”

“I judge for myself,” said Winteringham; “I know nothing of the author, but his book is rich in poetic feeling.”



"My dear Mr. Winteringham," said the squire, with an air of extreme cordiality, "you judge partially."

"How can I be partial when the book is anonymous? No doubt, man of genius though he be, that the author is starving in a garret. Poverty is the heritage of poetry."

"He had better turn cobbler," said Marrable; "that was what his mother, Nature, intended him for."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the squire, with a face flooded with internal red; "how I love to hear an impartial opinion. Go on, Mr. Marrable."

"It is altogether quite beneath criticism."

"Above the criticism of ordinary minds, you should say," put in Winteringham.

"Go on, Mr. Marrable."

"The very sweepings of the dust of literature. A sort of Billingsgate poetry."

"Fit only," said the squire, "to sell as waste paper to wrap up red herrings and cheese."

Marrable started. He did not understand his host. These were the very articles in which Squire Quaife had been said to trade.

"My dear Mr. Marrable," said the squire, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I feel that I am like a ship sailing under false colours. A man is so fond of hearing honest opinions of his own productions, especially of his literary bantlings, that I have been tempted into making you both speak honestly. I am of course rather obliged to Mr. Winteringham for his flattering defence of my poor work; but I am quite sure that yours, Mr. Marrable, is much the more correct. The truth is, that I have always had an inclination for poetry, even in the midst of my red herrings and cheese, and after making my fortune in commerce, and coming here to enjoy it, I felt the want of occupation, and wrote poetry to divert myself. This book of poems is mine, Mr. Marrable."

Marrable hit himself a terrible blow upon his forehead with his open hand.

"Pray don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. Marrable. I assure you that my feelings towards you are not the least changed. I love an honest criticism. In fact, it is the greatest favour our friends can confer upon us to speak candidly of our productions. I am under great obligations to you, Mr. Marrable—I am, indeed, and I feel it. Perhaps your friendly reproofs may prevent me making a fool of myself again."

Marrable rushed out of the room, as if he were in the greatest possible hurry to commit suicide.

"Idiot! dolt!" exclaimed Marrable, as he knocked his head against the trunk of a tree, "I have ruined myself with that man for ever, by endeavouring to agree with him! Why did not I see through him? What an opportunity of rooting myself in his heart at once, if I had only had the sense to see through him and praise his book! and that blunderheaded Winteringham did it! No, it was only chance. I believe that the fellow meant what he said, for I knew all along that the book was a clever book. But I have done for myself! Let

Quaife say what he will, he will hate me in his heart—irretrievably hate me! Men never forgive the wounds of their self-love—especially authors never can pardon an insult to their works. I am lost! lost! lost! and how well I might have managed him! What a glorious opening! what a golden opportunity! But Helen! can I manage her? Women are such simpletons! Can I get her into a private love affair? I saw her in the grounds. She knows nothing of this yet. Now female folly befriend me. I will go and try.”

Helen's rosy lips laughed out a merry peal at Marrable's introductory speech. It was all in vain that he rounded his periods well, and employed some passionate phrases, and sighed most musically, and turned up his eyes emphatically, and spoke in desperate whispers, and was as honey-sweet as any laden bee. Helen was in such tiresomely disagreeable and ill-timed high spirits, that her adoring adorer could hardly keep his patience with her; and though he assured her with some large-mouthed asseverations, that he knew her upon the highest authority to be of immeasurable and unweighable perfection, he yet had a secret idea that he could in his heart, as a recreation to his excited feelings, have found a particular pleasure in giving her a good shaking for her impertinence.

“I know the generosity of your character,” said Marrable; “that liberality of soul that would dispense empires, and yet you grudge me a particle of hope.”

“Well, that is odd enough,” said Helen; “extravagant, and yet a churl.”

“With all the refined sensibility of your heart, how, how can you be so regardless of my feelings?”

“There again!” laughed Helen; “humane, and yet unfeeling to a degree.”

“With all your delicacy of perception, why will you be thus blind to my sufferings?”

“Very good eyesight, no need of spectacles, and yet blind.”

“O, Miss Quaife, if you could see my sufferings—if you could see what is passing in my inmost heart.”

“But you know that I can't. In the first place you are not transparent, and in the second, you know, I am blind.”

“Cruel, to be thus deaf to my complaints.”

“Deaf as well as blind! Well, but, Mr. Marrable, you know that deafness is not at all a delicate failing, consistent with the refinement of my character. I don't think it gentlemanly of you to tell me that I'm deaf.”

“I shall go distracted.”

“No, don't—at least till I get out of sight. If you have any particular fancy for playing the extravaganza, pray, out of common civility, stay till I leave you.”

“O woman! woman!” in real agony of spirit, exclaimed Marrable.

“Now, that's very impolite. You should have said, O lady! lady! It's not treating me with proper respect.”

“O Helen! O Miss Quaife! lay aside this bantering, I beseech you. My wounded feelings will not let me bear it.”

“We don't know what we can bear till we are tried,” said Helen. “I have heard very grave people say so a thousand times.”

"Give me hope, and I will bear anything," said Marrable.

"How much would do? I believe that hope is sold by weight. I have heard tell of its being taken in grains."

"Give me but the faintest glimpse of hope!"

"How much would do! What a pity that I am not a doctor! I must consult the homœopathic men. I am quite an homœopathist."

"Can you see my distress unmoved?"

"No; I am intending to move directly. I am going to walk into the house."

"Have you no feeling?"

"Why, I must say, that I get something like medical men. I see so much of the sufferings of sentimental souls, that I grow quite case-hardened. You don't know, Mr. Marrable, what a great deal of love-making I have brought to me. Such a number of gentlemen constantly go down on their knees to me, that I'm thinking of keeping a cushion near me for their accommodation; and I have such lots of love-letters, you would hardly believe. I have them bound volume after volume, and indexed, and keep them in my boudoir, labelled on the outside. They are quite an ornament, for I make a point of paying them the compliment of having them elegantly bound."

"Cold-hearted, unfeeling woman!"

"O not at all. I'm sure I would do anything to oblige you. If you like to write to me, I'll have your letter bound up in my next volume; only be so kind as to let it be on the best satin gold-edged post. I don't like common paper."

Marrable hit himself a blow upon the head that would have knocked him down if he had not been prepared for it.

"Or, if you like better," said Helen, "send me a copy of verses. I keep a poetical miscellany open, too. But I forget—you don't like poetry, and I do."

Maddened by this allusion, Marrables turned round and rushed into the house. He saw that all was lost, and his only object was to get out of everybody's way as fast as possible. He would order out his white-and-green cab; and summon his genteel servant, and lock up his respectable portmanteau, and cram his things into his good-looking carpet-bag, and he would drive—drive—drive—away—away—away.

Marrable rushed into the hall, breathless and inflamed, and there he saw—what? why the long, lanky, lean, gaunt, starving, staring man Muggeridge, with his nine reckless ragged children, standing in a row on one side, and Squire Quaife and Wintringham on the other.

Marrable felt that hell might begin on earth. A straw instead of a spear would have prostrated him. His eyes glared, his lips quivered, his knees shook.

"Mr. Marrable, I've got a letter from Captain Ravenall! It has followed me from lodging to lodging, and from place to place, and I had nearly lost it entirely, but by great good luck I got it last night. *I've come for my five hundred pounds.*"

"Take that! and that! and that!" shrieked Marrable, as he drew his glittering gilt-meshed purse, containing the remainder of the pestilential five hundred pounds on the hall floor, and dashed his gold

watch after it, and hurled off his diamond ring. "Take all! all! all!" and Marrable rushed out of that house which he had hoped to call his own, almost mad and almost a beggar.

"Nay, stop him!" exclaimed Winteringham, "let us have some mercy!" but it was too late.

So much for *management*.

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"And now, Helen," said Squire Quaife, "that we have got a little more composed, now that that poor man and his poetical number of children have gone to rest and refresh themselves, let us consult what we had better do with them?"

"O give them a little cottage, papa, and make them happy, and keep them in the Old England that the man loves so much."

"Well, but don't you think that as this poor fellow's five hundred pounds has been partly spent in your service, that you are almost bound to make it up again?"

"Do it for me, papa," said Helen.

"As for you, Mr. Winteringham, you contradict me so constantly, that if I had not acquired quite a taste for contradiction I should be apt to rebel."

"Shall I give over?" asked Winteringham with a smile.

"No, no, I like it; especially when you contradict harsh criticisms on my poetry," said the sly dry squire, with a smile; "and since you are pleased to commend them, perhaps you will accept this copy with which I have the pleasure of presenting you?"

"Thankfully," said Winteringham; "and may I, or may I not, ask you for something else?"

"What is it?" said the squire.

"Even this," said Winteringham, taking fair Helen's hand.

"Ah! a bold beggar!" said the squire. "But I thought so! I thought so. Helen can do as she likes."

So Helen did as she liked.

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## THE LOVER'S REPROOF TO TIME.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

O TIME! I could have wept to mark what thou  
 Hadst wrought of ruin on that cherish'd brow!  
 Where is the smooth unwrinkled snowy skin  
 That hardly prison'd the blue veins within?  
 Where the proud arches o'er the sunny orbs  
 Whose light the faculties of youth absorbs?  
 Where the clustering curls of raven hair  
 (Concealing Love's inevitable snare,)

Through which the burning cheeks in blushes broke,  
 Like roses by Hyperion awoke?  
 And where the lip—ah where! whose first coy kiss  
 Informed the heart the ecstasy of bliss;  
 Faded for ever! Age hath wither'd all!  
 What fascinations slumber 'neath thy pall,  
 O devastating Time! O cruel thief!  
 Why make the reign of loveliness so brief?  
 Why, with its fall, not Mem'ry too depose?  
 Mem'ry, the lover's bitterest of foes.  
 O would that face had met my gaze no more,  
 Then could I still the fallacy adore;  
 Fondly investing it with ev'ry charm,  
 And e'en thy scythe too *pitiful* to harm—

But now, its rueful change offends mine eyes,  
 And words of welcome die in pain'd surprise;  
 While to my bosom comes the sad appeal,  
 Can aught, save youth and beauty, break the seal  
 That locks the pulses where the passions rest,  
 To bid them thrill tumultuously the breast;  
 Wildest enthusiast but *once* can know  
 That dream, (the only dream exempt from woe,)

Decking the earth with Paradisean flow'rs—  
 Stealing the languor from grief's shackled hours,  
 Speeding on wings of hope each ling'ring thought,  
 Lending the soul alone those fancy-fraught,  
 And bidding it forestal one gleam of bliss  
 From Heaven's joys to light a world like this,  
 The dream of *boyhood love*, the purest, best,  
 Sent from the Godhead to the human breast!

## HET KRUYLS.

I AM now going to tell you a simple village story, listened to one winter's evening beside a blazing hearth. And first of all, some preliminary explanations are needed. If you wish to travel as a poet and artist through busy fertile Belgium, all furrowed as it is by canals and railroads, you must quit for a while the noisy and animated atmosphere of its towns, overcharged with the somewhat dusky emanations of coal and turf, and not fear to follow its many cross roads and winding paths on foot. More than almost in any other country, you will then meet with places, rich in historic recollections as well as superstitious legends. Amongst the less frequented routes which yet traverse Brabant with a thousand sinuous windings, there is not, perhaps, one more picturesque and full of incident than that from Malines to Tilburg, passing by Herentals and Turkhout. In spring, the time of the year when I first saw its beauties, around you stretch lovely plains, carpeted with verdure, starred at each step by tufts of white daisies or the graceful blue bell; to these succeed thick woods with bushes of virgin hawthorn, scattering fragrance around, and clothing the gentle eminences near with green leaves and blossoms to their summits, there to be crowned by some feudal ruin breathing the very spirit of the past. Of all these resting-places of history, none exceed in interest that of the chateau of Wertensfeld in the middle of the forest of Holsters. The only remains now left are two round towers, half destroyed, and part of a chapel, whose walls in olden time formed part of a very ancient convent, which has altogether disappeared, and on whose foundations was built the main edifice, now levelled to the ground, of the chateau of Wertensfeld. Thus there are ruins piled on ruins, and in the wood one stumbles at each moment on heaps of stones, which make it evident that the dependencies of the chateau or convent formerly extended to a great distance. Within the line they embrace, exactly at the junction of the roads from Hoogstraeten to Eindhoven, with that from Malines to Tilburg, you would remark the base of an old stone cross, which has preserved the name of "Het Kruys van de dood," (the cross of the dead,) and which, solitary and alone, rose sadly not thirty years back in the centre of the wood of Holsters. It was called the cross of the dead, because one of the old priors of the convent, who, as it was said, had made a compact with the devil, was, many years ago, struck by lightning in the very place where, since the occurrence, the cross, "Het Kruys," was erected as a memorial of the awful event. I chanced to be in its neighbourhood a short time back, but in a very different season, for it was winter, when, as night was coming on, I was surprised by a shower of rain so fast and penetrating, that I was compelled to stop at an isolated auberge, situate on the way-side, a short distance from Beckx, a small hamlet a league from Hoogstraeten. After having made a better supper than I expected to do in an auberge lost in the middle of a wood, I was desirous of seeing for myself whether there were any hopes of finer



weather soon. So I opened the window, and gazed long and earnestly without. But I drew my head promptly in, for the wind blew right in my face, and, in less than a second, both it and my hands were covered with that small fine drenching rain which often wets one more thoroughly than a violent storm. Night fell thick and fast on the road from Malines to Tilburg. Mists veiled like gray clouds the plain and woods, and the wind driving the withered leaves before it, produced that sad and monotonous sound, which oftenest characterises winter evenings in the country. "Curse on it!" I said, returning to the hearth, on which a good fire of turf was blazing, "impossible to resume my route before to-morrow morning." And half grumbling at, half satisfied with the safe and commodious shelter I had found in my distress, I settled myself in the most comfortable manner I could in an old arm-chair, lined with rusty cotton velvet, which mine host had yielded up to me as the place of honour. If you have ever felt at night how sweet it is to hear the wind roar loud with a good roof over one's head, and the rain beat like hail against the close thick shutters, whilst your feet rest on the dogs of a blazing wood fire, you will then be able to comprehend, with something like truth, the comfortable state of my inner man, whilst all around me were engaged in the labours of the night. The servants hastened to put everything in order due in a cupboard bright with diligence and industry, and then came with their distaffs, and took their places in the circle which was formed round the ample hearth. Exactly opposite to my seat, the old hostess span silently and grave; next to her her husband puffed forth clouds of smoke from his short tobacco-pipe, which he only now and then laid aside to drain enormous draughts from a goodly pot of beer, placed within his reach. In fine, one or two stable-boys and a few peasants were grouped near, some preparing hemp, others sharpening their farm-utensils. In the meantime the storm continued to increase in uproar and violence around the comfortable little auberge of Beckx.

"Vrai Dieu!" I exclaimed, drawing still closer to the fire; "'tis a thousand degrees better to be here at this moment than on the road which crosses the wood of Holsters."

The peasants looked at me with surprise.

"He must be a bold man who would venture at this hour to try the road between Eindhoven and Hoogstraeten," said one of them.

"How! is it not safe, then? are there any robbers hereabouts?"

"So 'tis believed at least," answered my host; "and it is certain that the dismal vaults of Wertensfeld have often passed for concealing a number of malefactors."

"They must be rascals without faith or law who take up their abode at night and in ambuscade amongst the ruins of that chateau, which, as I am told, does not enjoy the odour of sanctity."

"Bah! bah! all such reports are child's tales," interrupted the hostess, without laying aside her work. "'Tis long since robbers disappeared from the neighbourhood of 'Het Kruys,' along with Jaën of Holsters and the black brotherhood of Wertensfeld. But the men of to-day have less courage than the young girls of my time! To hear

you men now-a-days, one would say you never heard the story of Krettel of Hornberg."

"Who are Krettel of Hornberg and Jaën of Holsters?" I asked with curiosity.

"O! a long story, which made noise eno' formerly, but is now almost forgotten. Yet it was about a man, monsieur, who committed so many crimes that he became the terror of all Brabant, and of an entire troop of robbers acting under his command, who bore the name of the black brotherhood of Wertensfeld. They most certainly were wont to prowl about the woods of Holsters, and collected together every night at the cross-road of 'Het Kruys,' but since their arrest all has happily been changed."

A story about robbers repeated thus, on a winter's evening beside the warm chimney hearth! It was a piece of good luck I could not neglect, so I addressed myself with such earnestness of entreaty to the worthy old dame, that she consented to become narrator without more ado. We drew nearer one another. I knocked the fire lustily, which blazed up cheerful and brilliant, and my hostess commenced her tale in these words:—

It is good forty-five years ago. Krettel de Hornberg, as she was named from the village where she was born, was then a pretty servant girl. In the whole country you could not have met with a lighter step or a merrier heart. Lively, joyous, quick at work as at the dance on fair-days, having an answer ever ready for the sly jokes of travellers, and idle compliments of the young peasants round about, she knew how to take an energetic decision if the occasion presented itself, which did not, however, deprive her of the charm and naïveté of a young girl. Therefore, as you may easily imagine, she neither wanted admirers nor lovers. Unfortunately, Krettel was not rich: an orphan from infancy, she was brought up by the charity of Widow Vanderstichel, proprietress of the auberge of Beckx, and dearly paid that debt of gratitude by constant and unceasing labour in the service of a harsh and avaricious mistress. As you will doubtless think very natural, the son of the rich aubergiste, Michael Vanderstichel, could not live constantly near Krettel without being touched by her good qualities, and the gracefulness of manner which each day more and more developed. But Michael was timid and shamefaced, especially in his mother's presence; he had never the courage to resist her imperative tone of voice, or rise above the empire she exercised on all around. He was not ignorant that she had determined on his marriage with the daughter of a rich farmer in the neighbourhood, and was incapable of showing the necessary energy to oppose such a project. Thus he had never ventured to speak to Krettel of his love, which he allowed her, however, to divine in secret; and if he smiled at the jealous sarcasms of the young men of the village, who were all his rivals, if he seemed by his conduct to authorize the report of certain evil tongues anent his passion for Kettrel, and the tender return of which he was the object, it was rather to destroy suspicion, by the indifference he affected to feel, than from a wish to further his suit in the young girl's heart by their means. However, calumny cannot lie hid for ever, and Madame Van-

derstitchel was not long in being informed of what was said about Krettel and her son. She had the most implicit reliance on her servant's propriety of conduct, but nevertheless could not avoid showing her ill temper, perhaps because of the very injustice of the report which had been spread abroad, an injustice which prevented her flying into a passion with Krettel, and sending her away in disgrace. Madame Vanderstitchel was easily roused, but had a kind heart at bottom, and it would have given her much pain to shut her doors on a poor girl who had no resource nor shelter but under her roof. Her ill-humour might at least avenge itself on the sweetness and innocence of Krettel, and for some time, to do her justice, she did not spare either. Constantly were reproaches, the most unjust, poured forth on Kettrel's devoted head. 'Slut!' 'Idiot!' such were the choice epithets which, each instant, were tacked to her name, and she was at her wit's end how to pacify storms of daily, nay hourly occurrence, whose cause her heart but too well divined, when an event, as extraordinary as unexpected, and one which entirely changed her position in life, took place.

It was evening in the month of June, 1790. Michael was from home; Krettel and Madame Vanderstitchel busied in removing the remains of a supper they had just served to some travellers, and inhabitants of the environs. At the close of the repast, at the moment when the conversation had become more general, and the pipes of all were lighted, the men amused themselves by relating amongst each other stories of supernatural apparitions seen at "*Het Kruys*"; they talked a great deal also about the numerous thefts which were each night committed in the neighbourhood, and the assassinations which often took place, as they said, near the cross-roads of the ruins of Wertensfeld. All were agreed in attributing such crimes to a mysterious association of malefactors, a band of robbers, to which had been given the name of "*The Black Brotherhood of Wertensfeld*," and, as it was asserted, collected together in the woods of Holsters, under the order of one named Jaën, long celebrated throughout Brabant for his cruelty as well as address. And, as ever happens on such occasions, each in his turn improved on what he heard. These fearful stories were listened to by some with a blind confidence in their truth, and by others with undisguised contempt. At this moment might be remarked a stranger, whose costume announced an opulent farmer, and who having entered the cabaret at the end of the meal, had asked for a pot of beer, placed himself at the end of the table, and seemed to listen with attention to what was told about *Het Kruys*.

"The other night," said one of the peasants, "Mays Van Cools passed alone by the ruins on returning from Tilburg, and was attacked by four men in masks, who threw him down and took from him all the silver on his person."

"Mays Van Cools is a coward; who the devil can believe him?"

"The night before last, about midnight, farmer Peters Waersagers was on horseback, and near the old chateau, when he saw issuing from the chapel a kind of shadow, which perseveringly hung on his heels, and, despite his utmost efforts, he could never get rid of it. Did he press his horse to a quicker pace, he still saw the shadow remaining

noiselessly behind him on the edge of the road. Did he slacken his course, the shade instantly stopped, ever preserving sufficient distance so as to prevent him making out what it was. A cold sweat bedewed all his limbs and trickled from his brow; but matters were much worse when he reached 'Het Kruys,' for he suddenly heard himself called on to stop by a man whom he instantly recognized for Jaën of Holsters, and who cried out to him in a terrible voice ——"

"Well, Miss Idleback, what are you doing there motionless, and your mouth wide open?" broke in at this moment the Widow Vanderstitchel, rudely pushing Krettel away, who for some short time had been listening with rapt attention to the story of farmer Waersagers. Startled by so unexpected an apostrophe, she let fall the plate she held in her hand, and it broke into a thousand fragments. A burst of laughter from all followed the crash of the crockery. The anger of Madame Vanderstitchel may easily be imagined.

"Fool! stupid idiot! you are always doing some mischief or other. Very fine, indeed, for you to stand with your arms dangling idly like the busybody you are, and give way to silly fears, to affected delicacies, like a young girl that has never left a town. I know not what prevents me from turning you out of doors this very instant, good-for-nothing."

It was the first time Madame Vanderstitchel had openly spoke of sending her away. Therefore did such a threat cause the young girl's heart to feel a bitter pang. In the mean time the peasants had already resumed the interrupted story.

"Well, as I was just now telling you, it was Jaën himself in flesh and blood who thus stopped the unhappy Waersagers. 'I expected thee,' he said, at the same time clapping the muzzle of a pistol to his head; 'instantly get off thy horse, for I and thou have an old account to settle.' In a moment the farmer saw himself surrounded on all sides by the black brotherhood of Wertensfeld, who stripped him of every valuable in the twinkling of an eye. And very lucky it was for him, for under pretext of that theft so marvellously apropos, Peters Waersagers refused to pay a sum he was much pressed to do, and obtained fresh time from his compassionate creditors. The accident was, in fact, a fortunate occurrence for him. I fancy there's about as much truth in it as the other strange stories so glibly told of the black brotherhood of Wertensfeld."

"'Tis all very fine, my master," interrupted the stranger, taking part in the conversation, "but yet I'll wager a trifle that none of those here, who show so much incredulity, dare venture to repair alone at this late hour to the cross-roads of Wertensfeld. Come, let us see," he added, drawing out his purse; "this piece of gold shall be his who, with this bit of red chalk, will go and write his name on Het Kruys, and bring us back a branch of the wild box which grows beside it."

On hearing this singular proposition, the assembled peasants turned towards the stranger, whose eyes had assumed an expression of contemptuous cunning, and gazed on him silently and long; but none seemed disposed to accept the challenge. At this moment a soft and gentle hand pressed lightly on the shoulder of the unknown.

"Give me the piece of gold," said Krettel, whose eyes were yet filled with tears, "and I will go to the cross-ways of 'Het Kruys.'"

"Thou, young girl!"

"Krettel! bravo, Krettel!" cried all the peasants, laughing loud, and clapping their hands.

"I will go," continued Krettel resolutely. She took the morsel of red chalk, and threw her eyes on the Widow Vanderstitchel. "It will thus be seen whether I have not more courage than a town-bred girl."

Madame Vanderstitchel would doubtless have opposed Krettel's rash design, but the young girl had taken the piece of gold, and, despite the darkness of the night, darting through the door, already disappeared.

When she suddenly decided on accepting the stranger's challenge, Krettel had but one motive, that of atoning for her clumsiness, and proving to Mad. Vanderstitchel that she was not so faint-hearted and timid as she thought; and then that threat which had been made her of driving her from the auberge, the thought of being compelled to take her departure, of being for ever separated from Michael—all—had impelled her to brave a moment's fear. But when she found herself all alone in the dark wood at an advanced hour of the night, far from every habitation, and in a place of which so many fearful things were told, her heart began to beat with quick and hurried movement, and she was compelled to invigorate her drooping courage by the thought of all she might gain from perseverance and lose by failure. Already had she almost traversed the gloomy forest of Holsters, already did she perceive looming on a far-off height the dreaded walls of the chateau of Wertensfeld. The sky was dark and menacing, thick vapours rolled heavily along in space; they veiled and unveiled by turns the pale rays of the sickly moon, who herself seemed gliding rapidly on her way to take shelter behind the lowering cloud. The alternate light and shade rendered the savage aspect of those desolate and dismal places yet more striking and fearful. The sight of the chapel of the chateau, with its half-ruined arches, whose sculptured and indented outlines were darkly defined against an horizon of grayish hue; the tufts of lichens and other creepers which clustered over the fallen building; the gigantic masses of forest trees, that stretched majestically around; in fine, the old stone cross which, sad and solitary, rose from its sunken pedestal at the deserted cross-road, where the four ways leading into the neighbouring woods joined together, all contributed, with the silence that reigned around, to increase with tenfold force the terrors of the poor young girl. However, like the spirit of the ruins amidst the surrounding darkness, she still advanced, making the least noise possible, and painfully retaining even the breath, when, at the moment of her reaching the foot of *Het Kruys*, she distinctly saw a light flash from beneath the vaults of the chapel; at the same instant, a singular noise which sounded near her made her turn her head, and she perceived in mute alarm a horse ready bridled and saddled, a valise on his back, pawing the ground with impatience, fastened as he was to the branches of a tree under whose shade he seemed awaiting the arrival of his

master. There was no longer room for doubt—the place was then really inhabited by the Black Brotherhood of Holsters! She instantly fell on her knees on the steps of *Het Kruys*, piously invoked the protection of Heaven, and then, after having with the bit of red chalk traced her name hurriedly on the pedestal, and broken off a branch of wild box, she hastened to resume her way back to the auberge, but as she turned towards the chapel, a human form, whom terror prevented her from clearly distinguishing, rose erect in one of its roofless aisles.

“Stop!” cried an imperious voice, which was repeated by all the startled echoes of Wertensfield.

Then Krettel perceived that promptness of resolution and great presence of mind could alone save her from death, or something worse. The shrill sound of many whistles ran loud and clear through the resounding ruins; a pistol was fired, but she luckily escaped all injury in the surrounding thick gloom. Hastily did she unfasten the horse, throw herself into the saddle, and dart off at a gallop on the road to Beckx.

Ten minutes after, completely breathless, Krettel reached the door of the auberge, where she was received with acclamation by all the peasants, who praised her courage high, and with mute but expressive tenderness by Michael Vanderstitchel, who, on his return home, having learnt with much disquietude what had taken place, just was on the point of setting out to meet her at the cross-ways of *Het Kruys*. Krettel hastened to relate what had befallen her, and each then admired the beauty of the horse of which she had thus possessed herself, and which it was evident must have belonged to the chief of the band of robbers himself. The valise contained some articles of men's apparel, and four thousand livres in gold. At sight of so large a sum, all present cried out the more loudly, declaring that the poor girl had well earned it all, and Mad. Vanderstitchel, in her exuberant joy, nearly stifled her in a warm embrace. Then the aubergister, without further explanation, locked up the four thousand livres in a strong-box, and had the horse bedded up in her stable. It was only at this moment that it was for the first time perceived with surprise that the stranger was no longer in the hall, without any one being exactly able to tell when he left it.

However, the next day being Sunday, Mad. Vanderstitchel dressed herself in her best at an early hour in order to go and hear mass at Turkout, and at the same time give information to the officers of justice, for she was anxious to know whether the horse and his burden might be considered a lawful capture. But before setting out, she enjoined Krettel to take great care of the house in her absence.

“Clean the pewter dishes well, child,” she said, “and get ready breakfast. We—my son and me I mean—shall soon return.”

“And we'll go this evening to the kennesse of Hoogstraeten,” said Michael, gazing tenderly on Krettel.

“And I will bring thee a silk apron and maline handkerchief with crimson spots from Turkhout,” resumed Mad. Vanderstitchel, embracing her.

“Courage, I have good hopes!” whispered Michael in her ear, and squeezing her hand.



"Adieu, Krettel, adieu, my daughter! Thou remainest alone, therefore take great care of everything, and mind the business of the house as well as that of the kitchen."

In the intoxication of her delight, Kettrel stood on the threshold of the door until her eyes ached, gazing earnestly after Mad. Vanderstitchel and her son as long as she could see them wending their way on the road to Turkhout. Then, at length, she entered the house with a gentle sigh, and set to work with ardour and diligence, thinking all the while on what Michael had said to her in a low voice. And if any one from the top of one of the eminences about Holsters had cast his eyes on the high road, he might then have seen a man of lofty stature, enveloped in an ample cloak, cautiously leaving the wood where he had kept concealed whilst Michael and his mother passed by, cast a look at the many windings of the pathway to see if they had disappeared, and at length bend his steps towards the auberge of Beckx, after having first made sure of the solitude and silence which reigned around.

Krettel reflected long and deeply within herself after the departure of Michael and his mother. Never had she experienced so much happiness at any one time. Mad. Vanderstitchel had called her her child, Michael pressed her hand and bid her hope. Hope! what a joyous future, and what happy projects did the poor young girl build on that single word! A few minutes had scarce flown away when she heard a knock at the door. She hastened to open it, and it was with a surprise somewhat mixed with uneasiness, that she found herself in the presence of the unknown, who the evening before had thrown out the challenge to go during the night and write her name on the pedestal of *Het Kruys*.

"Well," said the man to Krettel, "here thou art, young girl, who so cleverly makest laughing-stocks of the brotherhood of Holsters, and ventur'est all alone to brave the general terror which they inspire by the dead man's cross. I could never have suspected so much courage under such a pretty face, nor in that sweet and timid look of thine."

The strange tone with which he uttered these words froze the life-blood at Krettel's heart.

"What mean ye?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Listen," he roughly replied; "this is no time for concealment. I am Jaën, the chief of the Black Brotherhood of Holsters. It was my horse thou stoledst away at *Het Kruys*, and I am now come to demand an explanation from thee for the audacity of thy conduct yesternight in the ruins of Wertensfeld."

Krettel, half dead with alarm, fell trembling on her knees.

"Mercy! mercy, monsieur!" she said, clasping her hands; "take back your gold, and do not kill me!"

Jaën laughed aloud. "Kill thee, Krettel! and who ever had such a thought? Listen attentively. On the contrary, I am charmed at thy bold conduct, at the unshrinking courage of which thou hast given proof. I tell thee, wench, thou art affianced to me by writing thy name on the stone base of *Het Kruys*, and I am resolved to take thee back with me to the ruins of Wertensfeld, amidst the forest of

Holsters. I will make thee my companion, my mistress or, my wife, as thou mayest please."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the girl, writhing her arms in despair.

"What dost fear? With me, consider well thou wilt enjoy perfect freedom, shalt have gold, rich clothes, and joyous banquets in abundance. 'Tis no ordinary robber that speaks to thee, but the chief of a determined band of freebooters, who will all respect thee as the sharer of thy master's bed, and pay thee tribute. There are more joys than thou thinkest of in our unknown retreats. 'Tis my bushy eyebrows, my thick beard, my severe looks which frighten thee, I see. By Beelzebub, my patron, I never knew what it was to court a pretty girl, or play the lovesick swain by her side, but a passion worthy of thee lies hid, however, beneath this rude exterior. Come then, fool that thou art, thy heart is warm and free—come to my arms, let me press thy bee-like waist, and snatch a kiss from those pleasure-provoking lips of thine."

Krettel darted to the other side the room, and hastened to put the table between Jaën and her.

"No! no!" she cried, doubtless reckoning much on this new means of defence, "my heart is not free. I love Michael Vanderstitchel, the son of my mistress. He is to marry me next spring. O monsieur, do not destroy me."

"'Tis false! by all the devils that were ever spawned! Thou must have lied, I say—confess it quick!" and in his anger the brigand drew a large knife from his belt, hurled it across the table with such force that the blade was plunged quivering up to the hilt in the thickness of the wooden wall. Nevertheless, when he saw the terror printed on the young girl's features, he made a gesture as though to stop himself. "Come, come—I am wrong," he said; "let us lay aside this war of words; but remember, my beauty, I never beseech in vain—thou art henceforth mine. Thou must needs penetrate the mysteries of Wertensfeld, and now our safety imperatively requires that we make sure of thee. Thou must either die or become my companion. Choose then! And now draw me some beer, and set some glasses down. I expect two of my band anon, and hope before their arrival to have appeased thy reluctance, and silenced those scruples of thine which offend me."

Krettel hastened to serve him, hoping thereby to turn away his attention from herself, and thus escape his brutal advances. She lighted a lamp, raised a trap-door, which opened in the hall itself, and descended a flight of steps. But scarce had she passed the lowest, and reached a cold damp passage, than she heard steps behind, which she doubted not were those of Jaën following her. The wretch, doubtless, hoped in a place so small to reduce his victim more easily to his vile purpose. Then terror inspired Krettel with a desperate resolution. The moment she saw him enter the passage, she blew out the light, glided swiftly between him and the wall in the dark, and before he could recover from his surprise had darted up the ladder, let down the trap, thrown upon it the table and kitchen dresser, and fallen breathless on her knees to thank Heaven for having thus miraculously escaped the danger which had threatened her.

Krettel was yet all agitation, anxiously listening to the robber, who dashed himself furiously against the trap, uttering fierce blasphemies, when she heard a loud knock at the door of the auberge. To rush in a moment hither, to lock and double-lock and bolt the door, was the work of a moment, for she guessed that the applicants for admission must be the villains whom Jaën de Holsters expected. Surprised at not receiving an answer, the two men pushed on one side the shutter of a small low window, defended by iron bars, and casting a look into the interior of the house, they first discovered Krettel, whom fear had nailed to the place. The robbers were disguised as mendicants.

"My good girl," said one of them, with an hypocritical drawling twang, "have compassion on two poor wretches who have not tasted food since yesterday."

"Go away, I have nothing for you," was the reply.

"We have travelled the whole night from Tilburg, and are worn out with fatigue. Give us a morsel of bread for mercy's sake, and allow us to rest an instant in this auberge."

"No—it is impossible," said Krettel.

"You treat us very harshly," resumed the man with distrust, for the short sharp tone of the young servant, her extreme paleness, and doubtless also the disorder which reigned in the apartment, began to give rise to some suspicions in his mind. Have you not seen on the road near here a man of elevated stature, wrapped in a brown cloak, and whose head was covered by a broad-brimmed hat?"

"Not a soul! I am alone—I have not seen a soul!" interrupted Krettel quickly, whose terror augmented in proportion with the obstinacy of the two men to remain at the grated window.

At this moment Jaën again threw his body violently against the cellar trap, for, as he heard a faint murmur of conversation with the young girl, he suspected that his allies were at hand.

"Help!" he howled from the depth of his prison-house. "Help, comrades! beat in the door!"

"Ha! ha!" cried the robbers, laying aside all further attempt at dissimulation, and instantly assuming a tone of menace. "What is that we hear below there? We counsel thee, ma mie, to open us that door, if thou wouldst not make acquaintance with the point of our knives."

Krettel once more recalled her failing courage to her aid. She threw back the shutter of the small low window, which was besides sufficiently defended by the iron bars, and bolted it fast—O! how her fingers trembled!—and seizing Michael Vanderstichel's gun, mounted to the first story, took her place at a window, levelled her piece at the two brigands, who were endeavouring to force open the stout old oaken door, and threatened them with death if they did not instantly depart. At the same time, in order to prove that it was no vain bravado, she fired and instantly recharged her weapon. The robbers held a council, and a few minutes after one of them recommenced his efforts against the door, which happily was, as we before said, stout and thick, whilst the other made the tour of the house to discover a weaker side by which he might gain admittance. Our heroine then flew on the wings of the wind, and barricaded every other outlet.

For a long time she sustained this species of siege unflinchingly, and kept thus in check all the rage and mad attempts of the Black Brotherhood of Wertensfeld. A large stack of straw chanced to be in the court; the wind blew from the north; there was then no danger that the flames would be carried to the roof of the house; with her usual address Krettel profited by the circumstance. She seized a flaming brand, hurled it from the window on the stack, and in a few moments a bright red flame darted up, and called for the assistance of the neighbourhood. She also seized the rope of a large bell, destined to summon the servants of the auberge from their out-door work to meals, and rang it lustily and without, ceasing, scattering thus the alarm far and wide, whilst with the musket, which she pointed every moment, she kept the men of Jaën's band at a respectful distance.

"Hag! devil's dam! Wilt hold thy cursed noise?" cried the brigands, with an explosion of frantic rage difficult to express.

"Wait! wait!" said one of them, who had managed to scale one of the walls and get upon the roof. "We will soon silence thee with a vengeance!" and he crept into the kitchen chimney, intending by that means to make good his entrance. Krettel hastily descended and threw two or three fagots of green vine branches on the embers. The smoke ascended in clouds, and speedily suffocated, asphyxiated the wretch. He fell heavily, his dress on fire, and half dead, on the kitchen floor. At that moment the door gave way and was beaten in. The young servant turned round in speechless terror, for she fancied she was lost without resource, but she instantly recognized her mistress, and all the inhabitants of Beckx, who had run in haste to learn the cause on hearing the sound of the alarm-bell as well as seen the fire, and fainted in the arms of Michael. It is scarcely necessary to add that the capture of Jaën and the two robbers brought on the arrest and execution of the rest of the band of the Black Brotherhood of Holsters. As a testimony of the country's gratitude for so eminent a service, the sum of gold which she had so cleverly taken away from the ruins of Wertensfeld was granted to Krettel as a dowry. She was henceforth rich, and Mad. Vanderstichel, touched by her devotion, no longer opposed her marriage with her son. The ensuing spring, as she had herself said, Michael led her blushing and happy to the altar of the village church, and a few years after, Mad. Vanderstichel having paid the debt of nature, Krettel at length found herself mistress of that auberge in which she had so long and so diligently filled the place of servant.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, after having listened to the story with much interest. "Krettel deserves better things than so obscure and tranquil a happiness. I would give this chain of gold to have known her, and obtained the kiss she refused to Jaën du Holsters."

"You will have no trouble in doing so, monsieur," interrupted my hostess with a malicious smile, "for you see before you Krettel and Michael Vanderstichel."

At sight of the wrinkled visage of the worthy old dame I soon felt my enthusiasm for the young and pretty servant of the inn of Beckx cool down to zero. But that circumstance, perhaps, added a

fresh charm to the events of the evening. It was the fact that I was then in the presence of Krettel and Michael, the house where I had taken shelter was the very old auberge of Beckx, the trap-door which opened in a corner of the apartment was the identical one which had fallen on the head of Jaën of Holsters; and the next morning, when, after having taken leave of my kind hosts, I resumed the road from Tilburg to Malines, it was with a new interest that I passed through the ruins of Wértensfeld, and perceived afar off, at the junction of the way leading from Hoogstraeten to Eindhoven, the degraded remains and solitary base of "Het Kruys."

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## T H E A G E D.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! oft the minstrel's lay describes, with warm and fervent truth,  
The lovely days of childhood, and the blushing spring of youth;  
It dwells upon the season of life's sweet and sunny prime,  
But seldom does it chronicle its dark and winter time.

Yet ever on the aged with deep reverence I look,  
Their inmost thoughts I liken to a wise and wondrous book,  
Enriched with lavish histories of scenes and times of yore,  
That never can be given to the eye of mortal more.

We, in the summer-glow of health, may joyously expect  
To pass along the ways of life by chance and change unchecked;  
But while we trace our future course, and future knowledge crave,  
A year, a day, an hour, alas! may lay us in the grave.

But they already have enjoyed the brief and fleeting span  
By Providence allotted as the common life of man;  
And all the wisdom time imparts to benefit our race,  
Hath in their full-fraught minds secured a certain dwelling-place.

We oft retrace our early youth, and sorrowfully cast  
Reflections on our follies in the season that is past;  
May not the aged in their turn reflect and reason thus:  
May they not mourn the follies that they still descry in us?

Oh! why should we despise them then, and wilfully forego  
The treasures of experience they would readily bestow?  
Even as the meek and docile child receives our counsel sage,  
So ought we humbly to regard the warning voice of age.

They ever should be viewed by us with love and awe, they stand  
On the threshold of another world, a mystic spirit-land,  
They should be cherished and revered as tenants of the sod,  
Soon to receive their summons to the mansion of their God.

Let us prize them as his hostages, held precious in our sight,  
As receiving signal favour from the Lord of power and might;  
Man may bestow the goods of wealth, of honour, rank, and praise,  
But God alone can give to us the boon of lengthened days.

## SPENCER MIDDLETON; OR, THE SQUIRE OF RIVER HILL.

BY GEORGE STANLEY, ESQ.

### CHAPTER V.

The College of St. Luke's, its inmates and their clubs.

**DURING** our hero's absence from Oxford, I have a strong, a very strong inclination to enter somewhat particularly into the peculiarities, beauties, and deformities of the architecture and inhabitants of St. Luke's. Were I, however, to give way to this sudden impulse, and to dilate, even for a moment, on the variety of the former, and the idiosyncrasy (that is the present fashionable term) of the latter, there is not a college or hall in all Oxford that would not forthwith claim to itself, and for itself, some one or more of those towers, chimneys, windows, groves, gables, or cloisters, with which our imaginary college might be ornamented or defaced; whilst every head of house, and every college tutor, cook, dean, butler, sub-dean, scullion, bursar, and porter, would not fail to recognise each their neighbour's portraits in the Reverend Mr. A. or Mr. Patypan, and, backed by sundry members of convocation, hasten to vent on the unfortunate author all the terrors of the Oxford Vatican. Well, it must be admitted, that not one hundred miles from the old city of Oxford, (as the papers remark, when the overseer has walked off with the parish funds, or Ephraim Broadbrim with one of the Misses Scarecrows' young ladies,) not one hundred miles from the city of Oxford, lies the original of the college of St. Luke's. As to locality—our hero's college did not stand so near the London road as Magdalen, or so far towards Cheltenham as the Refuge for the Destitute. It neighboured not on the fragrant meadows of the Isis, or the more fragrant courts of St. Ebbe's. It was not so nigh to the parks as Wadham, or so nigh to Jericho as Worcester. It was not—the fear of the Golgotha forbids a more accurate description of its “whereabout.” Its tower was not equal to that of Merton; its bells rang not psalm tunes, as those of St. Edmund are fabled to do, or growled “Short leg,” “long leg,” with those of New College, or anathematized the frequenters of the chapel in that short but expressive form of excommunication in which the bells of Trinity and fishfags delight. Its quadrangles (what can induce the Cantabs to call them courts?) were not as large as those of Christchurch, or so small as that of Skimmery. Its gardens boasted not of the chestnuts of St. John's, nor the duckweed and apple-trees of Worcester.

No two colleges are ever alike, but no college ever differed from its neighbours so distinctly as St. Luke's did from the entire university, in the extraordinarily good opinion its members entertained of it and



of themselves, and the almost innumerable clubs of all kinds, natures, and descriptions, that held their meetings within its walls.

In one year, St. Luke's had gained nearly half the first classes, a dog-fight, a bishopric, the head of the river, the Newdigate, and a round dozen of plucks, and from that year nothing was, not only too good, but half good enough for a Lukian. If a Lukian did get his first, he was always the best man of the year, (as they said,) and the examiners were clearly afraid of him. If he did not get his first, he only just lost it, (as they said,) or the examiners could not understand him, he was too clever (so they said). If their boat got bumped, the keel was crooked, or start false, or the wind blew, or it did not blow. If their man lost the Newdigate, he was always next, (so they said,) and as no one ever could contradict them, people at last believed it. If a Lukian got plucked, O it was expected; if he did not, the masters of the schools had let him through to spite the college. If a bishopric fell vacant, the president of St. Luke's, or their pet preacher, was to have it; if he did, all was well; if he did not, O! he was waiting for the archbishopric of Canterbury—so they said. And yet with all this the college was a good creditable college; those who were not behind the scenes attributed it to the president or the tutors; those who were, hinted at the unlimited private cramming of the pets, and the shrewd method adopted by the president of picking the best boys from the public schools, by offering to the first half dozen who might be beaten in the contest for their scholarship, immediate residence if they would become Lukians; thus securing not only the one or two wonders of Eton, Rugby, or Winchester, but the six or so good average scholars who might have been beaten by the well-crammed precocious ones.

As for the clubs in St. Luke's—the *imperia in imperio*—they were in numbers numberless; their titles startling, their objects wondrous; their rules, precepts, and ordinances, well worthy the recording pen of the college chronicler. The boat-club, the book-club, the Cicero-nians, the senior and junior debating-clubs, the archery-club, the rifle-club, the hunting-club, the Eclectic, the Pentad, one and all, in nearly equal proportions, contributed to the keeping alive ill will and bad feeling among the members of the college. Blackballing, fighting for presidencies, strokes, librarianships, treasurerships, and every other kind of “ships,” kept the game alive, and matured the distinctions of sets and parties, so prevalent in and prejudicial to a college. One and all, they helped to spend time and money; flew off from their original schemes to some one more elaborate; or split into various secessions from the parent stock. Besides these common clubs, the general inhabitants of almost every college, St. Luke's could boast four others perfectly unique, and not even to be mentioned in any other college, the Recitationers, the Wideawakes, the Fastasleeps, and the Moluscans.

In the term before Spencer's matriculation, four weak-headed Lukians, comfortably persuaded by themselves and their female cousins that they were embryo Byrons, Miltons, Coleridges, or Popes, took it into their heads to write certain short papers containing lines of various lengths, called by them “fugitive pieces,” and to recite

them to each other and such other unfortunates as could be persuaded to be victimized. In the infancy of the society, men became willing victims for the sake of the joke, and applauded even to the echo. At length, as time went on, the audience went off, and the society were obliged to put forth the ventral inducement of anchovy toast and coffee ; by which means they obtained a decent audience, and peradventure may so do, until some "secession" shall offer broiled bones and ale-cup as an extra bribe.

The Fastasleeps were a small, very small, and most select club, Mr. Slowman comprehending, in his own proper person, president, secretary, treasurer, and club. His bedroom was their place of meeting, his bed their council-table, his pillow their charter of incorporation. Unlimited sleep, at all times and in all places, and on the shortest possible notice, was their object ; whether riding, walking, boating, eating, drinking, dressing, shaving, reading or idling, they were ever ready for duty's call. No alarm could wake them ; no Wideawake disturb the serenity of their dreamless slumbers ; they slept so fast, no B. flat could catch them, no scout or envious chapel-bell break through the barriers which Morpheus threw around his favourite subjects. A total absence from morning chapel and ante-meridian lectures was the practical evidence of their strict performance of their duties, whilst impositions were the records and the registries of their deeds. How different was the calm Dutch-like countenance of a Fastasleep to the restless, unsatisfied faces of their rivals the Wideawakes !

Few patent medicines have given more exercise to the ingenuity of mankind with less success than Anti-sleep-when-you-want-and-as-long-as-you-can-remedies. The pedigree of the projectors and their projects is clear from the earliest ages. "Adam," says one of the learned rabbis, though just at this moment I forget which, "having been wont to sink to rest beneath the trees of Eden, with the windows of his mind towards the rising orb of day, would not, on his expulsion from bliss, permit Eve to place aught of an impediment between the earliest rays of that luminary and their eyelids, that the rising orb might call him to the labours of the field." "A quo," says the learned Heavysternius in his four hundred-and-fiftieth note, "plane sequitur, quod Adamus et Eva in toro radicali (vulgo dicto, stump-bedstead) dormire fuerunt soliti." Ichondras of Miletus contrived a plane so narrow that he could not sleep on it except at full length, and of such an height and length as to insure his sliding down it in about six hours, and thereby disturbing his rest, by dipping his heels into a vase of cold water placed at the foot of this plane bed. Aristotle, the wonder of the world, the sun of the dark ages, the torment of Oxonians, always slept with his right arm out of bed, holding in his hand a brass ball, which by its fall into a brazen vessel insured a continued interruption to his slumbers. What trouble people did take to make themselves miserable in these unchristian days, when hemlock was a favourite drink for great men, and polygamy and the slave trade were fashionable ! But to descend to our times. A line attached to a heavy octavo, and passed about three parts of the way down a candle, so that the former being severed by coming in contact with

the flame of the latter, permits the book to seek the sleeper's head, over which it had hung suspended like the sword of Damocles, has ere now roused many a drowsy Wicklamist from his morning's nap. A long string tied to the great toe of the youngest, and suspended from the window of the dormitory, when pulled according to orders by the passing guardian of the night, has turned many a young Carthusian out of bed on a cold November morning. About a year before Spencer Middleton's matriculation, a perambulatory humourer vainly attempted to rouse the slumbering Lukians in time for morning chapel. Bang, bang, bang, went the ruthless iron, until the destruction of panels, bolts, locks and hinges, caused the death of the wandering instrument. And now that the clang of the iron no more resounds through the cloisters of St. Luke's, who is there that does not regret its absence, in spite of all its noise, and all the destruction it caused, as early and late, when he hears the voices of that ruthless band of conspirators against the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen and their neighbours the Wideawakes, he blesses them as the chaplain did the purser when he trod on his gouty toe on the deck of her Majesty's ship the Wanderer.

These Wideawakes in number are about eight, and each possessed of one dark lantern, one very loud alarum, for the peculiar benefit of himself, and the especial annoyance of his friends. Each in their turn, they are bound to wake the rest of the club at six in winter and five in summer. At the appointed hour down goes the caller's alarum, whiz, whiz, whiz, ting, tingle, tingle, rat, rattle, rattle, whurrh, whuz ; out of bed jumps the wretch, lights his lantern, if winter, flies across quad, up some unfortunate's staircase, which is sure to be close to his bed's head, to call some hard-sleeping victim, quietly reposing over-head. First, he bangs at the victim's oak, then having effected an entrance, he stamps on his floor, then rattles his bedroom door, kicks a chair or two over, all the time shouting out the sleeper's name at the top of his voice : at last, having awakened Mr. Tomkins or Jenkins, down the staircase he rattles on his heels to serve a similar ejectment on your opposite neighbour. Some five minutes after his departure, the called one rises, tries to light his fire, and in so doing either knocks down the fire-irons if still standing, or knocks them up if already prostrate ; stumps about his room to warm himself until his fire burns up, and inflicts all the horrors, without the so-called honours, of a Wideawake, on his unfortunate sub-neighbours. Rising with the lark, they go to bed with him also, preparing soon after sunset to turn in, fully impressed with the self-satisfying idea of having achieved something, in getting up when every one else was asleep, and going to bed when every one else is just well awake ; thus clearly exemplifying the truth of the Spanish proverb, " A candle burnt at both ends has no middle."

The origin of the Mollusc club lieth in obscurity ; and, although I am not inclined to assign it to the reign of King Brute, the reported founder of Oxford, about seven years after the Trojan war, whenever that was, if it ever was, for we are told by some that the Iliad is a Christian allegory composed during the monkish ages, though Mr. Coleridge hardly believes in that view. Coleridge—how that name

affects us—the family of the poet—O dear ! only to think of having run from the Mollusc club, through the Iliad to Coleridge. Bishop Berkeley and tar water is nothing to it. But to return. Some say that the Mollusc club was originally merely a society for the promotion of the eating of—oysters—others say for the promotion of practical geology. *In medio tutissimus ibis*—half-and-half is best.

In the days of our youth, misfortune affects us more poignantly for the moment than when threescore of years has accustomed us to the freaks of fortune. Bitter as may be our affliction, it soon passes away. The feelings of the young seem for the moment utterly broken, whilst those of the aged appear but slightly dimmed. In the one the effect is but for a time, a short, very short time—in the other, it is until death.

Tom Davis was a man whose like we ne'er shall look upon again, addicted to but one vice, and that a little one, practising on the key-bugle. There was yet another drawback, peculiar, however, to his rooms and their inmates—no one could be quite certain that he would not, during wine or supper, find a green snake or a greener lizard reposing on his chair, or coolly walking up his leg, as Tom generally kept a box of such like creatures in his bed-room ; whilst, from the carelessness of his scout, the whereabouts of one or more of his pets was not rarely very far from certain.

On the evening of the day after our hero's return from London, the Mollusc met at Davis's rooms. Gerard Hamilton, our hero, the venerable Tom, and five other Lukians, assembled at half after nine round Tom's mahogany, whereon were two barrels of Molluscs, sundry goblets of spiced ale, *cum multis aliis* viands too numerous to catalogue.

"Hamilton," said one Joseph Perkins, a new Molluscan, taking advantage of a temporary lull in the evening's labours, "Hamilton, what's the best way to remember those confounded dates?"

"Write them out on a sheet of paper, paste them up over your washing-stand, and digest during ablution."

"I've tried that," said Perkins, "but it won't do; I've now taken to Crabbe's Memoria Technica."

"Memoria Technica be blessed !" replied Gerard ; "it's quite as hard to remember such jawbreakers as Romekicky or Constantino-pleski, as B. C. 753, or A. D. 328. As long as the symbols remain in your head, the system works well ; but as you are required first to get up a new language in numbers, then to learn a set of semi-barbaric words, and lastly to translate these hard names into plain ones, twos, and threes, the chances are about three to one in favour of the old system. When the symbol takes to vanishing, how are you one whit the better than—"

"Nora O'Connell and her paternoster ?" cut in Tom Davis.

"And pray, Mr. President, what has Mrs. O'Connell and her paternoster to do with the Memoria Technica ?" asked Gerard, rather huffed at being interrupted.

"Why, just this much," replied the imperturbable Tom ; "Mistress Nora O'Connell was an old Irishwoman who superintended the worldly condition of a flock of sheep somewhere about the borders of the picturesque lake of Killarney, and who, bating her ignorance of

Latin, and her very colander-like memory, was a decent respectable Roman. 'Nora, my darlint,' said the lady's priest, father Tim Magrath, one fine morning, after a short confab about the sheep and the weather, 'I hope you say your paternoster every night and morning, Nora.' 'Sorra be to your riverence,' replied Nora, 'and sure it's I that would, but I can't 'member it.' 'Can't remember it, Nora? well, let me repeat it to you,' said Tim, and thereupon went steadily through the form, whilst Nora listened attentively, moving her head and right foot as the sentences began and ended. At last, when the priest had ended, the old lady giving him a queer look with her eye, and pulling a short black pipe out of her mouth, said, 'Ah, yer riverence, I know'd it would be all that—but I can't 'member it, I can't 'member it, at all at all.' 'Come, Nora,' said Tim, 'we'll contrive a way to make you 'member it; do you see that sheep with the black face, Nora?' 'O sure an' I do;' 'Well, Nora, that's paternoster.' 'An' you're paternoster are ye, the old un?' 'Now,' said Tim, 'you see that one with his blind eye?' 'O sure an' I do.' 'Remember that's qui es in cælis.' 'O sure an' I will, the ould thief.' 'That one with the lame leg is sanctificatur, and that dirty-faced scamp with the stump-tail's nomen tuum,' and so on went Magrath, until he had parcelled out the paternoster among the flock. In Nora's case this novel Memoria Technica answered. Next year came father Magrath again. 'Good morning, Nora,' said the priest. 'The top of the morning to your riverence.' 'I hope you remember your paternoster, Mistress O'Connell?' 'O sure an' I do,' replied Nora gaily. 'Let me hear you,' said Magrath; so down went Nora on her knees, and began the prayer in a language only known to her countrymen; it was something like the following: 'Paartar nozeter quai haes e'en cales noom-  
een toooom.' 'Hold hard,' says Magrath, 'that's not right.' 'O sure but it is, your honor's riverence,' said Nora. 'No, but it aint,' replied Tim angrily, 'where the — where, by the piper that played before Moses, is sanctificatur?' 'O plase yer honor's riverence,' said Nora, 'he died o' the rot last winter, so ye see I left him out.'

"I suppose, Davis, you have heard that Montgomery's plucked," said Hamilton, as soon as the roars of laughter with which Tom's story was received, had subsided into detached paroxysms.

"Plucked!" said Davis, with a stare, "what for?"

"Divinity," said Hamilton, slipping a mollusc down his throat. "They got him on Elijah, and that floored him. Phillips asked him a good deal about the prophet and about St. John, and then finished him by asking, why Elijah was to return again to earth? Poor Montgomery looked anything but wise, and after a few minutes' hesitation asked in a faint voice, "was it because he left his mantle behind him?" Phillips, good-tempered as he is, could not stand this, so Montgomery became an 'implume animal.'

And now the oysters—I beg pardon, the molluscs—having been removed in one direction, and the knives, forks, and shells in another, (for he it noticed, they were their own operators,) the table was ornamented with clean glasses and tumblers, a brimming bowl of sherry punch, a plate of lemons, and other requisites for replenishing the punch, and a small box of first-rate Woodvilles, the scouts departed, the oak was sported, and the president commenced the evening.



"Molluscans," said the venerable gentleman, rising, glass in hand, according to the rules of our society, "I rise to propose the solitary toast—solitary, not because we would cast into the shade that memorable method of contributing to the conviviality of the evening, but because the frequent and hearty commemoration of the numerous virtues of our component parts might tend to interrupt the philosophical lucubrations of our brains, and the harmonious strains of our united voices. (Hear, hear.) Yes, Molluscans, I am here, and I hope I shall remain here some time longer. (Hurrah!) The event of an addition to our original society—the election of our new members—has impressed on me the necessity of giving some short account of the rise, progress, and nature of our association. (Hear, hear.) It cannot be unknown to us all, how the labours of a Buckland have raised our Alma Mater high among the ranks of geologists, and when I look round, can I doubt but that some of the most ardent admirers and professors of that science are assembled within the walls of this college? (Immense cheering, during which the spoons got converted into crescents, and a tumbler became bottomless.) Among the many tribes of the oceanic inhabitants whose remains, embedded within the various strata, have been brought to light and reanimated by the labours of Buckland, Sedgewick, and Agassiz, the large tribe of antediluvian pectenidæ, or molluscs, have met with comparatively little attention. A few terms ago, it occurred to some of our friends, and especially to our Vice, (hear, hear,) that by dint of a terminal combination of practical experiments on those of the molluscan family still inhabiting our waters, the habits of their ancestors and ancestresses might be deduced with some approach to accuracy, and the public and private life of that interesting and peaceful nation delineated; (cheers;) and the many theories of the duration of their animal existence, as dependent on the opening of their bivalves, at last confirmed or annihilated. (Cheers.) Under this impression, we, under the guidance of our venerable Vice, formed this association, in order that we might test the 'duration of life theories' by the terminal opening of the greatest number of living specimens in the shortest possible time. (Immense cheering.) On the appointed evening, at the appointed hour, the subjects are laid upon the table; before each operator is his stout triangular-pointed dissecting knife, his cloth of operation. The broiled bone gives strength, the beer-cup or the goblet affords suitable refreshment. As the subjects are opened in rapid succession, the theory is tested, as each semi-living mollusc, embalmed in the powdered Indian berry, and floating on the acid of the grape, seeks with contented mind its corporeal coffin, gladdened in its heart that its short life has been devoted to the proof of so important a fact in the natural economy of the molluscan race. (Cheers indescribable.) These labours concluded, punch excites the risible muscles; bishop confirms the hilarity of the evening, ushering in the well-toned choir; the fragrant weed soothes the intensity of philosophical excitement, and mountain dew—the pure Glenlivet—superinduces that tendency to sleep so necessary after the labours of scientific research. (Cheer upon cheer.) Some say—some say—I fear to utter the words, Molluscans—some say we eat oysters. (Great excitement.) Alas! how prone are the envious to



Billingsgating ! Among the many societies and clubs of this college, where is there one, save this, and this alone, that has remained true to its original object ? The temporary excitement of the political discussions kept the earlier meetings of the debating society tolerably respectable ; now supper—ay, supper—is its end, its illegitimate conclusion. The ‘ Wideawakes ’ have degenerated into hot coffee drinkers ; the ‘ Reciters ’ into tea and muffins ;—”

“ Coffee, Mr. President, ’ interrupted Hamilton.

“ Coffee and muffins, Mr. Vice ; the Boat club sighs only for the lowest place. (No, no, yes, no, yes, no, *ad libitum*). Settle it amongst yourselves, gentlemen. The archery club seeks only to miss the target, and to wear a green coat and brass buttons, (Yes and no, as before,) whilst the Mollusc alone keeps its original object stedfastly in view—the developement of the physical and moral condition of the molluscan inhabitants of earth’s dark waters. (Renewed cheers.) ‘ The world’s my oyster, and with my sword I’ll open it. ’—Gentlemen, ‘ The Mollusc ; ’ *esto perpetua*.”

“ Charge your glasses,” said Gerard Hamilton.

All charged.

“ Fire ! ” said Tom Davis. “ Hip, hip, hurra ! ”

To describe the way in which “ their noble selves ” was drunk by the Molluscans exceeds my humble pen. It requires the practised hand of a regular public meeting reporter to do it a tithe of justice.

“ I wonder what was the origin of that hip, hip, hurra ! ” asked a junior member, one of the newly admitted.

“ O, ask Hamilton,” was the general reply ; if he does not know, he’ll coin an account.”

“ Well,” said Gerard, “ as I am referred to in such flattering terms, I must e’en disclose my knowledge—as I have read, it originated in the crusades.”

“ More likely in the cider cellar,” observed Davis *sotto voce*.

“ You see,” continued Gerard, “ whenever an address was made to any of the assembled crusaders, they used to cry out, ‘ *Hierosolyma est perdita !* ’ following it closely with a wild scream ; finding, however, that that made a rather long chorus, they took the first letters, and made one word of them—H. E. P., which soon degenerated into hip, hip, hurra ! ”

“ Did you ever ? ” said Davis, opening his eyes rather wide.

“ No, I never,” chorussed the club.

“ What on earth is that noise ? ” said a long spectacled member on the immediate right of the president, as a sound of whirring, whizzing, and tingling broke on the ears of the party.

“ That,” said Davis, listening for a moment, “ O, it’s that confounded fellow Jones, trying his new alarum.”

“ What, Jones a Wideawake ? ” exclaimed two or three at once.

“ Yes,” replied Tom. “ He has succeeded to long Dennistown, who was a member for only two mornings. When he joined the pests, I went down with him to Salmoni’s to purchase his peace-killer. Madame alone was in—a staid, sober matron. Various tormentors were inspected—this was too quiet, that too noisy, that no noise at all. ‘ Pray, sare,’ said madame to her would-be customer, ‘ be you

werry hard get up?' 'O, uncommon so,' replied Dennistown. 'Can you no wakee to de bell?' 'Not I. They put the college bell in my scout's cupboard, and, d—n it, I never heard it once.' 'Ah, sare, how you eber get up den.' 'Just touch me, that's all,' said the intended victim. 'Ah, sare, den dis be de insdrumend,' said madame, handing down a large clock, with a fungus-like appendage of chain and hook, large iron weight, and wheel. 'How does he act?' inquired Denny. 'O, de clothes,' said madame, looking rather warmish. 'Eh? Pulls the clothes off—strips one—eh?' The old lady assented with a faint blush. 'No bad plan that, Tom,' said the dupe, turning to me, as he bought the engine and ordered it up to college. On its arrival, a council was summoned in his bed-room, and Dennistown put to bed, the clock set right, and the hook fixed into the bed-clothes. At six A.M. down went the weight, off flew the bedding, and after them, with a curse, went Denny—unhooked the articles, and rolling himself up again, left the Wideawakes to Somnus for that morning. Next time he set the clock wrong, and was lugged out of bed at three A.M., tumbled over a pitcher, broke his shins, anathematized his alarum, left the club, and sold his whole estate, right, title, remainder, and reversion in the said tormenting machine to Jones."

"A very good story," said Hamilton, "and very well made up; so let's have a song. Come, Davis, lead off."

And now the glass and the song went merrily round, Davis leading with a hunting melody, his neighbour on the left taking up the sentimental line, followed by an attempt from the spectacles, a patriotic ditty from Perkins, and one or two lugubrious attempts from our hero and the rest of the club.

As midnight came on, and the punch and the bishop went off, there was a call on the amateur cook, Hamilton, to concoct another bowl. So clouded was their vision by the smoke of the weeds and the glare of the candles, that neither the concoctor nor any of the drinkers discovered that, instead of wine, he had poured in brandy; which may be the more readily accounted for by the fact, that the time for discovery was only between the last drop of the old and the first glass of the new, for, after that, eyes grew dim, and spirits rose; the love-songs assumed a questionable hue; the reverend member in spectacles looked serious and went to sleep; Hamilton talked for himself and everybody else, swore every one was drunk but himself, said the punch was too weak, and thereupon emptied the brandy-bottle into the bowl, amid general acclamation; Perkins became outrageously loyal, whilst his eyes sparkled like fire-flies, tried to look sentimental, gave a long and rather confused account of his lady-loves, tried to put his arm round his chair, thinking he was waltzing with his last "dear," toppled over, and sat very contented on the floor for the remainder of the evening. As for Spencer, over-excited in mind and body, he was at first dull, then, as the glass passed more freely, uproarious, until at last he settled down into looking most wise, and reading a confidential lecture to his neighbour on the enormity of somebody's conduct, but whether his own or not was far from clear, intermixed with sundry medical hints, and rules for playing the flute. At three o'clock every one saw each other home, or thought they did, swore eternal friend-

ship for ever and a day and all at once, and, having saluted the president with a view hilloa, persuaded themselves that they went to bed—sober.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### The Legal Adviser.

Messrs. Malachi Perjury and Moses Fence were members of what in genteel language is called the other part of the profession—attorneys at law and solicitors in his majesty's high court of Chancery. In the palmy days of thieving, when the victims of a regular "put up affair" were glad to compound with their victimizers, and to recover, at some twenty or thirty per cent. discount, their stock in trade or their un-negotiated bills, in nine cases out of ten the confidential referees were those honest and high-principled men, Messrs. Perjury and Fence. In the various legal transactions which passed through that office during the sitting of the Old Bailey courts, there were many in which it was absolutely requisite that witnesses should be able to recall to their minds certain minor events, such as the meeting Jack Stubbs at the Cat and Cauliflower at three minutes after nine on a certain Saturday evening, and this with the most minute accuracy as to time. Mr. Perjury was deservedly famous for the very judicious way in which, during a short *tête-à-tête*, he could assist a witness in recalling these minute facts. Mr. Fence confined himself to the converting the unwieldy masses of wrought silver, and the pocket-books of notes, which his various clients at times found themselves suddenly possessed of, into the current coin of the realm.

As the clock struck nine, on the morning after the old squire's sudden death, the senior partner of the above firm, having taken off his hat and gloves, sat himself down in his own peculiar snugery, to digest the Hue and Cry, the shockings and police reports of the Times, and such letters as the post might have brought for his edification.

"Humph!" muttered Malachi, as he cast his eye over his favourite journal. "George Welsh—burglary at Croydon—none of ours—belongs to Sneak and Cheatem. Peter Cumming—highway robbery, attempt at murder, at Dalston. Here, Mr. Scamp"—Mr. Scamp, a Jewish-looking clerk, made his appearance—"O, Mr. Scamp, go down to Marylebone and see about Cumming, taken up for highway robbery."

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk.

"And if Pat Bullhead calls, tell Mr. Tomkins to send him to me at once."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Charles Bully sent up last night to say he can do nothing for Gabriel Jones without an alibi."

"Very well, Scamp, I'll look to that, indeed it's nearly ready," said Mr. Perjury, as he turned once more to reconsider his paper.

"Hum!—ah!—burglary and murder—Kilburn—old gentleman—and servant—last night—Mr. Middleton, Mr. Middleton—what, the squire's old uncle—"

"Pat Bullhead, sir," said Mr. Tomkins, interrupting Mr. Perjury's musing meditations.

"Well, Pat," said Malachi, "have you been able to remember those facts about Gabriel Jones?"

"Not a smithereen, your honour."

"Come, sit down. Don't you remember being at the Green Dragon at half-after ten last Saturday month?" asked Perjury, with a particular emphasis on the "don't you remember?"

"I'll be after remimbering that."

"Have you any particular reason for remembering it?"

"Not by no means, your honour."

"Think—hadn't you a new waistcoat on that evening?"

"Sorra a bit, your honour; the vestcit be as ould as St. Patrick."

"Think!" replied Perjury, and adding, as he handed a couple of guineas to his companion, "when you buy yourself a new waistcoat, it will bring back the one you then had to your recollection."

"I'll be after remimbering that same vestcit."

"Don't you remember," said the attorney, with his peculiar look—"don't you remember seeing Gabriel Jones sitting there at that time, and your looking at the clock, and being astonished at his being so far from Hamborough at that time of night?"

Pat shook his head.

"Don't you remember?" said Malachi, unfolding a five pound note.

Again the head was shaken.

"Don't you remember?" asked Perjury again, eyeing his man intently, as he proceeded to drop a couple of guineas into the note.

Again the head was shaken,

"Don't you remember?" asked the attorney, for the third time, as he quietly shook the two guineas out of the note, and, adding another piece of like paper, carefully folded them up, pushed them across the table, and, turning his back on his friend, proceeded to demolish a hard-headed coal.

"I'll be after remembering that," said Bullhead, pocketing the notes.

"Very well, Patrick, I'll take a note of your evidence. Let's see. It comes on on Saturday next, at ten. I'll let you have a memorandum of what you have now told me the night before—it's useful sometimes."

As the alibi bowed and left the room, Mark Redmond, pushing the officious Mr. Tomkins out of the way, hurried into the sanctum.

"Morning, Mr. Perjury," said Mark.

"Ah—how d'ye do, Mr. Redmond?—glad to see you—what's on hand now?" replied the attorney, looking over his shoulder.

"In the first place," said Mark, handing him a paper, "vill that bond do?—is it legal?"

"It's only a copy," said Perjury.

"Of course, of course; do you think I'd a trusted the real thing in your clutches, Mister Malachi," sneered Redmond.

"O, very well," replied Perjury, pretending not to hear the concluding part of the answer. "The deed's well enough—love and affection—services to self and uncle—hum—hum—two thousand per annum—yes, it'll do."

"Now, then, for the squire's affairs."

The attorney turned round, set himself down at his desk, and became attention itself.

"You see, Malachi," continued Redmond, "the old 'un's dead."

"Yes, murdered."

"That's neither here nor there; he's dead, and vhat's more, he ha'n't left no vill."

"No will—no will!" exclaimed the little yellow descendant of Abram. Why, it's only yesterday that Mouldy's clerk told me he had taken the will up to the old gentleman, and witnessed his signature."

"Wery likely," said Mark, "but it aint now to be found—at least so I heard—you see the house was a broke into, and so I 'spose the will went among the other traps."

"Could not that will be found?" inquired Perjury.

"Oh, it's burnt by this time, I dare say."

"It is not burnt," said Perjury in a decided tone, that made Mark wince. "It is not burnt, and I recommend the man that has it not to burn it."

"That's nothing to me," said Mark doggedly.

"Nothing?" replied Malachi. "Nothing; only twenty thousand a year is worth a lot of money down—and would pay better than any annuity."

"Can't be helped now the will's burnt—all that's nothing to me."

"Oh, nothing whatever. By-the-bye, a court of equity would make that bond of yours look queer, Mr. Redmond."

"There's time enough for that," replied Mark nervously.

"O, of course—I only threw out the hint in case any friend of yours might ever come to know anything about that will."

"Vell, vell," said Mark, "that von't do now, not at all; the squire's all right, and you must do vhat's vanted in getting things in order."

"Perhaps they'll object to his title," suggested the attorney.

"Title; what title, aint he the squire?"

"His birth—his identity—that he's the right man; can he prove he's the son of the late squire's elder brother?"

"Proof," said Mark, "lots of proof; Tom Phillips, the gamekeeper at Riverley, know'd him from his birth, till he run away with Bill Sykes, the poacher, to London; then Bill's brother Jerry know'd him as the Fresh'un in Perkins' gang; then Tom Wells remembers him as the cracksman in the moonlight crew; and then I take him up from that ére, to this ere time."

"Very nice proof, indeed, Mr. Redmond," said the attorney with a sneer, "exceedingly good, a gamekeeper—a poacher—a smuggler—a burglar—and a ———."

"Gentleman, if you please, Mr. Perjury," said Mark, interrupting him in his catalogue—"a gentleman from this ere time."

"Well, Mr. Redmond, I believe, I have a note of the whole business, it shall be seen to directly; tell the squire he may depend upon my immediate attention, and I hope in about a week or ten days to salute him as Lord of River Hill."

"Good morning, Mr. Perjury."

"Good morning, Mr. Mark Redmond," said the attorney, as with a bow and a scrape the worthy pair separated; a pair, to which no third could be found in heaven above nor in earth below, not more accurately to particularize the locality of the amiable person who is alone entitled to sit bodkin to our friends.

"Yes, Mr. Mark Redmond," muttered Malachi to himself, when his visitor was well gone—"yes, that will is not burnt. You stole it, and you've got it—saw it directly. Well, on second thoughts it's best as it is—let the young squire get well in and just taste the pleasures of his estate, then set him up to refusing to pay Mr. Redmond's annuity; that makes a breeze, out comes the will, and either the squire comes down handsomely, or else the parson pays; the squire needn't come to me. No, Redmond dare not go elsewhere—humph, come what will, I dare say we shall not be very great losers." And Perjury, having thus settled the matter to his own satisfaction, sat down to write a polite lawyer's letter to our hero's father, inquiring after the existence of any will, and politely insinuating the claims of the next heir in default of any legal devise.

As the other member of the pair returned to the old haunt in Westminster to report progress to the squire, who was unable to stir from the inflammation of his arm, along which the bullet by which Samson died had grooved a deep channel, he held similar converse with himself on the present state of his affairs. "So," he thought hardly to himself, "so the bond's good, and two thousand makes me a gentleman—but then, that equity, that makes me a beggar—ah, but there's the will—old lie knew I'd got it—well, if the squire don't sail smooth, out it comes, and they as pays best gets most—but then there's Mary—the squire's made a fool of her—he shall, make her a lady now, or out comes the will. Well, come what will, Mark won't be a very great loser anyhow." And thus having reasoned out the way, he prepared to make his first essay on the squire.

The bullet which sped to the death of the faithful servant, had furrowed its track along the arm of the young squire, tearing away the thick velveteen jacket in its way, and leaving a long though hardly skin-deep mark from the elbow to the bone of the wrist.

"And shall we leave this wretched spot, dear George?" said the same careworn girl, whom we have before seen in company with the squire.

"Yes, Mary, yes, but not yet—soon, very soon"—replied George, walking impatiently along the room.

"Why not yet, dearest—you are now squire—at least brother Mark has said so."

"Not yet, Mary—the law does not move quick, there is yet much to be done."

"Art sure he left no will?" asked the girl.

"No, girl—no, girl," replied George with an angry start, placing his hand on his crippled arm, as it hung in the sling.

"Morning, squire," said Redmond, walking into the apartment.

"Ah, Mark, have you seen Perjury?" replied George, tendering his left hand to his companion.

"What, left hand, squire?—that looks bad among friends, but ac-



cidents will happen—come, Mary, make yourself scarce, the squire and I have much to talk about, and I never like a third party, much less a woman, in my privy councils.”

The girl left the room.

“That was a lucky shot, squire,” said Redmond as he followed his sister and locked the door after her, “though it did take toll on the road.”

“Yes,” muttered George.

“I wonder what killed the old ‘un—it warn’t the bullet?”

“Good God, no;” replied the squire.

“No, no, you didn’t kill him outright, squire, you only frightened him to death, that’s all,” replied Redmond with a grin.

“Peace, brute,” said George, striking his sound hand on the table.

“Thankee, thankee kindly, squire—that’s mild—isn’t there anything else you’d like for to be calling on me?” replied Mark tauntingly.

“No, no, Mark, I am wrong—but indeed you try me too severely.”

“Vell, vell, let’s go to business. Perjury says it’s all right enough, so be that you’re the right man.”

“No fear of that,” replied George.

“Vell, but he wants proof; but he says he’ll see to all that, and do what’s right, and then, when we’re wanted, we must show; so ye see that job is jobb’d, thanks to somebody.”

“Thank you, thank you, Redmond; but now do let us burn that will—have you got it?”

“It’s quite safe, squire,” replied Redmond, “quite safe.”

“It will be safer when burnt—think what damning evidence it would be against us,” said George anxiously.

“No, squire, it mustn’t be burnt yet; we’ll talk more about it when we’re all snug at River Hill,” replied Mark, deliberately.

“We!” exclaimed George with a start.

“Ay, ve, squire—vhy, you’re not agoing for to give your friends the go-by—praps you’ll turn us off.”

“No, no, Redmond, of course I shall see you when I am all settled—you’ll come now and then,” replied George with some hesitation.

“When all settled—now and then—that’s not at all—no, no, squire, I’m a going to take up as a gemman, so I’ll just get a shooting-box down about your place, and see how you get on.”

“You a gentleman!” exclaimed George with a sneer.

“Ay, squire, and many a vorse un nor me; I’ve too thousand reasons for it, that’s more nor some has. Bating the we’s, my language aint xceptionable at all; besides they say slang is fashionable; can’t I patter flash nohow? vell, you needn’t stare so, squire. When Mary’s at the Hill, it von’t do for her brother to live in Duck Lane, Westminster,” said Redmond, keeping his eye on the squire.

“Mary, Mary at the Hill!” said George.

“Mayhap you’re a goin to turn her off too,” answered Redmond.

“No, no, Mark; I intend she shall have the little ivy cottage at the head of the trout stream.”

“And let her sell gingerbread and sweet cakes to the youngsters feathers of the village.”

The squire shook his head and smiled.

"But, squire," said Redmond, "won't it look rather queer, if the squire lives up at the Hill, and the squire lives down in Early Bottom Mead?"

George shook his head.

"Vell, squire, you knows best; but hang me if I ever heard of the Lady of River Hill living in the ivy cottage afore now."

"The Lady of River Hill!" exclaimed George.

"Vell, I suppose your wife would be that same thing," said Mark deliberately.

"Certainly, but what has that to do with the matter?"

"O, nothing whatewer, only I 'spose Mary 'll be your wife," replied Redmond, dropping his words out one by one, and scowling from under his bushy eyebrows at his companion.

Mary, Mary my wife! do you think I would marry my mistress?" exclaimed George, starting from his seat.

"Good vords, good vords, or as sure as I'm alive I'll brain you, if I swing for it. I say you will marry her."

"Never," exclaimed George, striking the table with his sound hand. "Good God!" he muttered half audibly, "Mark sticking to me like a leech—the Lord of River Hill mated with a courtezan."

"Vell, squire, now that you've argufyed the matter with yourself, what is't—a match?" asked Redmond, coolly lighting a cigar.

"Never, if I die for it," replied the squire, as he strode angrily across the creaking boards.

"Wery vell, squire; then the parson gets the will, that's all."

"Villain," screamed George, "do you remember your bond?"

"I should rather think I did than otherwise," replied Redmond with great deliberation and coolness; "but that, if I remember right, was for love and affection—services to self and uncle already performed; I don't think it spoke about cribbing the vill, did it, squire?"

George returned no answer to the cold tauntings of his companion. He stood as it were entranced at the depth of wretchedness he had permitted himself to be drawn into. A miserable life, amid fortune's favours, and the smiles of an obsequious world, awaited him on the one hand; on the other were penury, starvation, perhaps an ignominious death. The golden chalice which fortune had but just presented to his thirsty lips, was now dashed away by the very hand that had borne the cup, and was not to be regained until the draught had been mixed with misery's bitterest drug. His veins seem swelled nigh to bursting; his eyeballs became unnaturally dilated; his whole frame became rigid; whilst the rapid and unceasing motion of his whitened lips told but too plainly how intense a struggle was going on within his breast. The net was drawn closely round him, the meshes were too small, the fibres too strong, to admit of even the most distant possibility of escape. Opposite to him sat his captor, cool and apparently unconcerned, and yet intently watching every movement of the squire's features, whilst his right hand played half unconsciously about the butt of a pistol which he carried in the breast of his jacket.

"You agree then, squire," said Redmond.

"Never, never," reiterated George; "let Spencer, let any one, have all; I can but starve—I have done that ere now."

"You may do something more," replied Mark, weighing out his words during his answer. "Somebody might go and tell one something about you and I, and that ere vill—and then you see it might accidentally happen that somebody got hanged."

"Be it so," said George; "be it so, I care not."

"Vell, vell, squire, steady a bit there, and don't go on so fast. You see the choice is either hanging or marrying—not that I make you do either von or t'other;—but honest truth, when I considers the pair of 'em, it seems wery like scull I vin, music you lose."

"My mind is made up," replied George, as a smile stole over his features at the philosophy of his designing friend.

"Vell, vell, squire," said Redmond, "we're old chums, and so I'll give you a fair chance, and a good start. I'll let out to some one that I knows vere somebody can be got at, as knows vere this vill can be found; if you like to] come to your senses afore then, vhy then all's right—either I can't find somebody, or somebody can't find the vill. If you don't, vhy then I can find somebody, and somebody can find the will. Now that's vhat I call handsome." Redmond having thus delivered his intentions, threw the end of his cigar into the fire, rose from his rickety seat, and with a ceremonious bow to the squire and a cool "good morning," he opened the door and proceeded to disappear down the corkscrew staircase.

In a few hours after the robbery and the death of his brother, Spencer Middleton arrived at the cottage, and became acquainted with the events of the evening. When every requisite order had been given by him, and every preparation made for the coroner's examination into the death of the faithful servant on the ensuing day, he set himself down to write two important letters. The one which bore the superscription Mrs. S. Middleton, River Hill, we shall allow to pass unopened; from the other, which was directed to his son, our hero, we must take the liberty of making a short extract, which may assist our readers in understanding forthcoming events.

"My dear boy," said the vicar, after entering into a very minute account of the occurrences of the preceding few hours, "we can as yet hardly tell the actual extent of our loss, though we are well assured that money to some considerable amount was taken from the bureau—what the exact sum was, we shall never, in all probability, be able to ascertain, on account of the peculiar habits of your departed uncle. One thing, however, is too certain. The will has disappeared. Whether by accident, or with the hope of obtaining a large reward for its return, is not at present clear; though I cannot but fear, from some dark hints which my dear brother threw out during my last conversation with him, that the next heir, George's runagate son, may have instigated, if not actually planned, the robbery, in order to ensure the destruction of the will. The nurse Martha has behaved so suspiciously that I have ordered her to be carefully watched until after the inquest, and shall endeavour to examine her severely dur-

ing to-morrow's sitting. Should my fears come true, God only knows what I must do. I fear we must look forward to very straitened circumstances, as, besides the immediate loss of everything but my very small vicarage, the entire expenses of the Hill for the last two months will fall on me, inasmuch as my poor brother died some weeks before the day when he was wont to reimburse me the expenses of our large establishment. I trust you will be prepared for the worst; call in your bills, retrench every unnecessary expense, and if things come to the worst, be ready to leave at a moment's warning; do not, however, despair; until a nearer heir shall claim, we are safe; and though we are bound to be prepared for the storm, we need not expose ourselves voluntarily to its merciless peltings."

Such was the substance of the letter which our hero found on his breakfast table, about half way between morning and noon on the day after his philosophical convivium with the geologists of St. Luke's.

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## BONDS OF HUMAN TRUST.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A long farewell to thee, love! My hope that soared more high  
Than bird, that is so weak of wing, was able to endure,  
Hath met with one of those rain-clouds that through the welkin fly,  
And, wet and cold, hath wisely sought a passage more secure;  
Nor, though it leave the cloudy air, seeks it the earthy dust—  
It may be there are better things than bonds of human trust!

A long farewell to thee, love!—Pray, never peak or pine—  
There's many a river yet whose sands are rife with sunny gold;  
And should thy heart to search for such hereafter e'er incline,  
I warn thee try another track than that was tried of old:  
Nay, never look as if I mocked—all hearts are not unjust,  
But yet there *are* some better things than bonds of human trust!

A last farewell to thee, love!—'Tis true that once I sought  
To have my love within thy breast all tenderly maintained;  
But thou thyself of worldliness a different course hath taught;  
And though, at first, that hateful task to con I was constrain'd,  
Use makes it far more easy now—we *can* do what we *must*;—  
—O yes! there are far better things than bonds of human trust!

*Sidmouth, June, 1841.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A STUDENT.<sup>1</sup>

## THE POLISH HARP-GIRL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOD-SPIRIT."

Wenn dir was heilig ist auf dieser Welt ;  
 Gott, Unschuld, Freiheit, Vaterland und Liebe,  
 O tödte mich ! Dort komm ich dir entgegen  
 Und reiche dir den Kranz der Palme zu.  
 Wenn du mich liebst !—Du kannst mirs nicht verweigern,  
 Ich muss ja sterben ! . . . .

ZRIKY.

SWIFTLY as that dark horseman had departed, I met the fierce glance of his evil eye, and could read in its demon-glow the deed he had committed. It was murder, and, turning round, I beheld Zaleska drooping over her prostrate father, like a rose wreathed over a fallen oak.

The din of thousands was around me, countless throngs were gathered on every side, yet amid those multitudes the assassin's ball could reach his victim, a noble heart could die unnoticed!—Yes! they swept past and past, friends, kinsmen, all, nor heeded where the expiring warrior lay at their feet. It was the deep solitude amid a crowd, it was the selfishness of men, whose hopes are fixed on a distant object; their gaze flies on to that one point, overlooking all that should claim their care in the intermediate space.

But how was that deed consummated? What was its origin?—It is an old, old tale. Years have flowed over the hour when it took birth, and the actions of men are but as marks traced by a child on sea-sand, that wave on wave sweeps over and effaces.

May I pause in the stormy strides of the Polish revolt, to open the page of a private tale? May I stay the annals of mighty events to record the history of a human heart?—My friend, I will hope for thy indulgence. Mine is not a history—it is a romance, though a true one, and where the historian would pause to relate the querulous debates of dissentient senates, or the diplomatic intrigues of wily courtiers, that end in nullity and influence not the final event, we will employ that pause in narrating the past fates of those whose doom is fast approaching.

Turn we from the present, let us wave backward the pinions of thought through the lapse of years, let us forget and remember the *now* and the *then*.

We mark no more the thronging thousands of Warsaw, the illumined streets, the ringing bells, the press, the rush around the swift flight of that dark horseman, who sped away like a black cloud amid a whirlwind, nor the welking group beside the bleeding form of the dying noble. Away! away! A void glides over the busy-peopled scene, a silence comes on the din—away! away! hundreds of miles

<sup>1</sup> Continued from p. 170.

are left behind, the barrier-marks of the omni-victor, Time, o'erstept, and the Past stands before us. Even thus the rapid thoughts scudded before the dying man, as he recalled his life from its beginning, as swiftly in this his death hour, as we compass ages in a momentary dream.

The tale of his life was imparted to me in after time, and I will relate it, even as then it flitted athwart his memory.

A noble bay, studded with shipping, spreads before his visionary gaze, many a stately vessel of war rides proudly at anchor on the blue water, and some spread forth their wide sails, and glide away like a dream, silently, though fraught with thunder, going far, far into another hemisphere on missions of wrath or peace. One by one they move away westward, for a fleet departs that night, sent by the mighty tyrant charged with devastation, and disappears behind that line, seen in far distance like a cloud; it is the fort and isle of Cronstadt; the evening-gun booms from its walls with faint-seen flash; one might almost deem it the first light of a sky-bounding thunder-storm.

Behind, to the east, spread, apparently limitless, the dense masses of St. Petersburg, canopied by a lurid cloud of smoke, against which play in crimson the beams of the setting sun, slanting upward from the Baltic. Dark night was gathering around the palace of the autocrat, and the sickly gleams from the streets played fitfully through its gloom, that echoed to a hoarse and distant murmur;—the darkness gathered around that point, even as the baneful influence of him dwelling within seemed to stretch away over the vast island, that extended endless and silent, a world girdled and guarded by frost and fire, an arctic and a burning zone, whilst, refreshing contrast, to the west the blue sea playing with the image of the sun, broke it into fragments, like a child a golden bauble.

On the beach stood a group of three. The one, a lofty form, buoyant, proud, and fiery; the others not so lofty, mayhap not less proud, but there failed that look which ever speaks of *power* to command, that calm, unobtrusive, but ever present haughtiness. The flush of the cheek was replaced by pallor, telling of long and anxious thought; the fire of the eye was damped with the consciousness that it gazed upon a master: thus the fetters of man can curb even the highest spirit. Yet were they noble; they might have been taken for kings, were not a monarch present; but the first was Alexander, then soon to ascend the throne of all the Russias, the others Prince Adam Czartoryski and the Count Palatine of S——.

Early in youth the brothers had been sent as hostages to the court of the Empress Catherine, who had threatened otherwise to confiscate the estates of the family for its adherence to Kosciusko. Arrived in St. Petersburg, they were treated with the greatest distinction, and became the companions of the young Czarewitch Alexander, and his brother, afterwards the devastator of Poland.

Painful was the situation of the young nobles, who, while their compatriots were fighting afar the battles of their country, were doomed to play the courtier in the halls of a despot; but even there the patriot spirit of the young Czartoryski proved true to itself, aspiring to a noble task, that of converting the scion of tyrants into the protector



and champion of liberty. Holding before his royal friend the models of past and present glory, he breathed the aspirations of his own noble heart into that of Alexander, till it glowed with a fire almost as pure, till his words sounded like an echo of those of his friend, and then the young Pole, thus secretly brightening the horizon of his country, looked forward with proud hope to the future, when the high-souled child of tyrants should unfurl the banner of liberty, like an Aurora in the east.

O how eagerly for a time did the young spirit of the Russian prince drink of the intoxicating draught of freedom, though but freedom in thought; how eagerly did he long for the hour when he might say, "Poland, be free!—Russia, cast away thy chains!" and the world would awaken to their clank as they fell, shouting forth pæans to the liberal autocrat. Such, in truth, were the early dreams of him, who afterwards became the scourge of Poland. Power, art thou a thing so dangerous, thus to corrupt a noble heart? O! could Alexander then, as he stood in youth and innocence, in form and mind well fitted to be a ruler of nations, have seen the phantasm of his after self, how would he have turned away with loathing—how would he have wept hot tears of regret and shame, as he did on his stately bed of death, when, with a world at his feet, he started in agony at the visions of his memory, and as they passed, cried in his last despair, "O my God, how atrocious was that action!"

But now how different the picture! His life was all before him, that wild, swift, strange career; and he stood a calm and melancholy youth on the beach of the blue Baltic, by his side that early friend, that noble monitor, who now, on the verge of the grave, lives a venerable and lofty exile from his own loved fatherland, bending like a pale statue over the grave of his hopes.

The hot mists rolled up from St. Petersburg, lurid and dun, and a distant and lifelike roar came from its crowded streets, while before that high group spread the Baltic far as thought, and the heaven high as hope, seeming with their immeasurable distance to woo their spirits away. The despot's son felt the influence of the hour, and deep thoughts stirred in his then untainted breast—thoughts that drew their inspiration from the fountain of the good and glorious.

"Czartoryski!" cried Alexander, an expression of sadness stealing over his face, "I feel that it is hopeless. The power of custom is too strong. Poland will not be free, nor Russia cast her chains away, though I were to loosen the rivets. And O, my friends, I mistrust myself; I too shall change! I feel I shall not ever withstand the allurements of power, but sink from the patriot into the tyrant. Then hear me! Let us fly, let us shun this land; contamination is in the very air; it clings around me thick and hot, like fetters. Let us escape, and fly together to America; there we will live as free citizens, and at least, if we cannot others, we can liberate ourselves."

Even Czartoryski gazed in astonishment and admiration at the young prince, who would cast away power, splendour, the mightiest sceptre of earth, for the sake of liberty. He saw, he knew, that it was the real intent of Alexander; but he knew not that it was a transitory feeling; what he deemed the highest triumph of the pure

soul, was but the last gleam of the star before the clouds rush over its brightness. Though he hailed the words as an omen, he instantly felt that such a heart must not be lost from a throne. "Thou art wanted for the happiness of millions!" he exclaimed. "To this place thy destiny has called thee, and thy duty binds thee to the spot."

O, how he was deceived! how Alexander himself was deceived, partially as his conscience had revealed to him the coming darkness in his heart. Did the Czar ever in after life recal that evening walk on the Baltic beach?

The night was thickening around, and through the indistinct gloom the figure of a man appeared beside the Czarewitch. The stranger had heard these words, and he came as the evil counsellor, to pervert the pure mind and sink the proud hope. To him perchance the weight of woe is owing that lies heavily on half a world. May his name escape a curse, for there are many who claim kindred to him and to the good. Thus much he said, that he belonged to a family to whose titles are appended one of dread: **THE HARBINGER OF DEATH.**

As he came, his evil eye fell blighting on the Polish nobles, and for that it quailed before the calm gaze of Czartoryski, it lingered the longer on his companion, the Count of S. There was mutual hate between them, that hate which arises from innate antipathy, unknowing a cause, and thence more deadly. He whispered to the Russian prince and drew him aside; what words were spoken, how far they sank into the heart of Alexander, and what reply was made, remain untold, but on the morrow a change had passed over the eastern nations.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a palace on the banks of the Neva a high meeting was held by the first persons in the state to discuss an important event.

The conduct of the Emperor Paul had been so atrocious, even for a Tatar czar, that his most charitable friends excused it on the plea of insanity; but when he gave his minister a warrant for imprisoning or banishing his wife and children, and it became apparent that his lawless tyranny was ruining the state, a party of the nobles conspired together to remove him from his throne. Whether the ultimate means formed a part of their pristine plan, or were but the result of accidental circumstances, is unknown.

At a late hour about forty conspirators broke up from a banquet, and proceeded to the palace. The emperor had been partially warned, and double guards were posted around, with orders not to permit any one to pass on any pretext whatever. Thence, when the party approached, they were denied admittance, till the guard, seeing their own commanders among the group, gave way, and the conspirators entered. The emperor having retired to rest, they proceeded up the grand staircase direct to his bedchamber. An hussar, stationed at the door, opposed their progress, but he was soon overpowered, and the nobles burst into the room, when, to their utter astonishment, they found the bed untenanted. Already fearing discovery and death, they were about to retreat in haste, when Paul, who had

been aroused and alarmed by the struggle at the door, was discovered standing behind a screen.

The conspirators now declared the object of their intrusion, reproached the czar with his crimes, and demanded his abdication in favour of Alexander. The arraigned tyrant, palsied by terror, confessed his faults, promising amendment and strict obedience to the wishes of the conspirators if permitted to reign; but his accusers, too well aware of their fate if he retained power, would make no concession.

The emperor was already consenting; he had taken the pen, and was about to sign the paper. His accusers stood around him in breathless silence, their mission seemed successfully fulfilled; there was not a sound in the palace, no one near to disturb them, triumph gleamed from their eyes; but, more than all, one livid face glared forth from amid that fierce group with a look of demoniac malice. It was Count Z., who, led away by the passion of the moment, stepped forward with bitter and insulting reproaches for the wrongs he had sustained.

Z., a favourite of the Empress Catharine, had been robbed of all the honours and emoluments she had conferred. Paul, who hated him above all others, replying to his taunts with acrimony and rage, Count Z., infuriated beyond self-control, seized a chair that stood beside him, and striking the emperor on the forehead with the corner, felled him to the ground.

A dead silence ensued. This was an unforeseen event; Paul lay senseless at their feet. If he recovered they were lost, for he would never forgive, and they could not hope to escape the arm of his power. During this pause a grim figure had stepped forward—like a vulture scenting prey, he had advanced from the back-ground as the emperor fell—a ghastly smile played on his livid face. “Ye must finish what ye have begun!” cried the Harbinger of death, and planted his foot on the neck of the body.

At the impulse, like famishing tigers, the murderers leaped upon their victim, and actually trampled upon him till no sign of life remained. In the morning a physician was called in to certify that he had died of apoplexy.

Their measures were well taken, but they committed one oversight, without which eternal secrecy would have veiled the occurrence. In the excitement of the hour they wholly forgot the hussar stationed at the door, whom they had overpowered on their entrance. Remaining on the spot, he heard and saw all, and made his escape before the conspirators departed.

An ominous whisper stole abroad; it spread farther and farther, and though half-stifled by the bribes and menaces of the great, enough was told to ring for ever on the echoes of history. The first persons to whom the hussar imparted his tale were Prince Adam Czartoryski and Count S. A strange suspicion flashed across the minds of the latter, and they immediately sought the now mighty Alexander. It was an eventful hour. They passed through noisy crowds, and before the battalions of the guards, with bayonets fixed, ranged before the palace. All spoke of a mighty event, such as shakes the internal

state of nations. Dread doings were expected with every moment, an uneasy clamour boomed amid the mob, and the nerves of military power were strained to the utmost to fetter the unwieldy and turbulent monster. But, as the Polish nobles passed through the line of guards, and under the stately archway of the palace, they left the din behind, and a chill silence fell around them in sudden contrast. They seemed to have plunged from the surging sea of life into a cold, dread, soundless void. Men spoke not, or but in whispers; gloom sat on every brow; while the restless lightning of the eye, that met every glance with trembling, and scanned eagerly and anxiously every strange face entering the palace, told that an uncertainty of their future fate beneath the new autocrat rested heavily on the spirits of all.

A nameless dread, pervading every spot, announced the abode of death, and with step subdued Czartoryski and S. passed through the gloomy chambers. With anxious hearts they entered the presence of Alexander, anxious, not for their own weal, but for that of their country. They found him pacing the room with hasty strides; he was flushed and restless; and by his side, like his dark shadow, stood he, so justly called the Harbinger of Death.

At a glance the young nobles could see the change. The Alexander of that morning was no longer the ardent youth, with whom they had conversed on stirring themes but an evening past. In an instant they felt that the wild wish he had harboured was but a momentary impulse, one of those feelings that pass through the human heart, and vanish like a bright star falling from the arch of night—the last gleam that shone on the darkness of his soul.

Alexander received the friends of his youth with a constrained and uneasy courtesy. At times, a tone of affection lingered in his voice, but it passed away like an echo of former hours. From that moment the band began to sever till it rent in twain, and persecution succeeded friendship; but the name of Czartoryski has become a wealth of history; thenceforth it ranked with the great and glorious, the nations of earth looked up to its starlike career, and when its beams set, it was ominous of a kingdom's fall, even as comets were fabled to portend of old—for with Czartoryski Poland fell.

Count S., more mistrustful of Alexander than his friend was, harboured a strange suspicion—a strange, wild, dreadful doubt, which, if verified, might have hurled a monarch from his throne. Chance had led him upon the traces of a murder, and previous events had pointed to a dark conclusion. He was the only person who had fathomed thus far, and the Harbinger, whose keen eye pierced disguise, discovered in a moment that he was possessed of the secret, by what means he knew not.

The most talented and dangerous among the conspirators, the latter had perceived the error of which they had been guilty in permitting the hussar to escape with life; an error they sought to remedy, but too late, for the Count Palatine of S., being the first to whom the secret had been revealed, had taken the hussar to the widowed empress, and placed him under her protection.

As a necessary consequence, the hatred of the parties implicated

devolved upon him, the more, as the empress, foiled in her ambitious plans, now tried to raise a counter-party, and bring home the proofs of the murder. Thenceforth the new government persecuted with the most bitter enmity the originators and defenders of this hostile faction, for thus it was designated, and the direst hatred subsisted between the Palatine and the Harbinger of Death. As though sufficient cause for its bitterness were not already in existence, it was ordained that fresh fuel should be heaped upon their burning hearts,—its cause, one often told.

The Harbinger, if love could dwell in so fierce a breast, loved, and sooth to say, the daughter of a Polish serf. That any rival should baffle his love with one so humble, was a circumstance remote from all conjecture, but, as though fate impelled his headlong course to ruin, a rival stepped in the path of the Russian, and that rival was the Palatine.

Though low of birth, the Polish girl maintained the pride of her nation, and refused to listen to the impure offers of the Russian noble. Persecution following, she appealed for protection to the young count Palatine, her countryman, whom, as once the friend of Alexander, she yet deemed powerful. There needed no second appeal; and when his beauty so soft and winning pleaded in vain to the heart of man? Count S. stepped forth as her defender; and now the dreadful struggle commenced between the rising influence of the despot's favourite, and the sinking power of the friendless patriot.

While Czartoryski still remained present to protect his friend, all yet went well; but when court intrigue had procured his absence on an honourable but invidious service, the last link that restrained the tyrant broke. Then the insults and persecution of the Harbinger became more open and frequent, the power to resist them more weak. In a fated hour was it, that he and the young Palatine met in the dwelling of Theresa. Then burst forth the deadly anger, long half-suppressed,—then the last hold of the patriot on his foe was snapped asunder.

Long impunity had rendered the Russian reckless. The ends of justice had been baffled, and he sought a mask no longer.

"Thou hast learnt the secret," he exclaimed to the Palatine—"I know it well, and yet I fear thee not. Go! tell the world it was I who murdered the emperor—go—shout it forth over Europe—and, hark! add that I confessed it, nay, gloried in it. Ha! ha! May I too not have the merit of a great action? How fools play with names! Does not mine sound as well as Brutus? I and Brutus! Ha! You see I can philosophise too. But mark! cross not my path in this, if you have any regard for yon girl. She is mine—shall be—~~on~~—"

And he whispered a horrid and dreadful threat. The Palatine turned pale with horror; he felt the fearful power arrayed against him; but his holiest feelings, his noblest hopes, were outraged by the being before him, and he could no longer restrain his rage.

"No more," he thundered, "shall the Russian boor trample on the Polish noble. What! shall I not have power to rescue a defenceless serf, born on my own estate, from the fangs of the destroyer? Is Poland your garbage? Are her hopes and her honour your sport? By

Heaven! I will not be one to sanction the degradation. Back, *base offspring of a serf!* it were contamination for me to strike thee!"

In vain the young Pole provoked the Harbinger to combat; fierce and untameable, he was yet a coward, as murderers ever are; but the words sank deep—"base offspring of a serf!" it nerved him to open anger; suddenly and unawares he drew his sword—but his noble foe perceived the treacherous action. In that hour at least the Russian quailed, and when they parted, he was a cripple, maimed for life.

The ghastly look of horrid revenge with which the Harbinger left his proud and devoted foe, would have haunted the bravest heart to the last hour. "*Son of a serf!* and maimed by *that* hand! Look to thy fate, young patriot!"

Unknown to himself, the Palatine loved Theresa with a pure and devoted love, and when she sank pale and hopeless beneath that dreadful scowl, the prophetic foreboding came over his spirit, for love, though in one sense adding to the valour of man, makes him a coward for those he loves. With sorrowing heart he sought his lonely palace. The night had come, darkening heaven, as doth an evil thought the face of man—and still he stood at the casement, looking over St. Petersburg, that spread at his feet a sea of houses, on which rode a dun vapour, while, like phosphoric lights, the pale blaze of lamps dived upward from its depth. Suddenly, a red streak flared against the sky; it welked and waved, darkened and blazed again, and then subsided in the universal gloom.

The Palatine watched the conflagration with intense interest, and, he knew not why, with deep foreboding. On the morrow it was verified. When he sought the dwelling of Theresa, he found it a blackened ruin, and its inmates gone, none knew whither. But he recognized the hand that had traced those lines of ruin and fire, and he made a public appeal to the emperor for the restitution of the abducted Theresa.

During all this time the Harbinger was confined to a couch of pain by the wound he had received. If even then his arm could grasp thus widely, and strike thus far, what might not be feared when again he roamed abroad, like a monster hungering for prey!

The appeal was thus far successful, perhaps by the very wish of the abductor, who had formed his ghastly plan of revenge, that Theresa was restored to the Palatine, on the condition that he immediately married the daughter of the serf, else were she doomed to perpetual slavery and dishonour.

The young noble hesitated not a moment, and the nuptials were celebrated with a splendour that seemed a mockery, amid the open jeers and taunts of the proud aristocracy of Russia, whilst even his own compatriots fell away from the devoted Pole; thus far can unmeaning pride influence even the best of men.

"I restore to thee the vile serf thou hast chosen for thy wedded wife," were the words of the Harbinger, as he returned the lost Theresa, "pure and innocent as I received her, if aught from so foul a source can be untainted. The word of my house, that never yet failed in amity or hatred, be the proof thereof; and by that word, I wish thee all prosperity that earth can bestow, UNTIL WE MEET,—*this is the curse of ORLOFF.*"



Little the Palatine heeded these words, but immediately after the nuptials appeared an ukase, banishing him to his estates for life, in sentence on his having committed an *unprovoked* and *cowardly* assault on a Russian noble.

This was soon followed by another, declaring his children deprived of all patrician rights, and *serfs*, as being the offspring of an unequal and ignoble union.

A latent and dreadful revenge was prepared by these specious edicts, and with a heart in which despair half-conquered love, the Palatine and his serf-bride left the bright city of the north for the castle of his illustrious ancestry.

Then but on the verge of manhood, he beheld himself baffled in every plan, every career closed against his ambition, doomed to solitude and inactivity in the first bloom of his years. Too highly connected openly to attempt his life, his enemies contented themselves with rendering him powerless in his banishment. A constant watch was maintained around his castle on the frontiers of Poland his every action observed. He now felt a melancholy pride in adorning the ancient seat of his fathers, raising proud pile on pile, till the masses of towering grandeur rivalled the palaces of monarchs. The effigies of his ancestors seemed to scowl proud defiance against the tyrants of the land, as he surrounded himself with regal splendour in his lofty exile.

Years sped on, and whirlwinds broke around the ramparts of that ancient burgh, and passed away, and echoes rang in its gray towers, and again grew silent, as blast after blast of war scudded by, as battles raged beneath its stern walls, and anon the plains grew silent as the dew of night. Gladly, when first the French trumpet clanged across the frontier, gladly the proud noble flew to arms, and with deep sorrow re-sheathed his sword at the name of Tilsit.

Still too powerful to crush, he pined in secret, unmolested, save covertly; for as yet Alexander held specious argument with Poland, the mask still concealed the exterminating frown, but a dreadful fate was his, the proud spirit doomed to obscurity, the fiery heart to inaction.

Yet he lived unmolested, for, in the commencement of his exile, Orloff, who had recovered but slowly, was, immediately after his restoration to health, sent on a long and distant mission, and when he returned, it seemed as though he had forgotten the doomed victim of his revenge.

By degrees peace again visited the heart of the young noble: the angelic beauty, the mild virtues of Theresa, won him to happiness; her smile chased away all sorrow, as the sun dispels the clouds; and even when he gazed on the young and lovely children that played around him, he forgot for the moment that they were serfs, and doomed to misery.

Thus time passed on, fulfilling the curse of Orloff, "*all the happiness of earth TILL WE MEET.*"

At length, when lulled in security and peace, surrounded by the sunny smile of those he loved, and happy, for the first time happy, he had chased every care and every fear, for even the hope that the second ukase would be reversed was held out, perchance by his

dreadful foe, when even Poland seemed brightening with approaching liberty, for Alexander had pronounced her wrongs "a shame to earth,"—even then the darkest cloud came before him.

It was evening, and the Palatine, with his loved Theresa, sat on the eastern terrace of the castle. It was a lovely hour, and the air was so still, one might have heard the dew rise, when a horn sounded faintly in the distance. It neared rapidly across the country, and a plain travelling carriage drove up to the gate.

"It is our son returned from Vilno!" exclaimed the delighted mother, as with joy she anticipated seeing her darling return, proud of the honour he had reaped at that noble university, under Zan and Lelewel. He was a noble youth—fit scion of so illustrious a house—with all the pride of his race, but sensitive, as ever are the proud, and delicate even to weakness.

Eagerly the Palatine and the fond mother hastened to the hall to receive him—but he was not there! An air of consternation pervaded the household, and they ventured not to answer the anxious question of their lord.

A strange footfall was heard in a distant chamber;—thither they hastened, still thinking to see him.

A tall, stalwart figure stood in the embrasure of a window, looking across the noble park. Slowly he turned his darkened face, rendered hideous by a ghastly smile—it was the Harbinger of Death!

"Ye seem happy now, Count S.," exclaimed the monster—"and behold! what a goodly family. Methinks they are proud of bearing for serfs!" as he gazed on the joyous sons and fair sweet daughters of the house of S., "I wish ye joy—it is the curse of Orloff!"

Slowly he paced through all the chambers of the castle, in the same calm, cold manner, while none dared hinder, for the Russian reign of terror had commenced, and then, without another word, whirled away with the clang of horns across the darkened plain.

Anxiously and long the fond parents watched for the return of their darling son from Vilno. He came not, but, in his stead, a messenger appeared, informing them that, as a serf, he had been taken from the university, to study at which he dared not aspire, and sent with the conscripts as a private soldier to the Caucasus.

In vain the Palatine and the distracted mother offered their wealth, even their life, as an equivalent for his liberty. In vain! It was the first mesh in the fearful woof of Orloff's revenge.

After a time, the latter duly—and, as he expressed it, by an uncalled-for act of kindness—informed them that their son had died of hardship and privation on the road to Asia, and that his body had been left behind to the wolf and the vulture.

Scarcely had the first blow been given, when another came. One by one, obedient to the law as applied to serfs, the high-hearted sons of that lofty house were torn away as conscripts, sent to reinforce the far Asiatic regiments of the tyrant, and one by one came the messengers, certifying their deaths amid privation and agony; and when the last—the last hope—now the only one—departed—he with the bright blue eye, the arch, sweet smile, the merry, golden laugh... In vain!—

in vain ! Pray not, agonized mother ! Rave not, bereaved father ! See ! how rudely he is torn away ! They beat him, because he clings to his home ! Away ! Why standest thou thus, lorn mother ? He is gone !—he dies like the rest !

In vain had they striven to conceal, in vain to substitute ; the eye of tyranny and revenge pierced every veil.

Two lovely daughters yet remained. O, surely they would be spared—so highborn, so gentle, so beautiful. No ! the *law* must have its course—not even a Pole could murmur at that. In vain the sweet Marina loved a young and gallant Polish noble—vain were prayers and bribes against the curse of Orloff.

The sentence came. She too was doomed to be torn away, with the lowest daughters of the land, and about to be wedded to a Russian soldier—sent to a far and barbarous colony on the burning Caspian.

By a refinement of tyranny, Orloff himself appeared at this last triumph.

“The nuptials may take place at the castle of the count, that he may see his loved daughter as long as possible. Myself will be a guest ; for surely the ‘son of a serf’ may be present at the marriage of a serf,” he added in irony, with bitter allusion to the words of the Palatine in the dwelling of Theresa.

The distracted parents were forced to attend the church, which, with their ancestral monuments was decked for the rite, and a strict watch was kept over the wretched father and the maniac mother, lest some act of sudden despair should mar the ghastly revenge. But when the ceremony was completed, all cause of apprehension was deemed at an end. A sudden stupor seemed to have seized the doomed parent—he went about as one walking in sleep ! He had been compelled to assign a nuptial chamber in his castle, and the drunken soldier there revelled with his helpless victim. But at dead of night a pale and frightful apparition bent over him, as though summoned by the faint shrieks of his victim-bride.

There was deep silence—the slumbering wretch awoke not from his maudlin stupor—the eyes of the father and daughter met, and he read in them a prayer anticipating his intent. One kiss burnt its farewell on the lips of the pale girl, and a hot stream gushed against the side of the awakened soldier, as the father’s sword sank into his daughter’s heart.

For an instant his blade hovered over the breast of the soldier, but he withdrew it—“This sword, hallowed by her blood, must pierce none other breast but mine, and the time has not arrived !”

The Harbinger of Death departed, perhaps gluttled with revenge, for Zaleska, the youngest daughter of the house of S., escaped unnoticed. The avengers left ; and, wearing the dreadful curse, the father remained in his stately castle, amidst the very scenes hallowed by former ties and joys, beneath a more fearful doom than death or banishment could afford. A raving maniac, the mother lingered on, confined in a lonely tower, where often her spectral form was seen at night through the grated casement, and her shrieks were heard above the desolate plains, till men believed her some horrid fiend, howling over the devoted land.

A strange, supernatural life seemed to pervade the Palatine ; he mourned not, grieved not, outwardly ; but from that hour he fomented the great revolt, with a success and audacity that surprised the boldest.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the last time the eagle had passed the frontiers of Poland in the fulness of its glory, and repassed a flying phantom, death glooming beneath the shadow of its homeward wings.

The devastated plains were silent, for they formed the vast grave of armies ; and from that hour, when broken promises and baffled hopes sank heavily on a wronged nation, the deep current of conspiracy took birth. The secret meetings were appointed and held, and an invisible thread spun between the betrayed of Poland and the oppressed of Russia. Then that celebrated conspiracy was formed in the latter country, under Pestel and Ryleyeff, based upon the grand idea of forming one vast free northern republic of independent states, to embrace the Slavonian tribes from the Polar Sea to the Adriatic.

At this time a constant intercourse was maintained between the remotest branches of this wide-spread conspiracy, sometimes, as before mentioned, by means the most romantically strange.

A chief supporter and agent of these societies, as you are aware, was the Count Palatine, who, though banished to his estate, found means to traverse the country unobserved, and kindle the spark of liberty where all was dark and drear.

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It was some time after the events above recorded. Pale evening had folded the clouds of winter around the towers of S., the night lowered gloomily, and the count was about to issue forth on a mission of fear. There was but one who accompanied him on these secret errands, an old and long-tried vassal, who claimed kindred to Theresa, and was therefore cherished. To none other was known whither he went, nor how he returned.

Though frequent had been the absence of the Palatine, he had ever been undiscovered ; but latterly a party of men had been seen lurking in the neighbourhood of the castle, an unusual circumstance, for the country around had become a desert, as already it began to feel the blight of Constantine's misrule, and a large black hound had been seen circling like a haunting fiend around the walls, and scenting the track of whoever crossed their precincts.

It was already dark, and a cold mist lay upon the earth, through which at times fell slowly and lazily straggling flakes of snow, like spirits of the night-air wandering amid their dun empire. The time appointed had arrived on which the count was to depart on a secret mission of conspiracy. A sledge was brought round to a postern of the castle by that old and faithful servant, the door was re-closed, and the bell-less horses started forth on the trackless snow in silence. But at the same moment a dark mass, that had been reposing beneath the wall, started upward, like a demon out of the earth, a yell as of fierce delight rang on the spot, and the black shape glided behind the fleeing car. The Palatine and his companion were startled at the

unearthly apparition. If they quickened their speed, or it was relaxed, still that strange form was close behind on their track.

"What can it be?" exclaimed the count. "It is not like anything human, nor could man follow so fast. Fire! and we shall discover what it is."

His attendant obeyed, and, by the light of the red flash, they beheld the black hound that had lurked around the castle. It bayed deep with a muttering sound, like the imprecation of some foul spirit.

The count turned deadly pale.

"Good heaven! We are discovered and pursued! On, on!"

"Shall I fire again?"

"No. It might bring our enemies down upon us at once. Hark! how that cursed hound bays, as though it were a signal. On! on."

With frenzied speed on flew the horses; no tread announced their progress, nor hoof nor sleigh gave a sound as they whirled on over the soft snow, that now came down thick and fast. A sharp blast arose, bringing the cold with it from the north, whilst in almost palpable forms the frosty mists sailed by, like a spectral rout, rising from the dead.

On! on! away, away! Silent and swift rushed that strange flight, amid storm and darkness, so that the fantastic outlines of the vapours and the weird shape of the tracking hound alone were discernible, and that but at intervals, through the universal gloom. The cold grew keener and keener, and the deep baying of the pursuer rang clear upon the night.

From time to time the count addressed words of encouragement to his companion, who gave no reply, but every time he spoke appeared to urge the panting horses to greater speed, for they more flew than ran over the vast snow-plains, along which at far intervals straggling lights dived up and disappeared, left far behind almost as soon as seen.

After a time the baying of the hound ceased altogether, and it ran steadily by the side of the sledge, its fiery eyes turned to those it bore, with a look of fierce hunger.

"See, my friend!" exclaimed the count, "it must be a wolf; it scarce looks earthly! Haste! we must soon arrive at our place of meeting. What strange shapes the night-mist assumes! Methought, even now, there were horsemen pricking on before our sledge! But haste; the frost will kill us. How the cold gains strength!"

His companion replied not, but still they rushed on with unslackened speed; the silence was again unbroken, save by the ringing storm—and the time flew by till the count, surprised at the unwonted length of their journey, addressed his attendant.

"Anselm! you must have mistaken the way! we never were thus long before."

There came no reply.

"Anselm, awake! surely he sleeps. The track is lost, and we shall miss our friends. Answer me, Anselm."

Still the serf replied not. The count strove to rise, but in vain—it seemed as though impalpable fetters bound him, his limbs were powerless, the spirit of the cold had breathed its powerful spell.

“Anselm!” he cried; but again there came no answer, and a dread thought smote him. With difficulty he stretched his arm towards his companion—the latter was stiff and motionless; it was but too true, the frost had done its work, the reins had been held by a corse, the dead had been his driver!

Still the sledge flew on, and turned and veered, as though a spirit rode the steeds, while powerless, scarcely able to speak, sat the doomed conspirator. He strained his gaze with frenzied eagerness to see if he could discern a human form, but an indistinct and shifting shade wrapped every object.

At length the storm parted above, and a gray light fell down from heaven! it revealed a party of grim horsemen following the sledge, two of whom had rode on before and seized the reins.

“Who are ye? whither go ye?” gasped the Palatine.

“To Siberia!” was the reply; and on whirled the race, and steed succeeding steed, as they died and flagged, rivers and hills glided past, towers and domes flitted by, morning and night sank over them, and Poland closed on the abducted exile. Away! away! till the grave of hope, Siberia, piled its walls of ice between liberty and banishment.

The party of Cossacks had been posted near the castle by the government, that had discovered the traces of a conspiracy, charged to follow the Palatine secretly, to the meeting place, and thus secure all implicated.

Assisted by the sleath-hound, lest they should lose the track in the darkness, they had followed close behind the sledge. It was then that the death of Anselm had saved that vast conspiracy, for, had he lived and guided his master to the spot, all had been discovered and lost.

When the Cossacks had found, by the exclamations of their prisoner, that Anselm was dead, and the track mistaken, pursuant to their orders, without further noticing the Palatine, they seized the reins and hurried him on to Siberia.

While the victim of tyranny was thus hastening on to a living grave, dark scenes were enacting in his once happy home.

KARL.

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## HUNTING SONG.

BY MILES MALLORY.

### RECITATIVE.

**HARK !** the horn calls away,  
Come the grave, come the gay,  
Wake to music that wakens the skies,  
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise !

From the east breaks the morn,  
See the sunbeams adorn  
The wild heath, and the mountains so high,—  
Shrilly opes the stanch hound,  
The steed neighs to the sound ;  
And the woods and the valleys reply.

Our forefathers, though rude,  
Proved their greatness of blood,  
By encount'ring the hart and the boar,—  
Ruddy health flushed each face,  
Age and youth joined the chace,  
And taught woodland, and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,  
Hills and wilds we frequent,  
Where the bosom of Nature's revealed,—  
Though in life's busy day,  
Man of man makes a *prey*,  
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,  
Gods ! how great the delight,  
How our mortal sensations refine,  
Where is care, where is fear ?  
Like the winds in the rear,  
And the man's lost in something divine !

Now to horse ! my brave boys,  
Lo ! each pants for the joys  
That give freedom and life to the soul :  
Then at eve we'll dismount,  
Toils and pleasures recount,  
And renew the chace over the bowl !

## CURIOSITIES OF LEGAL EXPERIENCE.

BY A SOLICITOR.

## THE LONE FARM-HOUSE.

SOME years ago, a solitary cabin in the west of Ireland was beset by a number of armed men at dead of night, thirsting for the blood of the unfortunate inmates. They battered in the door, and, in spite of all resistance, had dragged out the farmer to be piked or bludgeoned, when his wife, perceiving that escape was hopeless, with singular presence of mind, caught up their only child, a boy not five years old, and hid him away in the old-fashioned chimney. "My child," said the brave-hearted woman, "they are murdering your father; my turn will come next, but I shall struggle with them hard, and by the turf I am now lighting look well at their faces, boy, and avenge our death hereafter." Soon the ruffians did return, and long and gallantly did she struggle by her own hearth-stone, while from his dark hiding-place the poor child, with white cheeks, did his mother's bidding, and stared silently at her murderers. Five months afterwards, three of the miscreants were convicted and hung, chiefly on the evidence of that boy. Such was the narrative with which Sir Robert Peel once powerfully excited the House of Commons, when stricter laws were demanded to keep down crime in Ireland; and yet, if the bare occurrence of such atrocities were a good reason for sterner punishment, many and many an instance might be found in civilized Protestant England. The following case occurred, no doubt, some time ago, but still so recently as to be within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant," and therefore sufficiently connected with our own times to retain its original interest.

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About thirteen miles from Shrewsbury, on the main road to Ludlow, the long, straggling village of Church Stretton occupies the centre of a narrow valley, shut in by low wooded heights, through which many a winding glen leads westward through the Longmynd hills towards Bishopscastle and the Stiperstones. This part of the county is even now wild and barren, the haunt of grouse, and snipe, and screaming plover; but still some fields have been enclosed, and sundry farms marked off where, fifty years ago, all was soft marsh or green heather. Far in the centre of the waste, at least three miles from any village, there stood, at the time we speak of, a lone farm-house, completely shut in by three round grassy hills, between two of which a cart-track led out to the high road, while between another pair a little brook trickled and trickled by, on its way to the distant Severn. In the hollow and on the hill-side were patches of barley and oats, and a few roods of potatoes; but all the rest was a bare mountain sheep-walk, without a tree or a corn-field to vary the monotony of grass. It was

a desolate spot in winter, when the swollen stream rushed hoarsely down the glen, and fierce blasts came raging and howling through one or other of the hollows;—nor would every woman have borne the savage solitude with the courage and indifference displayed by the good wife of Longhope Farm.

She was, indeed, no ordinary character. Her father had occupied a few acres of land at Pilverbach, a small village about four miles from Longhope, but, for several years before his death he had been a complete cripple, unable to labour, and supported solely by the vigorous activity of his daughter Rebecca. She managed everything herself—ploughed, dug, hoed, and made hay, in turn; bought and sold to the best advantage; kept the house in order, and husbanded their slender resources with the utmost economy. When the old man died, and the necessity for such constant exertion no longer existed, she listened to John Morgan's proposal that they should marry, make a joint-stock of their little properties, and try to earn an honest livelihood out of one of the mountain farms. Accordingly, the marriage took place, and a lease of Longhope was obtained on favourable terms.

Three years had elapsed, and the farmer was now a thriving man, owing in a great degree to the good sense and activity of his helpmate. For some time she had done all the household work unassisted, until the birth of a child, in the second year of the marriage, obliged her to engage the services of a young girl from Pilverbach, named Jesse Williams. In winter, two or three labourers and shepherds were generally lodged about the farm, but in summer time it often happened that, for days together, there was no one at Longhope except the good wife, her child, and her maid. Both Morgan and his wife, from living so near the border, were half Welsh people, and both were kind-hearted and hospitable whenever opportunity offered.

Little Jesse, on her first arrival, had been quite dismayed by the loneliness and solitude; but habit and active employment, together with occasional visits from a village sweetheart, soon reconciled her to the change. It must be confessed that her admirer, young Harry Watkins, was by no means above the ordinary race of mortals, for he was slouching and lumpish in his appearance, a thought passionate, and as obstinate as a Kerry pig. On the other hand, he was a hard-working lad, who supported both himself and his aged parent; and he had somehow managed not only to settle in his own mind that Jesse should be his wife some time or other, but also to impress the same notion upon her, she scarcely knew how. It was therefore almost a matter of course, on every fine Sunday afternoon, for Watkins, in his bright red waistcoat, and Jesse, in her blue cotton gown and gipsy bonnet, to roam "over the hills and far away," or else to stand side by side in the aisle of one of the neighbouring churches.

But "the course of true love never does run smooth." Even in the solitude of Longhope, a rival intervened to disturb Harry Watkins's calm security. On various occasions Jesse had been sent to Church Stretton, to procure household articles or woman's gear for dame Morgan, and, being a pretty, fresh-coloured lass, she had attracted the notice of Joe Garbett, or larking Joe, as he was called, who was not long in making her acquaintance. In truth, Joe was by no means

bashful, nor afflicted with doubts as to his personal merit. He was a slight, active fellow, with light brown hair and gray eyes, the left being half closed, from a confirmed habit of winking. There was a knowing, jaunty air about him, which made him pass among the clodhoppers for "main clever," a character which he laudably endeavoured to maintain by constantly taking them in. Numberless were the pints of beer he drank at their expense, by means of tricky wagers, or skilful doses of flattery; yet Joe was always a welcome guest at the taproom of the Talbot or Buck's Head, where his songs or ready-witted jests gave life and animation to the circle of heavy-headed beer-drinkers. The old farmers, indeed, shook their heads, and prophesied that he would come to no good; but among the "lads of the village," and, we may add, the lasses too, Joe was a universal favourite. He soon managed to establish himself in Jesse's good graces, who was greatly flattered by such a conquest;—indeed he might almost be considered as her first lover, for her old sweetheart she had known from a child, and the change from a playfellow to a lover had been scarcely perceptible. Garbett, too, was so much more insinuating and attentive, constantly walking part of the way back with her, carrying her basket, and chatting with a gaiety which contrasted strongly with Harry Watkins's matter-of-fact conversation. He took great care, however, not to come near the farm, and there was so little intercourse between Longhope and the neighbourhood, that Jesse's new lover might have remained unknown for a long time, if she herself had not given mysterious hints on the subject to Watkins. It was some time before he comprehended her, and when he did, his behaviour was so outrageous, and he treated Jesse so much like a criminal for daring to have another admirer, that her spirit rose against it, and she declared her determination not to be scolded by him any more;—he need never come after her again, she added, for Joe Garbett was a hundred times kinder and handsomer; and away she bounced, like a Welsh pony from a stranger that tries to catch him, leaving Watkins dumb with sheer amazement, his face rivalling in colour the scarlet waistcoat below.

The result was, that Harry Watkins, on the very next Sunday, went to Longhope, and told dame Morgan his grievances. The good dame, knowing him to be a steady, respectable lad, and having heard that Garbett was the very reverse, spoke seriously to Jesse, and even insisted on her giving up this new acquaintance altogether. But her interference only made the damsel more obstinate than before, and more resolved both to be "off with the old love" and to be "on with the new." She was obliged, however, in future, to meet larking Joe secretly, and that worthy himself took especial care not to be seen in the neighbourhood. Thus matters remained until the twenty-second of August, 17——, a day to be marked blood-red in the calendar of fate, so pregnant was it with death and anguish to the inhabitants of Longhope Farm.

It was the week of Ludlow fair, and farmer Morgan had attended, as usual, both to sell his sheep and wool, and to buy fresh stock for the winter feed. The sheep sold well, but winter stock being in great demand, the farmer determined not to buy at the fair, but to try his

luck at Bishopscastle, where there was to be a cattle sale on Saturday; so, tying up his money, a good deal of which was in guineas and silver, in a canvass bag, he mounted his nag and made for Longhope. A ride of sixteen miles brought him to Church Stretton, where he drew up at the Buck's Head for an hour, to enjoy a pipe and tankard in the crowded taproom. Larking Joe, as usual, was one of the party, and though the farmer knew nothing of the affair between him and Jesse, he had the natural contempt for him that a hard-working man is sure to feel towards an idle scapegrace, nor could all Joe's songs and jests attract his attention. But Garbett himself was not so indifferent. The quick-witted fellow had caught the heavy sound of the money-bag in the farmer's great-coat as he threw it off, and when Morgan cautiously transferred the treasure to his coat-pocket for greater security, Joe's eye had lighted for an instant on the bulging canvass. That mere sound, that momentary glance, was enough to raise in his evil mind the ghastly vision of a horrible crime. Unconscious of the coming doom, the farmer smoked on, and when his pipe and pot were both expended, rode stoutly away to his lone house among the hills. Far up the glen he saw the cheery blaze of his own hearth, kindled, most likely, for the commonest purposes, yet "it looked like a welcoming," and he pressed on the faster to gain that comfortable fire-side. A sturdy halloo brought out a herdsman, who took charge of his horse, and Morgan was soon installed in the chimney-corner, talking over the events of the day with his wife, while Jesse bustled about, arranging the materials for a right substantial supper.

Rebecca Morgan suited her husband exactly. Her courageous temper, persevering industry, and good management, were just such manly virtues as the stout yeoman knew how to value; he felt a respect for his helpmate, consulted her on all occasions, and availed himself of her strong good sense without a particle of jealousy, or the least dread of being hen-pecked. There was no sentiment or refinement in either, but good old English feeling was not wanting. And when their early time of rest arrived, and the couple stood by the bed where their child lay, soft and warm, sleeping the summer's night away, the farmer's "God bless 'un," and the mother's light kiss on his cheek, were truer far, and, if rightly looked at, far more affecting, than if the expression of parental love had been clothed in daintier phrases;—yet the same heart that will feel little interest in the homely affection of a rough yeoman in his lone farm-house, will soften at once beneath the graceful sorrowing adieus of the cold-hearted Mary of Scotland!

Little cared the bluff farmer for such reflections. The live-long night he snored and slept with a vigorous enjoyment of rest that knew no interruption, and when Saturday morning rose bright and clear, out he tumbled, got into his clothes, dipped his head into a bucket of water, and routed out the shepherds and herdsman with a bustle and activity that would have astonished the farmers of our degenerate days. In less than an hour he and all his men were off across the mountains to Bishopscastle, and, as Morgan intended to drive home whatever sheep he might purchase that same day, he was not likely to return before dark. As they were leaving the farm, one of the

shepherds fancied he saw a man's face looking down on them from the hill-top, but it vanished too quickly, and the bumpkin cared too little about the matter, to think it worth mentioning to his comrades.

While the men-folk were away, the good wife and Jesse were busily engaged the live-long day in brewing a cask of home-made—and hard work it was to fill the copper from the brook, ladle out the hot wort, and set it to cool in the mash-tubs. But all was done before dusk; the cooled liquor thrown back again into the boilers to remain until Monday, the mash-tubs all cleaned up and turned over on the floor, and everything set in order, to the high satisfaction both of mistress and maid. Dame Morgan had just sung her little Johnny to sleep, and, leaving him in the bed, had returned to the large room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served for kitchen, and parlour, and all, when she saw three men enter the farmyard and approach the house. She went to the door immediately, when one of the three stepped forward, and very civilly asked her to give them a bit of bread and cheese and a cup of beer, as they had lost their way among the hills.

Such claims on her hospitality had frequently occurred in that wild country, and she made no difficulty about giving the refreshment they required; but not liking that the room she had just cleaned up should be dirtied again by these strangers, she called Jesse, and bade her carry some bread and cheese and ale into a sort of open shed across the yard, where, in fine weather, the shepherds commonly took their meals.

The moment Jesse set eyes on the men, or, rather, on one of them, she started, and reddened, and cast such furtive glances at her mistress, that the latter guessed instantly that one of the men must be Joe Garbett. She felt a great inclination to pack the whole of them off without ceremony, for coming in that underhand way where they were not welcome, but, on second thoughts, she determined to wait until her husband returned, and leave him to deal with them. Jesse bustled about to hide her confusion, looked out a huge brown loaf and half a cheese, and, bidding the men follow her, she tripped gaily across the farmyard.

She had not been gone a minute before a scream roused dame Morgan's anger still more against the men who, she imagined, had been rude to her little maiden, and, brimful of wrath, she hurried to the door.

Ha! there is no romping there! Shrieking in wild terror, the blood gushing in streams through the hands that clasped her throat, Jesse was staggering out of the shed. Close at her back followed one of the men with a bloody knife, and, cursing fiercely, thrice he stabbed the poor girl with all his might. The blows forced her against the shed, and the smallest man of the three, springing forward with an oath, caught up a broken ploughshare, and drove it on the victim's head with crushing violence;—she dropt, and there was no more shrieking.

"Murder!" issued unconsciously from dame Morgan's lips in a hoarse whisper—the next instant her own fearful danger flashed on her mind. To shut the door and down with the wooden bar was instinctive. What next? Alas! she could neither resist nor fly.



There was not a moment to think. The mash-tub caught her eye—she flung herself down on the floor, pulled the tub over her, and had just time to coil herself round before the ruffians burst in with fierce execrations. She heard their horrible threats, the eager search made for her, the furious rage they showed when she was not to be found. All agreed that it was impossible she could have escaped, and again and again every hiding-place was ransacked except the one—nay, two of them even sat down on the tub, and reproached one another with having murdered Jesse too soon, as they wanted her to tell them the “old ’un’s” hiding-place.

There she lay close coiled, knees, elbows, and head all jammed together, not three inches from them, in fear doubtless—in mortal, agonizing fear—but still with every faculty sharpened to a painful acuteness, and not without a silent hope that the good God would yet protect her.

O heart of proof, stand firm! She heard one of the ruffians start up, and declare that he could soon find out where she was. Then there was a cry—the cry of her little Johnny—the mother’s heart sprang to her lips, for she had not thought of danger to him.

“Ay, burn the kitten,” said one, with a mocking laugh, “and the old cat will soon come out.”

“Well done, Joe,” replied another, “clap his toes to the bars.”

Mercy! mercy! they are torturing her child! His shrill screams of pain ring in her ears—there is a hissing sound as of burning flesh—oh! she cannot bear it—the devilish practice will succeed—the tub rises—no, it falls again, and the miscreants have not seen it move.

“I can’t save him, I can’t save him,” muttered the strong-hearted woman to herself with maniac rapidity. She gnawed her arm to the bone, but felt it not, for she dared not stop her ears, and the piercing cries of her child thrilled through her brain with a bitter agony that mocked all other pain. Scream after scream continued, she knew not how long, and still, with resolute courage, she lay silent and motionless as the dead, baffling the hellish scheme of those bloody murderers. At length they too wearied of the poor infant’s cries.

“Stop the reptile’s squalling, Joe,” said one, surlily;—the next instant there was a dull heavy sound, as of something soft swung against the wall, and the cries immediately ceased. Then the mother knew that her little boy was dead.

The ruffians must have proceeded to search the house for plunder, since the next thing the miserable woman remembered was the rattling of money over her head. They had actually chosen the bottom of the mash-tub as the place on which to divide their booty, and talk over their future plans! After counting out to each other the price of blood, which was, after all, an inconsiderable sum, they spoke of her own unaccountable escape, and the danger there was that she might be able to recognize them. All agreed that they must quit that part of the country, but it was at last arranged that, before they went, they would, on the following Sunday night, break into the house of a Mr. Harper, near Longden, which had been marked by the gang for plunder on account of the quantity

of plate it was known to contain. And then, with brutal oaths and grumbings at their scant booty, the miscreants went away, not dreaming that a just Providence had posted in the very scene of their crimes a living witness to work out the destined retribution.

In about an hour afterwards, when it was almost dark, the farmer and his men came down the glen, driving a large flock of sheep before them. But this time no cheerful blaze greeted Morgan's return. He rode a short distance ahead, and was surprised to see the yard gate open. The silence, too, was unusual; and when he found the door of his house ajar, and no light within, he dismounted hastily, and entered in some apprehension. No one was there; he called out "Becky!" "Jessy!" but they came not. Dreadfully alarmed, he rushed to the smouldering fire, thrust in some sticks, and stirred it into a blaze. The quivering light fell strongly on a white bundle at his feet, streaked with red. He lifted it up—good Heavens! it is the bloody corpse of a child! His shout of horror brought in the shepherds, and all stood gazing in dumb consternation, when, to their infinite terror, a mash-tub which lay on the floor slowly rose up, and the form of a woman gradually uncoiled itself into a kneeling posture, like one rising from the grave. The face was deadly pale, and the open eyes stared vacantly upon them. At this fearful apparition, the men shrank back in superstitious dread, and even the stout farmer quailed. "Becky!" at last he uttered, in a doubtful tone. She nodded. "Becky!" he said again, more confidently. She stretched out her arms, and Morgan, recovering his self-possession, caught her up like a feather, and vehemently demanded his child. The rough embrace roused her from the trance into which she had fallen—"Johnny is dead!" she said, piteously wringing her hands—"Johnny is dead!"—and that was all she would answer,

"Search the place!" shouted the farmer furiously, "there has been murder here!"

And while the men, with lighted sticks, and what weapons they could find, hurried through the house and outbuildings, again Morgan questioned his wife as to what had happened. But it was in vain; and, carrying her to a seat by the fire, he was about to join the men in their search, when all at once she burst into a loud laugh which froze his very life-blood.

"They burned him—ha! ha! ha!" she yelled frantically—"they burned Johnny till he screamed so,"—and she imitated the poor child's cries with strange exactness, ending in a fit of violent convulsions. It took four strong men to hold her down while it lasted, but afterwards she was so weak that Morgan carried her to bed without any opposition, and she lay quiet enough, muttering to herself incoherently.

The men had brought in Jesse's dead body, and as it was quite clear that murder had been committed, one of the shepherds set off on horseback for Church Stretton, to obtain assistance. The people there were almost all in bed, but as he rode through the village, holloaing "Murder!" at the top of his voice, every one rushed out to learn the news.

Within half an hour, all the men in the place had started for Longhope, and a rigorous examination was made, both on the farm it-

self, and over the neighbouring hills ; but nothing was discovered, and the only chance was, that dame Morgan might be able to give some clue to the mystery. The village surgeon had already bled her, and administered a strong opiate, so that nothing could well be learned from her before the morning. Meantime, the rumour of what had happened spread far and wide, and, during the forenoon of Sunday, people kept pouring in from all the neighbouring villages in crowds. Among the foremost was Harry Watkins, to whom poor Jesse's fate seemed almost incredible. He shed a few natural tears on first seeing her dead body, but the sight of her gaping wounds roused his dogged temper, and all other feelings were absorbed in the one burning thirst for vengeance. As yet, however, no one could point out the murderer, and he stalked moodily about, with flushed face and set teeth, glaring without reply at any one who spoke to him.

At last it was buzzed about that dame Morgan had awoke quite sensible, and that the constable was taking her depositions ; upon which Watkins forced his way up to the bed-room door, where his well-known connexion with the murdered girl procured him admittance. There were only four others present, consisting of the farmer, the constable, and his assistants, to whom dame Morgan, propped up in the bed with pillows, was faintly telling her tale of horror.

"I could not save him, John, indeed I could not," she said, in a deprecating tone, as she spoke of their tortured child ; and, in spite of her husband's kind assurances and hearty commendations, she looked up in his face again and again, repeating the same pathetic appeal, "Indeed and indeed I could not save him !"

The intelligence she gave showed clearly that Joe Garbett had been one of the three men. Above all, the intended robbery at Longden was of the last importance, and the constable, enjoining on all present the utmost secrecy, hurried off to make arrangements for capturing the villains that very night at Mr. Harper's. The crowd of idlers without, unable to gather any information from the man of office, closed round Harry Watkins with eager inquiries ; but he only shoved them surlily aside, without noticing their questions, and strode away over the hills at a desperate pace. Meantime preparations were made, with the utmost caution, for seizing the three desperadoes. Mr. Harper was warned of the intended robbery ; one by one, the constables of Church Stretton and Longhope, with four assistants, dropped quietly into his house ; Morgan, too, would be present, in spite of all remonstrance ; the family were directed to go to church as usual, and when the bell ceased tolling, three of the men hid themselves in the front parlour, and the remaining three, with Morgan, in the drawing-room at the back. The house stood by itself, having pleasure-grounds both in front and rear, and stables and other offices at each side. Half an hour had scarcely passed before a pane of glass cracked in the drawing-room windows ; one, two, three men were heard jumping in, and out burst the farmer on the foremost, with a huge oak stick in both hands, one blow of which beat the ruffian down in an instant. A second was also secured without difficulty, and Joe Garbett, the third, was seized by the collar at the same instant by the constable of Stretton and his assistant. But that alert villain threw off his coat

in a twinkling, and sprang at one bound through the open window. The constable drew a pistol and blazed after him, then threw himself out headlong, closely followed by the three men from the parlour. But the fugitive was lithe of limb as a greyhound;—life, dear life, hung on his speed, and he would probably have got clear off but for an unexpected aid. A man jumped from the shrubbery right in Garbett's path, dealt him a dreadful cut with a broad axe which almost slivered his cheek off, and brought him heavily to the ground. Again the axe was raised in both hands, and down it came with full swing, not on Joe's head indeed, but so close that it grazed his left ear. Before a third blow could be struck, the pursuers came up, and found their new ally was young Harry Watkins. He was perfectly mad with rage, and they had great difficulty in wrenching away the axe, and preventing him from finishing Jesse's murderer at once. As soon as Garbett recovered his senses, the three miscreants were handcuffed, and carried off to Shrewsbury gaol, there to await their trial.

The sensation created in the neighbourhood by a crime so atrocious was intense, and nothing perhaps in the whole business excited greater horror than Joe Garbett's cold-blooded murder of poor Jesse, whose sweetheart he had professed himself. People asked each other if it was possible that Joe, larking Joe, whose songs and jests they had so often laughed at, could be guilty of such unheard-of cruelties. But in truth there was nothing wonderful in it; his native wit and high animal spirits concealed a character of selfish hardness, a mind utterly callous to all human sympathies. The very habit of jesting on every one and everything, both indicated the man's heartlessness and tended to increase it. Still, there was undoubtedly an apparent contrast between his pot-house levity of manner and his actual atrocities at Longhope, which deepened the general feeling of abhorrence against him. When the trial took place, and the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty, a loud cheer rang through the court, though promptly and sternly rebuked by the presiding judge; and as the miserable men were carried back to gaol, the mob followed with curses both loud and deep, the women, especially, loading Garbett with expressions of utter loathing and detestation.

At that period the law gave to convicted murderers but short shrift between sentence and execution, little more, in fact, than was necessary to set up a gallows. An immense crowd attended on the morning of the execution, and when the three prisoners appeared on the platform for the last time in this world, they were received with a mingled yell of exultation and abhorrence. It was the only thing that seemed to affect the wretched Garbett—that universal expression of bitter detestation by his fellow-men. Hardened as he was to all other considerations, the village favourite yet felt acutely, even at that fearful moment, the loss of his little world's applause.

The hangman's office was soon done—the white caps drawn down, the rope adjusted; the sheriff dropped his handkerchief as a signal, the bolts were drawn, the platform fell, and in a few minutes three lifeless carcases swung in the breeze. This was all that remained of the murderers of Longhope Farm.

## MEMORIES OF GIBRALTAR.

## No. IV.

A WELL appointed man-of-war's barge, with its green silk awnings flaunting in a light breeze, was lying off the New Mole ; near it a small cutter, quivering its loosely-reefed sails, sat like a bird upon the water, as if ready to shake out its wings and flit before the wind. It was a lovely morning. Nature seemed joyously to sympathize with the gay party for whom those boats were prepared, and who had predestined this to be *a day of pleasure*. The picnics of the garrison at that period were amongst the most charming diversions, and this one had been arranged upon an unusually liberal scale.

A party of twenty were to occupy the barge, in which I would have willingly taken my seat, but as my liege lord piqued himself upon the management and beauty of his cutter, it would have offended him keenly had I evinced the least disposition to abandon his favourite. We were not, however, condemned to a conjugal *tête-à-tête*, Major Cameron having undertaken to share the captain's nautical labours, and fat fussy poetastering Lieutenant Sylvester having petitioned me to receive under my *matronly* protection Miss Henwood, a young lady with whom he sentimentalized—a request in which of course his own admission was implied, and to which he was probably beguiled by the mistaken hope that our small circle would afford more unbroken opportunities for his love-making than could be indulged in the larger boat.

Perhaps there are few of the minor events in life so trying to human patience as the tests presented upon the morning of an excursion ; early rising, *contretemps* of the toilette, late arrivals, waiting, scoldings, apologies, forgets, disappointments, etcetera, generally commence the day in squalls ; but upon this one occasion every one was punctual, and, to judge from the general hilarity, the laundress and *coiffeuse*, those great arbiters of domestic peace, had performed their duties to perfection—in short, everything appeared quite *au couleur de rose*.

The veteran excursionist well knows that the arrangements of a boating-party is an undertaking worthy the talent of the most able tactician. The *vis-à-vis* are delicate considerations, and the proximities require the most dexterous management. However, Lieutenant Macdonald, of the San Juan seventy-four, who commanded the boat's crew, undertook in his sailor off-hand way to dispose of those matters, and executed his self-imposed task *à merveille*.

It was intended that we should rendezvous at Algeziras, and soon running across the bay we passed close to Green Island, an islet lying near the coast, remarkable as having been the spot where the Spanish conspirators met to concert the surrender of their country into the hands of the Moors. Previous to the descent of the French troops

in 1812, it had been garrisoned by a small detachment of British soldiers, but those had long been withdrawn. It is a very wretched spot, containing an ill-cultivated plot of ground, and a few miserable huts, tenanted by families in a state of the most squalid indigence.

Algeziras, for a Spanish town, is well built. The thickly-planted Alameida was ornamented by a very handsome stone fountain, which being destroyed by the French, was afterwards rebuilt in wood, the inhabitants having suffered so much by plunder that they were unable to afford the expense of restoring it to its original state. The convent was tenanted by a very limited sisterhood. The church is a remarkably fine one, and much more grand as well as ornate than that at Gibraltar. The handsome white aqueduct which rises behind the town forms a pleasing object when seen from the bay; it stands out in bold relief from the vineyards that surround it, and may be distinctly seen from any elevated station on the rock, even without the aid of a glass. Algeziras owes a greater notoriety to the numerous little white wooden crosses nailed up in the streets, as well as fixed on the hillocks, exterior to the town, each commemorative of assassination, a crime, it is believed, more common in Algeziras than in any other town in the Spanish dominions, a man's life after nightfall not being worth more than a couple of dollars' purchase. But whilst deprecating this frightful turpitude, I must not omit to mention that during my residence in Spain I do not remember to have heard of a single instance where a *woman* was the victim; and while we condemn the foreign criminal who dips his stiletto in blood, let us not forget the revolting details with which our journals abound. The Spaniard sins ignorantly, believing that his priest can grant him absolution; the Englishman has not even this excuse, knowing that for him his church provides no such comfortable consolation.

It was our intention to visit a vineyard in the rear of the town, cultivated by an old man and his pretty daughter, the latter a sufficient inducement to our youngsters, although they declared that the grapes were sour. So, after our commodore had superintended the hauling up of the barge, and the captain had secured our lighter boat, we sallied forth to the vineyard, not, however, until the crews were strictly enjoined not to make too much love to the wine or to the women, or, as Lord Grizzle most pungently expresses it, not to "kick up a row."

It is now so well known that vineyards bear about as much resemblance to our preconceived ideas as does rustic reality to Arcadian pictures, that it is quite unnecessary for me to dilate upon the subject; nevertheless there are commonly in those of Andalusia one or more trellissed walks, hedged with roses and geraniums, that are most luxuriously cool and refreshing; and in one of those spots our location being determined, our party was about to separate into little exploratory groups,—Mrs. M. was composing her features into the most becoming smiles,—Miss S. her figure into the most pictorial attitudes,—Captain Newcome was coaxing his mustache into hyperian curls, and Colonel Mac whispering the prettiest no-meanings to the literal Miss Swallow, when a clamorous party arrived from the hotel, headed by the host himself, armed with his bill, to complain that our



marauding tars had carried off *vi et armis* all his store of German sausages, and that the sailors were incontinently devouring those delicacies, seasoned by sundry condemnatory ejaculations not fit for ears polite, and by which they exhibited a very marked preference for the salt junk that composed their daily rations. The cause of this confusion arose from an error of the coxswain, who having stormed the larder of the hotel for provisions for his men, and seeing the sausages, had in his ignorance of epicurean luxuries, believed them to be merely salt beef in another form, and only preferable in being ready dressed; these, therefore, with a skin of light wine, contemptuously denominated "black strap," they had grumblingly consumed, utterly unconscious of the costliness of their banquet. Money, however, the grand panacea for all such evils, soon converted the landlord's anger into obsequiousness, and though the blunder cost us a little too dear, we laughed away our chagrin, and consoled ourselves that the mishap was so easily remedied.

Preserving our good-humour, we passed an hour very charmingly among the rose-fields and vines, when our propriety was again frightened away by a "hue and cry," raised by two sailors, who came running to inform their commander that a couple of their messmates had disappeared, and could not be heard of in the town. This was a circumstance which clouded the brows of all our beaux, but gloomiest it lay upon that of our master of the ceremonies, who felt his honour in some way compromised by the loss of his men; and scarcely had we recovered from this disagreeable intelligence, when a rumour reached us that the crew of the barge were at high quarrel with the Spanish boatmen; knives were out, and British blood was hot: the aspect of the day had changed, and now all was alarm and apprehension, where so lately every face wore smiles. A hasty council determined that we should adjourn to some less populous *locale*, where those fiery tars might find fewer enemies to cope withal; and as it was judged by the officers that a heavy pull of a few miles might act as a sedative upon their excited nerves, we agreed to steer for the rivers, where the rural tastes of the ladies, and that of the gentlemen for angling, might be indulged without any danger to the biped population.

The barge was soon in deep water, and amidst the open threats of the Spaniards, and the muttered imprecations of the English sailors, our party gladly pushed from shore, whence the little cutter, containing our more independent group, had already scudded before the favouring breeze.

As we cleared the harbour, and felt ourselves freed from the danger which our men had so incautiously evoked, the thermometer of our gaiety ascended, and merry signals passed from boat to boat whilst laughing voices rang upon the gale.

Whilst nearing the head of the bay, we passed a boat of persons from the garrison, who, like ourselves, were out upon a party of pleasure; but as their course seemed towards Orange Grove, near Campo, we merely exchanged passing courtesies.

Upon entering the river we were challenged by the Spanish sentinel, who lazily perambulated the bank, and informed us that he had

orders to prevent the entrance of boats; as the captain, however, was constantly in the habit of sailing up the rivers, he was perfectly *au fait* to the meaning of this intimation, and accordingly a response notifying that we were only the "*avant courier*" of a man-of-war's boat well manned, secured a free passport without the customary imposition of a donation.

We were all at length safely debarked at the ferry-house, and whatever may be the affectation ascribed to military men, our gallants appeared to have escaped that maudlin absurdity so much pretended by would-be sentimentalists, who, though eschewing not "the flesh-pots," for their own particular consolation, insist that it destroys the ideal of women to be seen eating, for certes our sons of Mars upon this occasion proved anything but patronizers of this sickly sentimentality; their pic-nic lottery, though not, like Bish and Carroll's, realising twenty thousands, having secured to us many prizes not to be contemned by the most fastidious after a day's starvation upon the water, in the more real than poetic shape of hams, tongues, chickens, wine, and London porter!

Our party were seen dispersed

"Through winding streams, and flowing meads among,"

in such groups as fancy or flirtation suggested; but as it is not my intention to publish a tale of scandal, I shall merely confine myself to one or two remarkable persons who *embellished* our circle.

The first I shall introduce to my readers is Miss Mary Harkway, one of the most exquisitely beautiful creatures that eyes ever beheld. The poet never dreamt of anything that looked more like a divinity,—but, alas! the sculptor never chiselled a colder piece of marble. It was amusing to observe the effect she produced upon a stranger; as for the *habitués*, they avoided her as though they apprehended a fit of the ague, but the instant a NEWCOME appeared at the ball-room, the first glance of Mary Harkway fixed him in admiration. There she sat, in her beauty looking like an angel; a second glance, and a suspicion that she was proud began to arise; on the third, her admirer was under the full gaze of her large blue eyes; and if he were not stared down by the still cold look that went round his heart and round his heart, without ever touching his heart, like the subject of the child's riddle, "which went round the house, and round the house, without ever touching the house;" the honour of dawdling through a dance with her, and the single drawling, "I am so tired," that formed the ultimatum of her condescension, generally served as a receipt in full for all future attentions; and at the first possible opportunity her emancipated adorer might be seen gladly transferring his devoirs to her sister, a gay, laughing, chattering girl, with a good person and a face that seemed plain beside that of the beauty, or, in *her* absence, falling into animated conversation with an elder one, who, in virtue of a considerable superiority of years, and the accidental loss of personal graces, chaperoned her sisters, and who never failed, by her sparkling and witty repartee, to detain any beaux to whom she pleased to direct her attention; so inferior, after all, are personal charms compared to those of the mind.

The beautiful iceberg was a natural curiosity; her *stare* was the most extraordinary achievement I ever witnessed: she would fix her eyes upon your countenance, and stare, and stare, and stare again, till, if a woman were the victim, brow, cheek, and neck became one blaze—still those large unwinking eyes stared on. Men celebrated for their effrontery wagered that they would outstare her, but even they were convicted of blushing themselves into defeat. It is, however, asserted that *one* Irishman sustained the assault of the staring battery with unblushing honours. Some pretend that he actually vanquished his fair antagonist, but that I think apocryphal,—knowing the characteristic modesty of his countrymen when a lady is in the case. Nor was this the only amusement Miss Mary afforded; one was, the endeavour to detect her in the act of smiling. I have seen many eyes suddenly directed towards her, whilst bursts of merriment convulsed the audience during a dramatic entertainment, but there was the same imperturbable countenance, beautiful, cold, and marmoral.

But it must not be imagined that Miss Mary Harkway was altogether so passive as her company face indicated; for if report spoke truth, her home was the scene of a thousand petulant caprices, all tending to show that the end and object of her life was the preservation of her personal charms; for this she submitted to the most careful regimen, and the most studiously self-imposed penalties, one of which was, that she insisted that her bedclothes should be pinned with the most scrupulous precision in order that during sleep she might not derange the harmony of her figure, nor be offended by a fold, for to her delicate perceptions the crumpling of Nora Creena's rose-leaves would have been as—as—crumbs of bread in the same situation; which, reader, if you have any curiosity to experience in perfection, I recommend you to share your couch with a sweet little hungry pet, who cries for a crust in the middle of the night, and then you will enjoy the full benefit of my comparison. With all her care, however, Mary's sisters were all married, whilst she was left to rejoice in the spinsterial appellation of the beautiful Miss Harkway.

Then there was Captain Lovelace, an exquisite of the first order, delicate, fair, and lady-like, with a very small waist, and a very large bust, just exported from Bond-street, replete with metropolitan *bon-mots* and aristocratic scandal, who arranged his hair at night *en papi-lottes*, and wore poultice-gloves to preserve the delicacy of his hands: he would have made an appropriate husband for the charming Miss Harkway, but two negatives do not always make an affirmative. I must next sketch a gentleman remarkable in quite another way; he had *had* very long feet, (I use the preterpluperfect, because they were no longer long). Most men are content to take their members as people do each other in marriage, for better for worse, but our hero had suffered himself to be quizzed by some of our wags into the notion that to possess a pair of ungraceful feet was a monstrous calamity; and as they derived amusement from the reflection that a protracted convalescence would afford a very considerable number of guards and picquets to be brought up, in conformity with the standing order, which required that all duties missed during illness should

be fulfilled on recovery, they determined to have our hero placed on the sick list, and for that purpose persuaded him that his feet were just half a toe too long; a fact over which he had so often lamented in secret, that he was easily cajoled to allow that half a toe could be very easily lopped off, and so actually insisted upon such an amputation for the improvement of his feet. He was then just recovering from the effects of this exploit, and was beginning to discover that what he had gained in beauty he had lost in speed; and was like many others repenting at leisure for having allowed himself to be laughed into a hasty decision; and before his arrear of duties were made good, he would have given half his pay to have purchased back his half toes: but repentance came too late, he had behaved like a goose, and he was fated to waddle like a duck for the remainder of his days. The only way that I ever heard of his converting his loss into profit, was by laying small wagers that he had fewer nails in his boots than any person in company. Neither must I omit to record a little *tête-à-tête* which I chanced to overhear as the parties sauntered near me, I the while in a half poetic, half idle mood, dawdling on the river's bank. The gentleman was using his best endeavours to render himself agreeable, and I trust that by transmitting his style to the public I shall be considered to be conferring an edifying obligation upon all amatory students.

Rosalie de Montmorency, the only child of an aged officer of rank and fortune, was young, fragile, and graceful. Her full dark eyes, that now dwelt thoughtfully on the earth, now fervently swept the heavens, revealed a mind deeply enthusiastic. By her parents she was guarded with the most jealous care, and the infant that clings smiling to its mother's breast is not more innocent than was Rosalie.

Amongst the visitors at the general's house, none were so favoured as Henry Constantine, a scion of a noble family, notwithstanding that his *outrés* opinions and eccentric habits had rendered him remarkable. Prominent amongst these was his avowed scorn for all the conventions and pleasures of life, even while he indulged in some of the most refined luxuries; thus, he declared that those who could abridge the demands of humanity, were worthy of the first rank among philosophers. In conformity with this theory, he slept but three hours during night; but then, he rested upon a couch so costly and luxurious, that it might have been dedicated to the most delicate of Beauty's daughters.

In what occupation he passed the intervening hours none knew, save that he sometimes confessed to have impersonated the various aerial sprites with whom the Rock has the reputation of being populated; sentries were frightened from their posts by the vision of a white spectre, gauntly striding on the top of his garden wall, and occasionally haunting the precincts of Rosalie's home; whilst the inmates slumbered unconscious of his ghostly contiguity. At seven he was permitted to enter the general's library, and privileged to remain a silent spectator of Rosalie's studies under the complaisant superintendence of Madame Le Blanc,—she, all the while, quite unconscious that she had inspired any admiration in the phlegmatic person who

took every opportunity to descant upon her faults, went on with her pursuits, precisely as if such an intruder had not been in existence.

Another of his singularities was, that he took but one daily repast ; he loved, he said, to adopt the customs of any country in which he sojourned, and scrupulously confined his appetite to the dish most in use there ; so in Spain it was always an olio ; in England, I presume, it would have been roast beef. In wine he was not more indulgent, as he limited himself to one glass. His dress was a model for plainness, but it was made to perfection by the most fashionable London artist, and all the appendages of his toilette were exported from the most celebrated repositories. The clearest rill that ever gurgled from its rocky bed was not deemed sufficiently pure for his ablutions ; for these the richest distillations of herb and flower were employed, and sent to him per case, as others purchase claret. He moved in a cloud of odour, for his attire was literally steeped in sweets, but upon the pale cold lip there sat a perpetual bitterness. Upon the sallow cheek a sarcastic smile had become habitual ; yet whilst to his associates he spoke but to admonish, amongst the poor, words of comfort and consolation dropped as honeyed balm from his lips, and his income was liberally dispensed wherever he encountered a child of affliction.

To show that his exploits, however, sometimes took a serious form, I may just here mention, that upon one occasion the Wesleyan chapel was entered by night, the doors taken off their hinges, and, to the horror of the congregation, all their Bibles and hymn-books carried away.

The following day the whole garrison was in consternation ; rewards to a great amount were publicly offered for the apprehension of the sacrilegious marauder, but neither he nor the books were discovered, the latter being all packed off to England, and Henry Constantine, to this hour, I believe, remains unsuspected.

It was strange that a man of such strict religious views, according to his own particular creed, should have committed so reprehensible an action. It arose from having taken it into his head to doubt the sincerity of some of the professors, and so he visited all with his displeasure. I believe that I was the sole repository of the secret, though certainly not an accomplice before the fact ; but how the revelation came to rest in my keeping, is a secret which I do not mean to reveal.

Such was the extraordinary, but by no means unworthy person, who upon the morning previous to our excursion had formally proposed to the general for his fair and gentle daughter ; who, with her enthusiastic nature, had formed to herself a beau ideal so far above humanity, that the most amiable of the lordly sex might have blushed to have tested his merits by such a standard.

Startled and amazed as Rosalie had been by the communication of her conquest, she was too well accustomed to obey, as well as too untutored in the feelings of her own heart, to dream of questioning the will of her parents ; and when, in signifying their approval, they congratulated her upon her happy destiny, and assured her that the merits of her future lord far outweighed his peculiarities, she curtsied her assent, and took the whole upon trust, and the *tête-à-tête* with which the lovers were indulged upon the morning of our excursion.

sion, was their first interview since they had stood in such a relation to each other.

They had wandered a few paces silently, Rosalie plucking the wild flowers that garnished the bank, when suddenly finding one more lovely than the rest, she exclaimed, "O how beautiful—is it not?" holding the treasure as she spoke towards her companion. He gazed upon her glowing countenance with a chilly smile that must have been a very unfaithful index of his feelings, as he sarcastically replied,

"When will you learn, Miss De Montmorency, that beauty is altogether worthless? Beauty! psha!" and he flung the flower into the river; "the wise despise beauty!"

"Then I am very simple," replied Rosalie, in her sweet manner, "for 'tis always charming to me."

"But you love admiration more, else why those roses in your hair? Do you think that the adornments which Nature has bestowed are improved by the contemptible assistance of art?"

"I wear them because they are fashionable."

"Psha! what a reason! fashion indeed! fashion makes people hideous. Are you content to disfigure yourself because fools call every absurdity, fashion?"

"Certainly not; but these roses, do you really think them unbecoming?" and Rosalie threw back her hat, and shaking her clustering curls, presented the *soi-disant* stoic with one of her most enchanting looks.

"Unbecoming! Why, certainly—no, not exactly—that is—Miss De Montmorency, beware of becoming a coquette—you have all the elements of one—you—"

"I'll discard my roses this moment, if you object to them," said Rosalie, though somewhat piqued.

"Now why do that?" interrupted the querulous monitor. "Why should you feel concerned whether your appearance is agreeable or otherwise? It argues that you set too high a value upon the opinion of others."

"Ought I not to wish to please *you*?" asked Rosalie, ingenuously.

The innocent artlessness of this reply seemed to disarm the cynic, for he remained silent a few moments, and, when he spoke again, his tone was gentler.

"May I hope, Miss De Montmorency, that the proposals which the general did me the honour to accept were not disagreeable to you?"

"I never dispute my father's will," said Rosalie, timidly.

"I was prepared to expect docility from the daughter of General De Montmorency," said the lover; "and I trust that time and assiduity may obtain me the preference which, if I mistake not, Miss De Montmorency has still to bestow."

Rosalie bowed.

"Perhaps you may not be aware that I leave the Rock to-morrow?"

Rosalie started, and I fancied that her step became more elastic, as though a weight had been removed.



"I go," he pursued, "to England, on business of importance to the government; probably I may be detained some months, and when I return, our nuptials shall be at once celebrated, when I shall hasten to place my bride in a more distinguished circle, which her presence will adorn."

Rosalie smiled.

"You need not smile, Miss De Montmorency; I am not used to compliment, yet mistake not my cold exterior for the indication of an icy heart;—hour after hour have I sat by unseen, listening to the music of your voice—"

"Whilst I was reading theology!" said Rosalie.

"I heeded not the subject; in looking upon you I forgot all else—you were my ideal."

Rosalie thought of hers, and sighed; but, with a girlish volatility, said, "Why scold me then?"

"I would have you perfect; but judge if, upon my return, I could bear to be trifled with? I could not—I would not! Answer me—do you acknowledge the engagement?"

"I do," she tremulously murmured.

"Then listen to me. I will have no flirtations in my absence; no love-speeches;—do you mark me? I will not be forsaken—you are mine for life or death!"

Rosalie answered not, but her step faltered, her cheek grew pale.

"Listen," he continued, "I will tell you a story. There was a monk once who became confessor to the daughter of an Italian noble. The lady was very fair, and the monk at an age when passion masters duty. So it was that the monk loved—not as the rippling brook, that babbles as it goes, and straight expends its strength, ran the current of his devotion, but as the still lake, that deepens hour by hour, until it bursts its banks, involving all that oppose its course in general ruin. So loved the monk, in silence and despair. At last, a suitor to the lady came—an accepted one. The nuptial feast was made, the bridal guests were come, the lover by the altar waited, the count prepared to lead his daughter forth, the lady knelt before her confessor, and prayed for absolution, but he for answer gave his own confession; then, ere a shriek could tell her detestation of his sin, his knife had stilled the beating of her heart, and drank the bubbling life-blood of his own. 'For me,' he cried, 'thou wouldst not choose to live—I will not suffer thee to live another's.' And such is *my* passion—such *would* be my revenge!"

What might have been Rosalie's previous impression I cannot say, but there is no doubt that Henry Constantine, in this *chef-d'œuvre* of the agreeable, committed such a miserable mistake, that from that moment his very name became odious to her, and certain it was that she did not fulfil her promise. One of his vagaries so much offended the general, that he formally terminated the engagement, and Rosalie married a very different sort of person, though scarcely one iota nearer to her ideal; and, lest any person should be tempted to waste their superabundant apprehensions on the subject, I beg leave to assure them that Henry Constantine did not kill either himself or his faithless love, though it must be confessed that it was some months before she felt perfectly confident of her safety; and he, for aught I know to the contrary, is at this moment dining off

roast beef in Belgrave Square, or satirizing fashion, although perfuming Regent Street with his handkerchief, and ambitiously emulating Count D'Orsay's coat. So much for lover's vows at three-and-twenty ; so much for man's consistency at all ages.

A cry of distress and a general bustle about the ferry-house now attracted all our stragglers, and we amongst the rest hastened to the spot. Presently the crowd opened, and we saw the merchant's boat, and a person borne from it apparently hurt. It was one of the party we had passed in the bay, who was to have been married the following week to a handsome girl that hung weeping over him.

With true English bull-headedness, they had refused the accustomed fees to the sentinel at the mouth of the river, resolved, as they said, to resist imposition ; and he, not apprehending from them any resistance more dangerous than that of the tongue, had fired a random shot at their boat as it flew past him, and mortally wounded the intended bridegroom. As unfortunately we had not a medical officer in the party, we could not render him any useful assistance ; he was, consequently, hastily replaced in the boat, but, before they reached the garrison, all his mortal wants had ceased.

I need scarcely state that an event like this had greatly chilled our mirth ; for, though scarcely known to the persons concerned, it could not be supposed that a scene such as we had witnessed could pass without awakening serious considerations even in the most giddy and thoughtless, and our *day of pleasure* was fast clouding into sober sadness, when a slight incident drew our attention to another quarter.

Miss Henwood had lost her companion, and though disposed to coo in the most approved dove fashion, the response of the mate was indispensable to the harmony of the duet.

"Where can Mr. Sylvester be ?" rang from lip to lip ; we hunted, we searched, in the house, out of the house, behind the door, up the chimney, rhyming,

" Riddle me, riddle me, riddle me ree,  
Where can the poet Sylvester be ?"

Our repast was set out on the grass, under orange trees. Colonel Macgregor presided over the turkey, Major Shadworth assailed the ham, and the captain uncovered a war dish of culinary combustibles, manufactured upon the most approved peninsular principles. The odorous gale was wafted upwards, a rustling was heard overhead, and lo ! there sat revealed Lieutenant Sylvester, upon the branch of an orange tree, starting from an ecstasy of composition, and peering down with longing eyes, equally forgetful of love and the muses, thus clearly demonstrating that important and abstruse metaphysical fact, that the nose and the stomach sympathise more acutely than the ear and the heart.

Presently down dropped a precious *morceau*, the very essence of the poet's cranium—the paper bearing the well-defined marks of having passed a warm day in his cap, where it had been deposited in readiness to receive his inspired lucubrations, and the poetry exhibiting full evidence of the chaotic brain where it had been engendered. Down it fell like lead, accurately following the laws of gravitation, plump into the lap of the fair Clarissa, and after it came, head foremost, the bard himself, literally following his nose. Crash, crash,

went the branches ; “ Oh ! ah ! ” screamed the ladies, foreseeing a catastrophe ; “ Stand clear,” shouted the gentlemen, securing the dishes. But no ; “ thanks to good broad cloth,” as Bailie Nicol Jarvie says, the lieutenant stuck fast upon a friendly bough, dangling face downwards. There was a sudden spring among those beneath, as they respectfully vacated their seats in favour of the descendant from Mount Olympus. Swing, swang, went the poet. “ Ah me ! ” cried Clarissa. Then there was a sharp, rending noise, and down flopped the disciple of the Muses all fours on the grass, not to be irreverent, like a huge toad upon a stagnant pool. But what had the lieutenant left behind him ? Something was still dangling there, very like a very large piece of broadcloth. Upon that subject, however, the least said is the soonest mended, which was more than poor Mr. Sylvester’s never-to-be-spokenables were, for it was nearly an hour before his reappearance among us, after being escorted from our presence by a full guard of honour, who closed round him in a great hurry, as if they wished to spare his blushes, or those of the ladies. During his absence, we amused ourselves with a perusal of his verses. Here they are. Poor lieutenant ! I am sure that he did not find it a day of pleasure.

TO THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Here, in a grove ethereally sublimed,  
 I sit, ah me ! the pastoral child of song !  
 Happy for him whose muse hath never climbed !  
 Happy for him whose pinion’s not so long !  
 For I betimes from earth must take my flights,  
 Though heavenward borne, yet still to leave behind  
 Such gentle hearts, in which my muse delights,  
 Such as Clarissa’s, none in clouds to find.  
 The sun is bright, but brighter far when he  
 Exhales her image, as when morning dew  
 From the bright posies, sweet as poesy,  
 Is by his rays made vapour to our view.  
 The shepherd’s pipe, as through Iberia’s plains  
 He tunes to home, alike his love and sheep,  
 Is not more gentle than the light that reigns  
 Enthroned in eyes majestically deep.  
 Behold her of our feast the sweetest *tart*,  
 Of all our viands none so sweet as she ;  
 Better by nature dressed than they by art,  
 Her breath the nectar of the company.  
 There are some poets that would fain combine  
 The past and present with the future hope,  
 As ’twere all tenses in one garland twine,  
 Viewing the *to be* through a telescope.  
 Not so for me, that I at present love,  
 Have loved, shall love, is quite enough, my dear ;  
 No Galilean tube need they approve,  
 Whose mental eye can make all far things near !

The philosophical throes of the concluding verses contending with the smoking temptations below, no doubt produced such a confusion in the brain of our laureate, as to overbalance his centre of gravity, and thus for ever deprived posterity of the remainder of this very lucid and pathetic elegy. The pearls, however, that fall from genius are too precious not to be gathered and preserved, even though the string be broken.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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MAY, 1841.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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*Italy and the Italian Islands, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* By WILLIAM SPALDING, Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh. With Engravings on Wood by JACKSON, and Illustrative Maps and Plans on Steel. 3 Vols.

This is a most comprehensive work—comprehensive as to facts and information—yet far from being voluminous when we consider the extent of the subjects which it embraces. As a compendium we think it invaluable, and it should everywhere be adopted as a class-book. Having carefully examined the three volumes, we find in them nothing from which we can dissent, and everything to commend as regards the spirit of the narrative and the fluency of its style. The arrangement of its various topics is excellent, one following the other in a natural succession, not confusing, but beautifully making lucid the whole history. There is a very large portion of this work devoted to the fine arts, on which the author is perhaps more eloquent than on most other matters. It is thus that his subject inspires him when speaking of Michel Angelo:—

“The frescoes of the Sistine Chapel represent, from the pages of the Bible, the outlines of the religious history of man. The spirit which animates them is the stern awfulness of the Hebrew prophets; the milder graces of the new covenant glimmer faintly and unfrequently through; the beauty and repose of classicism are all but utterly banished. The master’s idea of godhead is that of superhuman strength in action, and the divinity which he thus conceives he imparts to all his figures of the human race. The work, as a whole, is one which no other mind must venture to imitate; but of those very qualities which make it dangerous as a model in art, none could be removed without injuring its severe sublimity. The ceiling is divided into numerous compartments, each of which contains a

scene selected from the Old Testament :—the Creator forming the elements, the earth, the first man ;—the creation of Eve, and the fall of man, in which feminine grace for a moment visits the fancy of the artist ;—the expulsion from Eden ;—the deluge, and the subsequent history of Noah ;—the brazen serpent, the triumphs of David and of Judith, and the symbolical history of Jonah. The absorbed greatness which animates the principal figures of these groups is repeated in the ornamental divisions of the ceiling, where are the Sibyls, and those unparalleled figures of the Prophets, which are the highest proofs of the painter's religious grandeur. The Last Judgment, a colossal composition, sixty feet in height by thirty in breadth, and embracing an almost countless number of figures, is a more ambitious and also a more celebrated work, but is far from being so completely successful. No artist but Michel Angelo could have made it what it is ; but it might have been made much greater by him—the painter of the Eve, the Delphic Sibyl, the Lazarus, and the Prophets. Its faults are many ;—an entire absence of beauty and of repose ; vagueness and monotony of character, which is increased by the general nudity of the figures ; ostentatious display of academic attitudes and anatomy ; and, in some prominent personages, especially the Judge, an absolute meanness and grossness of conception. The merits of this wonderful monument of genius are less easily enumerated. Its heaven is not the heaven either of art or of religion ; but its hell is more terribly sublime than anything which imagination ever framed. Vast as the piece is, its composition is simple and admirable, and nothing ever approached to its perfect unity of sentiment. Every thought and emotion are swallowed up in one idea—the presence of the righteous Judge ; with the exception of a single unobtrusive group, composed by a reunited wife and husband, every one in the crowd of the awakened dead stands solitary, waiting for his doom.”

His treatise on Italian literature—for it is a complete treatise—would of itself form an admirable work. It appears that the Italians possessed a species of drama which has not yet found its way into England, where we had thought that everything foreign met with a reception too ready.

“ The most curious dramatic event of the seventeenth century in Italy, was the perfecting of those improvised pieces, almost exclusively peculiar to the Italian stage, and called *Commedie dell' Arte*, in which the author did little more than sketch the outline, leaving the dialogue to be filled up by the dexterity of the performers. Such exhibitions were older than the written comedy ; indeed the antiquaries endeavour to trace them to the mimes of the ancient Romans : but they did not till now reach their full developement. In all of them were found the same leading personages, whose varieties in different provinces were changes in name rather than in nature. These characters were represented by masked actors, wearing dresses appropriated by fixed custom to each, and speaking the several local dialects. When the group was complete, its members were four in number ;—the Pantalone, a good-natured, garrulous, Venetian merchant, who was usually father to one of the lovers in the piece ; the Doctor, who was the other father, and, in his solemn pedantry, as well as his scraps of bad Latin interspersed through his Bolognese jargon, parodied the legal sages of the great university ; the Arlecchino, a blundering Bergamasque servant, the Irishman of the play ; and the Capitano Spavento, or Captain Panic, a cowardly Spanish bully, through whose ridiculous Neapolitan dialect, and the sufferings to which he was mercilessly exposed, the Italians vented their hatred for their foreign taskmasters. The waiting-maids, Arlecchino's sisters or mistresses, were Colombina, Smeraldina, or Spiletta ; all of whom talkèd good Italian, as did the Amadori or lovers, who completed the *dramatis personæ*.”

Much as we respect Punch and his assistant Judy, and the innovation of the living dog, we must pronounce him to be but a poor apology for this. Throughout, this history breathes that chastened and yet generous spirit of liberty, upon the basis of which the noblest human institutions are always founded. Let the following graphic recital attest this fact :—

“ In the fifteenth century the picturesque island-city presented to a stranger the most gorgeous of spectacles, especially during the long carnival, or in any other of its numerous local festivals. Such was the anniversary of the Abduction of the Brides, or that still more splendid solemnity in which, annually on Ascension Day, the Doge, surrounded by the gondolas of the whole population, sailed out in the great galley called the Bucentaur, and wedded the Adriatic by throwing his ring into its waters. All the magnificence of the age was there exhibited to the grave Venetians, who, wearing masks and dressed in black, seemed one united nation, equal in rights, and proud of their privileges. If the traveller questioned the merchants in the little square of the Rialto, he heard well-founded boasts of prosperity, and grateful praises of rulers who protected commerce by good laws incorruptibly administered. If he conversed with the gondoliers, the sailors, or the glass-workers, he was told that the government not only amused the poor by public exhibitions, but maintained them in comfort by employment and charity ; and that it displayed equal kindness in allowing the two local factions of the populace, the Niccoloti with their black caps and sashes on one side of the Grand Canal, and the Castellani with their red ones on the other, to fight out their feuds to bloodshed on the bridge of San Barnaba, under the superintendence of the police. If he addressed a patrician, standing untitled among counts and marquises of Dalmatia or Istria, whose honours he had helped to confer, the haughty noble led him to the palace of S. Mark, where the Doge, the nominal head of the state, received royal ambassadors without rising or lifting his peaked cap. But if the stranger could have looked behind the masks which covered the faces of the patricians, he would have seen those fearful glances which proved that every man suspected his neighbour of being a spy ; at the corner of each of the principal squares he might have remarked vases of bronze, in the shape of lions' mouths, open day and night to receive denunciations : if he could have penetrated into the dungeons of the ducal palace, (its ‘ Pozzi’ beneath the level of the canals, or its ‘ Piombi,’ which lay in suffocating heat close to the leaden roofs,) he would have witnessed secret tortures, imprisonments for life, and executions by poison or strangling without trial ; in the houses of the nobles he might, day after day, have missed some accustomed face, and in the Canal Orfano, at dead of night, he might have heard a heavy plunge which accounted for the lost friend. The chronicles of Venice would have taught the foreigner yet another lesson. They would have proved that the republic thus anomalously ruled had resisted for ages, and would resist for ages more, the attacks which were destroying, one after another, all the small states of Europe—that it was equally strong against the turbulent nobility and the grasping clergy, and was to be strong for many generations against the new monarchies beyond the Alps.”

We have only to state, in conclusion, that this admirable work forms a part of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, a continuation that has won for itself not only the approbation of all literary men, but the suffrages of the public at large. Had our space permitted, we should have been happy to have dwelt much longer upon the various merits of these volumes, for it is pleasing to make commentaries when the commentaries must be commendatory.



*My Opinion of Her ! A Sister's Love ; and the Nun of Florence.* By GUIDO SORELLI of Florence, author of "My Confessions," &c. &c.

Guido Sorelli must have some claims upon his patrons and the subscribers to his numerous works, with which we are unacquainted. Literary ones he cannot possibly have upon any person. A more pretending and a more absurd production it has not been our fate to meet, even in these days of printed absurdity and impudent pretension. "A Sister's Love" and the "Nun of Florence" have been before the public for more than a year, and have been received just as they ought. We will now say but a few words of "My Opinion of Her !" On reading the first chapter, we imagined the "Her !" meant the Church of Christ, and we thought the author very irreverent ; but it turns out that he is only very foolish. Her ! means the whole of the female sex, and a more nasty libel upon woman it was never before our misfortune to meet. The whole of this rhapsody is a running, and we think a very impious, commentary upon the commencing chapters of the book of Genesis. No doubt but that it is very ridiculous, but it is one of those exposures of folly at which we cannot laugh for pity at the near alliance to fatuity that it displays, and dare not because it trifles with things sacred. After vituperating Eve, and, through Eve, all her daughters, he gives us a humorous scene (a humour that makes one's heart ache) between our general mother and the devil, which we have too much delicacy to quote ; he winds up thus, "What was the motive of the woman's disobedience ? Why, even a desire to know what was not fit for her to know—an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex." Truly, the ladies, to show their sense of this compliment, should crown its maker with something that is equal to his deserts. Immediately afterwards he comes to this conclusion, its want of gallantry being only equalled by its superabundance of falsehood :—

"How can such a fallen creature be any longer a *help meet* for any of her children, whom, by her sin, she has doomed to death ?

"I defy any married man, since Adam fell, (however fortunate he may have been in his choice,) to swear to me that his wife never caused him one hour of sorrow that would make him retire into his closet, therein to lower his countenance, and to shed a tear, or breathe out a sigh of disappointment on the dreamed-of perfection of the imperfect.

"But even suppose, (and here we need, indeed, the bold wings and the strength of Pegasus to help us to soar so high,) suppose it to be possible that the virtuous woman (the *ruby*) has been found by him ; no doubt but that, at the finding of a gem so rare, man (though fallen) will again salute that apparition with the most endearing appellation which Adam could give in Paradise to Eve—'woman !'"

Is not this too bad ?—the assertion that even the boldest flight of poetry cannot imagine a *virtuous woman* to be found. Out upon such a beastly libel ! All this is uttered, too, under the guise of a religious essay. We leave off in disgust. This Florentine, of whom we speak disrespectfully only in his character of an author, should either leave off writing, or learn to write less offensively. We perceive several ladies in the list of his subscribers to this work. God forbid that we

should step between their munificence and charity ; but we entreat them to exercise that noble virtue in any other manner than that particular one which will encourage Guido Sorelli to increase the number of his publications, and his sins against good taste and literature.

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*Stammering, and other Imperfections of Speech, treated by Surgical Operation on the Throat ; being the substance of a Paper read before the Westminster Medical Society, March 20th, 1841.* By JAMES YEARSLEY, M.R.C.S., author of "Contributions to Aural Surgery," Surgeon to the Institution for Curing Diseases of the Ear, Sackville Street.

Among those benefactors of the human race, the advancers of the sciences, there seem to be almost as many various classes as there are physiognomies among men ; some, by long labour and slow induction, working out great abstract truths, and others, by a clever combination of those truths, arriving at once to the most important practical results. Again, these two great distinctions may be subdivided almost *ad infinitum*. But class Mr. Yearsley where we will, he must take a high rank among those who deserve well of mankind. In the first place, not only has he solved a great problem in physical economy, the usual cause of stammering, but has brought to the calamity a remedy, founded on science, and remarkable for its complete efficacy and its facility of attainment. This is a great step towards perfection in curative surgery. We are of opinion that he has proved to demonstration that nearly all impediments of speech proceed from some disease or malconformation in the throat, and the existing causes of which are easily removable by the knife, with scarcely any inconvenience, and with but little pain to the patient. Mr. Yearsley has stated his views, his practice upon those views, and the results of that practice, with candour that cannot be too much praised or too widely imitated. We think that a copy of this small treatise should be in every house, or at least attainable by the head of every large family. Not only do the operations alluded to cure the stammer ;—they also remove many incipient diseases from the chest and the passages leading to it. The usual causes of the defect of speech are, a chronic relaxation of the uvula, and a preternatural enlargement of the tonsils. Not only do these defects impede utterance, but they are the fruitful source of many other diseases. Out of fifty-two cases of stammering lately submitted to our author, the result of his practice are—completely cured, six ; nearly so, twenty-two ; much benefited, sixteen ; and unbenefited, eight. These are most consolatory results, and they ought to be universally known, and when known, they must be fully appreciated. We must still consider this new treatment in its infancy ; improvements and modification must ensue, and thus a great mass of suffering be removed from a large portion of mankind ;—and we trust that mankind will never forget to whom they owe this great relief.

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*London. Part I.*

We never met with a shorter title-page, nor yet one capable of embracing much more, short of a history of the universe, or of one of the four continents at least. The title of the work is as significant as it is brief. We have received the first part. Upon reading it, we find that it pretends neither to the method nor the gravity of a history, the accuracy and detail of a survey, or to the pretension and gentleman-usher qualities of a guide. It is a talk about London, and a very pleasant conversation it is. It is a series of embellishments, oratorical as well as historical, to the most striking facts and peculiarities of this our wonderful metropolis. We can assure our friends that it is a very amusing, as well as a very instructive publication, and carries on the face of it the certainty of becoming vastly popular, if hereafter it flag not in spirit, or the publishers grow not niggardly in its illustrations. This present division is principally occupied with a description of Old St. Paul's, its ancient cross, once the grand preaching station of the country, and of much that was curious in its vicinity. There is an easy jocular and unaffected vivacity in the style of the narrative that is very engaging, and is the best possible antidote to *ennui*. It contrives to steer clear marvellously well of all religious and political bias, a feature not usually found in the works that emanate from the quarter which has produced this. The wood-cuts are much better in design than in execution. This printing with wood may now fairly take its place among the fine arts; and when we reflect what beautiful specimens of wood engravings abound, we feel a little surprise that the publishers of "London" have not availed themselves of the services of the first artists in that line.

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*The Flyfisher's Text-Book.* By THEOPHILUS SOUTH, Gent.

We have got the angler's *real* text-book at last. Whilst trout be what they are, and until salmon grow into whales, and, despising hooks, ask for harpoons, this work must be immortal. Nobody now need give himself the least trouble to write another work on the same subject. The question is set at rest, at least for our present species of men, and the present species of fishes. Until men get fins to their sides, or trout wear spectacles, and examine the bait offered them through Dolland's microscopes before they take it, Theophilus South's book must be the flyfisher's vade mecum. He opens his work with a rhapsody in praise of flyfishing, setting forth its superiority over all other sports. Being ourselves most modest, we think that we could have beaten him at that. It is, however, exquisite in its way, and the burst at the end is rich. "Let no one in his ignorance say that there is folly in fishing, but rather take my word for it, that there is a science in its practice, and in the economy of fish, the depths of which would not be sounded by a lead-line as long as the days of Methuselah!" Well done, Theophilus, for thy heartiness in

all things we wish that thy days may be as long as the longest salmon reel-line that ever ran off thy reel, with a vicious salmon at the end of it, and may we (which means "I") live an uncountable number of bushels of years to praise thee. Of course we have not space to enumerate even the subjects on which South has discoursed learnedly—not learnedly after the pompous and occult manner of learning, but practically and most plainly. Not a shadow of ambiguity, not a morsel of humbug discoverable. How elaborately he delivers himself upon the subject of knots—we wonder whether he be married—he gives us specimens of all manner of these ties, excepting the tie conubial—he has even the hangman's knot, two round turns and a clinch. But we are going to find the shade of a fault with him on this subject: he concludes thus his dissertation on knots—"But once for all, remember that MY KNOT, fig. 9, is of all these the neatest and safest." O fie! *your knot*, Theophilus! It is the common reef-knot, the knot with which all the points are tied when the jolly topmen are reefing topsails. Yours! no, no—we cannot yield you that. You have also shown us other nautical knots, but as you don't claim them, we won't scold. We defy any man to knot *out* of the British navy. A new knot would be like a new pleasure. We should like to get it. To conclude short, with a round turn—this is the best book that *can* be written upon the subject of flyfishing, and if we could say anything better of it, we would.

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*An Introduction to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.* By JAMES ORCHARD HALIWELL, Esq. F. R. S.; Hon. M. R. I. A.; F. R. A. S., &c. &c.

This is a very respectable treatise, more remarkable for its learning than its judgment, yet displaying sufficient judgment to make its learning very acceptable. We are pleased to see clever men plunged in those deep disputations concerning Shakspeare's works. They are much better employed thus than in controversies upon the unfathomable mysteries of sacred subjects. Of Shakspeare's dogmas let there be as many as they may, they will always be beneficial; and a few heresies only serve to make his orthodox beauties appear the more brilliant and striking. Good must come of these discussions, and latent beauties be placed in such lights that they cannot escape even the unobserving eyes of the partially educated. The first section of Mr. Halliwell's work is a lecture upon the title, and upon the exact period of the year when *Midsummer's Night's Dream* was written. Trifling as the settlement of this question might seem, it is made the vehicle of much information, and conveyed in a very pleasant manner. A Shaksperian trifle will always be a momentous affair to a true-hearted Englishman. Having settled this point to his satisfaction, we have six pages upon the date of the play, and then follow four more in discussions on Chaucer's Knight's tale; Thisbe of Babylon; Golding's Ovid; Midas; and Bottom the Weaver; of all which ancient publications our immortal bard is supposed to have availed himself. We

have then a long dissertation upon the mythology of fairies, and the primitive history of Robin Goodfellow. The section showing the manner this play was represented on the stage is curious, and worthy of attention. "The Man in the Moon" has seven pages to himself. We never heard so much about this gentleman before. No one, hereafter, must doubt of his existence. The rest of this attractive work is made up of pertinent conjectures, good critical observations, and some erudite illustrations, and the whole concludes with the disputed orthography of our glorious poet's name. Mr. Halliwell is for the old fashion, and his voice should have authority. This book is also valuable for many ancient ballads, brought to light from places occult and difficult of access to the multitude. In fact, this small volume is a good, and ought to be held to be a necessary, appendix to any complete collection of Shakspeare's works. We think that it will excite attention, and, clinging to the parent that begot it, partake of that parent's immortality.

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*My Life.* By an Ex-DISSENTER.

Parties should never be judged by the wrong-doers that belong to them; thus acting, what body of men or what profession might not be turned into ridicule? Nor is it hardly just to assert that such and such persuasions, and such and such assemblages, have tendencies to produce such and such disorders, when those persuasions or those assemblages have received the sanction of the law. Every human establishment is prone to run into abuses; and even the best of them, so far as they be human, contain members that would shame any community; but it is very ungenerous to take the worst of those that are bad, and with them construct a fiction, which is made to do all the offices of argument. In the same way that the author has built up the fabric of his attack upon the dissenters, another man, equally clever, might use the dignitaries of our own holy and blessed church, and make a story revolting to humanity, for even among the twelve apostles, under the very Christ, there was one Judas. If this "Life" is to be considered as the skirmishing of a partisan, we must say that it is a bold, an acute, and an effective one. His satire is exquisite, and the more keen and exquisite because it is most philosophical. We think that most of the dissenters, throughout their various denominations, greatly in the wrong, whilst individually they are most conscientiously right; that is, in the personal view of the question, as between man and his Creator. But regarding dissent as a general question, affecting society in the aggregate, we think it more than mischievous; it will be, in time, subversive of all religion. In these abstruse matters there must be authority, and when once its bonds are cut away, the human mind will infallibly run riot. However we may now deplore this state of things, it is now too late to remedy it. The law of the land has released the consciences of all men from the operations of the ecclesiastical law, and every individual has now the privilege to hold and to teach almost any doctrines that he can imagine. Let us, then,

of the established church, reason and persuade, but rigidly abstain from ridiculing nonconforming brethren. It is the severe satire of the "Life of an Ex-dissenter" that most shocks us. We honestly believe that, in his principles, he is entirely right. He sees that which is just, but not that which is expedient. He can never hope to coerce back the dissenters within the pale of our church; it is therefore waste of time, and abuse of christian charity, to exasperate them by such publications as we are now noticing. Our readers may understand from this, that this work is a well-narrated fiction, conducted by characters drawn from the very life, even from those who make their pretences to godliness great gain, and their religious enthusiasm a cloak for all manner of vice and debauchery. We are sorry that these models are so plentiful, but still more sorry that the author has used them for a purpose so invidious. If we cannot have conformity in religion, at least let us have PEACE.

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*The Priest of the Nile: a Tale of Ancient Egypt.* By Mrs. CHARLES PINSLEY. 2 Vols.

This tale, that reads almost as authentic as a tradition, is deserving of attention. The remoteness of the period in which the transactions it narrates are supposed to have taken place, has given the authoress great latitude for flights of imagination, of the which she has not only availed herself plentifully, but also happily. As she has truly observed in her preface, the human heart is always the same. The poet and the romancist need not travel backwards into the dimness of antiquity, in order justly to portray how the ancients felt and thought. He has but to observe upon what is passing around him. As to what they *did*, that is quite another affair, and is peculiarly the subject of history. Understanding all this, Mrs. Pinsley has followed the broad outlines, that have been either truly or falsely preserved for us, of that wonderful people, the Egyptians, and we therefore find no discrepancies in her imaginary scenes and her fanciful descriptions. The lady, in this work, has achieved a great deal; and we do not hesitate to say, that it bears a greater impress of reality upon it, (though it falls far short of it in graces of composition,) than that famed story of Thomas Moore, "The Epicurean." Whether the picture thus offered to us be a true one, or even one approaching to truth, the most recondite criticism dare not pronounce. For ourselves, we would sooner take our impressions of the ancient Egyptians from a single view of a procession traced upon the wrappings of a mummy, or carved upon the entablature of a temple, than from the most florid modern description that genius could produce. The inhabitants of the most civilized portion of the world, at the period referred to in this tale, we hold to have been, compared with the moderns, utter barbarians. Barbarians can multiply amazingly, and multitudes can erect pyramids, hew out rocky mountains, and construct huge temples, and still remain the miserable personal objects that are represented by the ancient Egyptian paintings. However, our author has a right to make the most of her materials, and



the most of the darkness of the age from which she has borrowed them. This she has very elegantly performed, and, in consequence, she has produced a romance, which we can confidently, and very justly, recommend to all our readers.

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*The City of the Magyar ; or, Hungary and her Institutions in 1839-40.*

By MISS PARDOE, author of "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," "The City of the Sultan," &c. &c.

This is one of that description of books which is calculated to excite only a temporary interest, and one almost as weak as transitory. It is more a journal of the author's feelings, a scrap-book in which to record her reflections and her pretty thoughts, than a grave and instructive work upon the subject which her title indicates. We mean not to say that it contains no information—very far from it;—it contains much, but not of the right sort generally, and all that it does contain may be derived from other published sources, always excepting that which is personal to Miss Pardoe. The three volumes are the result of that fury for book-making so injudiciously fostered by some of the leading booksellers, so detrimental to literature, and so injurious to the interests and fame of the over-worked and victimized authors. Should a lady or gentleman be so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to write a successful work, until the publishers have contrived to work her or him into evil odour with the public, the author can go nowhere, or hardly do anything, but a book is demanded. The public soon wearies of this, and no one is sooner aware of it than the tempter to whom this effete fecundity alone is owing. Here are three volumes—it is the marketable number—two of which might have been written without moving from London, and Miss Pardoe's rising reputation is certainly damaged by the act. There are many good things in the "City of the Magyar," and all things, whether good, bad, or indifferent, are very pleasantly related. But this is far from being sufficient to keep the promise held out by the title-page; and the diffuseness and the voluminous ekeing out of the work will produce a distaste for the next production which Miss Pardoe may be induced to publish. We gather from these volumes that she was very well received by the magnates of the land which she visited, and that every one was eager to give her his views of matters around her. She has made ample use of this information, and, consequently, we have a very one-sided view of most things.

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*Popular Lectures on Man, his Structure and Functions, considered with reference to Health, Culture, and Natural Theology.* Illustrated with Woodcuts. By JOHN WHITE, M. R. C. S., Author of "Hints Moral and Medical on Teetotalism," &c.

Man—the eternal subject of anxiety to man—who can say anything new upon it? Small, isolated, and valuable facts steal upon us

sometimes, but at long intervals. These, when we can get them, are of infinitely more value than the oratorical repetitions with which these lectures are composed. Mr. White will gain for them all the credit that he deserves, and some praise is most certainly due to him. As mere literary composition, it is of high order; but he has gone over the beaten track, diverging neither to the right nor to the left from the paths of other men, opening no new vistas through the thorny hedges of prejudice, nor attaining any lofty elevation in his onward course. Not a sentence in these well-composed lectures contains a novelty. In the lecture-room they must have appeared not only satisfactory but graceful; that is their true element. Why did he print them? Ah, why? Wearying, even to faintness, is it to observe this sedulous pouring out of knowledge from one vessel to another, this shifting of thoughts and facts from hand to hand, like the balls under the dexterity of a juggler. Had these lectures been remodelled, and introduced to the world as an elementary treatise on physiology, there would have been some reason for its appearance, and *possibly* there might have been room for it. There is none now. As they now exist, they are a collection of lay sermons. Consider, O John White! if every sermon that preached well from the pulpit were printed, would not the surface of the earth groan under the encumbrance? Have mercy upon us, John; pour forth your elegant lectures orally, multiply them—for, as lectures, they are really good—but do not print them until they contain some original matter, or disclose some new truth.

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*The Negroland of the Arabs examined and explained; or an Inquiry into the Early History and Geography of Central Asia.* By WILLIAM DESBOROUGH COOLEY.

This is a very learned and a very useless work. It is well explained in its title as to its nature. We do not think that the author, notwithstanding his great research and antiquarian knowledge, has settled the numerous questions embraced by this subject satisfactorily, and if he had, it would not be a matter of the least consequence. What is it to us of the present day where imaginary rivers ran through doubtful provinces, watering apochryphal cities some centuries ago, belonging to hordes of barbarians, shifting as the sands by which they are surrounded, and often overwhelmed? All these things ought to give place to actual observation, and the world demands facts, facts only, and turns aside with disgust from mere speculations. A few pages from the latest travellers who have explored these regions are worth hundreds of volumes of mere controversies like these on matters before us, for which we care nothing—unless, indeed, we may have taken up a position upon this debatable ground, promulgated a theory, or adopted one. However, all these our strictures cannot, nor is it intended to, deteriorate the talent exemplified in every page.

We think that a clever man will do the most trifling action much better than a fool, and even in the doing dignify it. All that we say to Mr. Cooley is, "why waste so much mind upon such antiquarian hypotheses?" Could we be assured of the genuine history of all the Arabs of Negroland, or of all the negro tribes subjected to these Arabs, it could do but little to enlighten the history of the world, and nothing at all towards benefiting the present generation in any direction whatever. We repeat that we admire the ability the author has displayed, and shall rejoice to see it employed on some subject that can promote the general welfare, either in adding to the stock of valuable information, or in contributing something to the refinement or to the instruction of the world.

### IX *Poems.* By V.

More than we predicted of the success of this sweet little collection of poems has accrued to it. Though so unpretending in its vehicle, being offered to the public in a pamphlet-like shape, it has already nearly run through two editions. It is not our intention to repeat the praise that these Nine Poems extorted from us on their first appearance, but we take pride in quoting from the "*Quarterly*" a testimony which will prove that instead of exaggeration in our sincere commendations, we erred in an opposite direction.

"Of IX Poems by V, we emphatically say in old Greek, Βαὺς μὲν ἀλλὰ ΡΟΔΑ. It is an Ennead to which every Muse may have contributed her Ninth. The stanzas printed by us in Italics are, in our judgment, worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments."—*Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1840.

Panegyric cannot be more direct, nor can it easily take a higher flight. Is there not in all this an inducement sufficient to make the accomplished author take a longer and loftier excursion in the sublime regions of poetry?

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### *Philosophical Nuts.* By EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq.

As this work increases in volume it increases in reputation, and daily becomes in greater request, not only by the large class of those who admire it, but also by those who affect to call themselves its opponents. It has now reached its fifth part, and the author may well be compared to one who, having authority, enters a room filled with masquerading characters, all of whom are playing fictitious parts with a greater or less degree of skill. He plucks off the robes of false gravity from one, of imposing dignity from another; he shows that under this vizard there is nothing but a fool's face, and that that beautiful mask, which makes the wearer look like virtue personified,

disguises only a disgusting vice. Thus he unmasks pretended moral qualities and assumptions of truth by mere dress. The part now before us treats on the most delicate, yet all-important subject of *mind*. On this topic he exposes some egregious fallacies of my Lord Brougham, in a manner that must make the author of "Natural Theology" wince under the castigation. What we most admire in Mr. Johnson is his singular and indomitable perseverance; with equal energy and talent he contrives to drive the wedge of conviction, with a tremendously heavy hammer of argument, into the solid mass of ignorance and prejudice that has hitherto passed itself upon the world as sound philosophy. Already has much of this inert substance been rent asunder, and thus the light of truth begins to penetrate it. We hail its progress with pleasure, and feel assured that, when he has completed his work, we shall also have to hail his triumph. Seeing that he has opened new views upon many subjects, we must not be, if the timid are, startled. For ourselves, we know that both truth and morality will be benefited by his fearless investigations.

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*Sketches of Country Life and Country Matters, by One of the Old School.*

The extreme opposite of wrong is not always right, hardly ever the expedient; and it could not be made more manifest than by the contents of this little volume. We profess ourselves to be attached to the constitution, as it exists in the church and state, and that we would preserve its integrity at all hazards; at the same time, we cannot submit to the slavish and ultra-tory doctrines that are sought to be recommended in it.

The country gentlemen have ruined themselves as a class, not by any external compulsion, but by their own foolish conduct. On the one hand, they are rarely educated up to their rank; on the other, they have aspired, in arrogance, luxury, and ostentatious display, beyond it. As to the peasantry of England, it is destroyed—we fervently hope not utterly. Farmers' servants cannot honestly exist with their families on seven or eight shillings a week, with the horrors of the poor-house to close their miserable career. They must either pilfer, or plunder, or cease to be; and yet the author of this work describes them as a race of moral saints, flourishing and actually existing in this bread-taxed land. We would gladly hear the village or the district named where they may be found. Can he name one? We fear not. He ought to know that society never can be stationary—it either moves onward or retrogrades; and yet the tendency of all his arguments is, that we should attempt always to be as were our forefathers. He would not have us recede too far—no farther back than the middle of the last century. If this were possible, to this we would never consent. Science and the arts, mental improvement and education, may have advanced too rapidly for all classes yet to adapt them-

selves to the new order of things ; but let us not, as a nation, go back to our comparative ignorance, but rather let us push ourselves onwards to the height to which the enlightened few have attained.

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### *History of Napoleon.*

We have received the twenty-seventh part of this history, published on the first of April, and have had occasion repeatedly to speak in its favour during its progress. We, however, conceive, in its laudable strainings after the strictest impartiality, that it sometimes has been a little anti-English, and this feeling is apparent in this particular part. It will be found in the description of the battle of Waterloo, in the attempt to prove that Napoleon committed no errors, although disastrously defeated, and that Wellington did, although so gloriously victorious. We can assure our friends that a battle is more a chance-medley than those civilians so learnedly write about can understand. The best that the ablest general can do is to calculate accidents as well as resources. If the accidents preponderate against him he will be beaten, and yet no stain remain on his military character. Napoleon certainly had his resources more under his control than Wellington. He chose his time, his battle-field, made his dispositions deliberately, and failed. We must allow that he did well, but his antagonist better. However, we have no time to discuss this often-discussed subject. The portion of the history before us fairly sees its hero flying from the field, and then leaves off abruptly to give an account of his exhumation and second burial. This biography is vigorously written, and should become popular. The wood-cuts, after designs by Vernêt, are neither abundant nor high in character in this number. Those illustrating the transport of Bonaparte from St. Helena, and the subsequent ceremonies, are of much more merit.

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### *The Siege of Grenada. A Dramatic Poem.*

Unowned, and in a most unassuming guise, this poem steals upon the public, and is looking, like a bashful schoolboy, timidly around for applause. But the public have something else much better, and a great deal worse to do, than to notice this unobtrusive attempt. Were we to say that the production was equal to that of an angel's, we should speak unregarded, as the words "Dramatic Poem" are quite sufficient for the world's curiosity—that is, unless the words are followed by the magic of some popular name. However, this poem we began to read as a matter of duty, and continued our perusal as a matter of pleasure. The thing is very well, and that is all the praise that we can afford it. Being quite well enough to please the good-natured, to whom we recommend it, the ill-natured may do as they like about it.

*The Tamworth Reading-Room. Letters on an Address delivered by Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., on the establishment of a Reading-Room at Tamworth.* By CATHOLICUS.

These letters were lately published in the "Times," and the author tells us that, as they now appear, they have been revised and corrected. They start a painful, and even a dangerous subject for discussion, for which the world is not yet ripe, and we think that the honest and conscientious writer has given the alarm of "Wolf, wolf!" too soon. We wish all these splittings among the advocates of a good cause would cease. Going on thus, how will the constitutional conservatives be able to make a stand against the rush of principles subversive of the established religion, and of the monarchy? Let there be no divisions in the ranks of the rightly thinking, or if there must be, why must they be published?

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*Bells and Pomegranates. No. 1. Pippa Passes.* By ROBERT BROWNING, author of "Paracelsus."

We understand this but very imperfectly, and, so far as our comprehension of it goes, it gives us no idea of the results to which it aims. It is full of snatches of the most beautiful poetry, mystical and impassioned, but whether it be a fragment, or the author means it to be a complete poem, we really know not. Is it an exhibition of great power, merely to show that the power is possessed, the curvettings and prancings of a stately war-horse, which advance him nothing? We must wait for the second part, and learn in what manner the work is allied to its title. At present all is mystery, and so for the present we bid it farewell.

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*A Statistical Sketch of the Island of Chusan, with a brief Note on the Geology of China.* By LIEUTENANT OCHTERLONG, E.G.S., of the Madras Engineers.

This is a very lucid description, so far as it goes, of this island, but already much of the interest in the subject has subsided in England, since it is known that this conquest has already been restored to the celestial empire. The author of this pamphlet thinks well of the salubrity of the island, and, we have no doubt that the great mortality that ensued among our forces, upon acquiring it, arose almost wholly from intemperance. Some rigid course should be adopted to prevent this prevalence of drunkenness when on active service. The lieutenant thinks very highly of the advantage and capabilities of this island, and if his view of them be correct, we are sorry that the place has been so readily, and it appears to us so needlessly yielded up, after so great a sacrifice of money and human life.



*Fox's Book of Martyrs.* Edited by the REV. JOHN CUMMINGS, M.A.

Fox's credulity and bigotry are proverbial, and it is an unenviable reputation that he has most deservedly earned. It would have been much better for mankind had his book never been written; and thus thinking, we cannot approve of the multiplication of copies of it, as we are sure that such multiplication must go far to perpetuate religious animosities. However, if the book must be perpetuated with all its errors, as we suppose it must, it could not well be done in a better manner as to all the accessories of good editing, good paper, and good printing, as well as appropriate and well-executed pictorial illustrations. The second part has just made its appearance, and fully justifies our approbation.

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*Miscellaneous Verses.* By SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, Bart., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Second Edition.

We notice with much pleasure the relish for good poetry which, notwithstanding all discouragements, still continues to exist among us. We thank Sir Francis Doyle for publishing this volume, which is very beautiful. A few more works like the present would tend to make verse again become fashionable. We can have nothing to add to the deserved commendations which have been bestowed upon the first edition, except that we hope soon to see another publication bearing Sir Francis Doyle's name on its Title-page.

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*Works of Montaigne.* Edited by WILLIAM HAZLITT.

The works of this philosophical French essayist are about to be offered to the public in parts, the first of which we have received, and is now before us. Montaigne was a great man for his times, and he has promulgated sentiments and maxims of conduct that will be valuable to all ages: but this only in a degree. He certainly was in advance of the period in which he lived, a century; but he is as certainly more than a century and a half behind the present epoch, in everything appertaining to true and useful knowledge. His writings, however, will always be curious; and as the promulgators of this undertaking assert that hitherto all his works have not appeared in English, it is very likely that this experiment may prove popular. Well, this first part, well printed, opens with an address, which is put forward to justify several alterations that the editor has made in Cotton's translation. The editor has completely made out his case. Cotton's version of the essays is then commenced, and continued. We find that this publication will contain a biographical notice of Montaigne, and a bibliographical notice of his works, beside all the notes of the various commentators upon his writings. So far as we can judge what this continuation will be, we wish well to it

*The Works of Josephus.* Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M.

In this the tenth part we have the taking and sacking of Jerusalem. It is a fearful history, and displays the innate depravity and obstinacy of the Jews, as something worse than demoniacal. We have heard this people named the aristocracy of the earth, by learned and very pious writers. We hold them to be, as a nation, the most abject, the fiercest, and most treacherous of all the races of men; and in this opinion we are fully borne out by their own history by a Jewish historian. Their insensate pride and their intolerable vanity almost equal their wickedness. What this race now is, every community which contains members of it must answer for itself. We think that the Jews do wrong to separate themselves so rigorously from all the rest of God's family, nor can we understand that whilst they regard this self-inflicted isolation as an honour, and a distinguishing mark of superiority, they should take umbrage that the rest of the world do not offer them all their privileges, whilst they would grant none. In this part the history of the Jewish wars is terminated, and the other works of Josephus proceeded with. We are much pleased with this popular edition, and feel confident that it will do much good.

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*The Mineral Springs of England, and their Curative Efficacy; with Remarks on Bathing and on Artificial Mineral Waters.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq. M. R. C. S., &c. &c. &c.

*The Principal Baths of Germany considered, with reference to their Remedial Efficacy in Chronic Disease.* By the same Author.

These two books have been written by a practical man for practical purposes, the author being evidently more anxious to do good than to show how cleverly he can do it. Every man at all educated should know something of that animal economy by which he holds his privilege of conscious existence. Much of this important knowledge may be obtained in Mr. Lee's introductory remarks to his English minerals. We think that the first principles of physiology every one ought to understand; and that all its details of health and disorder should be left exclusively to the medical practitioner; that is to say, a non-professional man should have just so much medical knowledge as would enable him to apply in the right remedial direction, but never presume to think himself wise enough to doctor himself. Mr. Lee, in his two works, supplies us with this sufficiency of knowledge; and thus we may all understand where it is best for us to seek for cure or for alleviation. From a careful consideration of these two works, it appears that France and Germany have greater curative advantages than England, their mineral waters being more efficacious, and the general practice as regards them more salutary than ours. This conveys no slur upon our physicians. Much more of this evil depends upon the English style of living, and our general habits, than want of power in our mineral waters, though some of the failure must always attach to the latter.

*Fiesco, or the Conspiracy of Genoa ; a Tragedy.* Translated from the German of FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

This five act drama, so justly popular all over the continent, now appears in English costume, by an anonymous hand. It would be a work of supererogation to speak of the merits of the original, since Schiller has been generally allowed to be the nearest approximation to our own Shakspeare that has yet appeared. This translation is correct, vigorous, and chaste, and gives the reader, not only the exact sentiments of the author, but most of his nice inflections of style, and minute discrimination of manner. The play is much too long for representation on the English boards, but we think, judiciously curtailed by the same writer who has translated it so admirably; it would act very effectually, as it is supereminently dramatic, and abounding in scenic situations, and exciting bursts of oratory. Being fully convinced of this, we recommend it not only generally to the public, as an admirable work for the closet, but also to the managers of our theatres. To the latter, the production of it on the stage must prove a profitable speculation.

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*Deutsche Amaranten ; a Selection of Modern Pieces, in Prose and Verse, by the most esteemed and popular German Authors.* By WILHEIM KLAUER KLATTOWSKI of Schwerin in Mecklenburgh. With an Engraving from an Original Painting by RERTZCH.

The compiler of this collection has had ample range within a vast and most luxuriant field, and has acted his part carefully and most judiciously. Where the abundance of all that is beautiful is so great, the difficulty must have been, not what to select, but what to reject. As every piece here presented to the reader has long secured to itself a lasting reputation, we are spared the necessity of commenting upon them individually. As this is exactly the selection we could have wished for, we have no doubt but that it will receive ample patronage from all the lovers of German literature.

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### *The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare.*

A very great press of matter has prevented us from noticing the two or three last numbers of this very attractive publication. The thirty-first part, now before us, contains the entire tragedy of Macbeth, and is appropriately and spiritedly illustrated. The introductory notice is good, and displays much research and knowledge of Scotch antiquities. The running notes on the text are ample and just, and say quite as much, and perhaps a little more than the reader cares to be interrupted with, in perusing such a sublime composition as this play. The supplementary notice deserves much attention, and is

quite appropriate. After we have gone through the work is the time to pause and meditate, and a notice like this is then most acceptable. In printing and the paper of this work nothing is left to be desired. We need not recommend it, as it sufficiently recommends itself.

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*The Illustrated Shakspeare, revised from the best Authorities, with Annotations and Introductory Remarks on the Plays by many distinguished Writers.* Illustrated with nearly one thousand engravings on wood, from designs by KENNY MEADOWS, engraved by ORRIN SMITH. "Love's Labour Lost."

This is another proof of our country's devotion to Shakspeare. This edition is less profuse in notes, yet more bountiful in illustrations than the one we have been noticing above. There is also another distinction between them; whilst Mr. Knight's publication illustrates localities incidental to the play, Mr. Tyas attempts the ideal in picturing character and scenes, as the artist supposes the author conceived them. Each plan has its respective merits, and both are excellent in their way. In the getting up of the works there is equality. We cannot give a decided preference to either. We hope that the field of patronage is sufficiently wide to permit both publishers to reap the harvest of success.

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*The Pictorial History of England, being a History of the People as well as a History of the Kingdom.* Illustrated with many hundred woodcuts.

This continuation proceeds very fairly, and has reached the reign of George the Third. Its pictorial illustrations, however, appear to grow scanty in proportion as the facility of procuring them increases. The account of our struggles with the rising independence of America is very vigorous and impartial, and those struggles form nearly the whole of the subject-matter of this the fourth part which we are now noticing.

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*Documents and Statements respecting the Sulphur Monopoly, constituting grounds for Parliamentary Inquiry into the conduct of the Foreign Secretary.*

This is another of the systematic attacks upon Lord Palmerston by a party which wishes, or rather strives, to prove that his lordship is a traitor to his country, and has been brought to betray her by Russia. The accusation is so terrible, and the guilt would be so enormous, that we cannot admit either the one or the other. The treaty on the sulphur monopoly, and the whole business attending upon it, have been sadly bungled, and, after all that has been done, the British

interest in the affair is worse off than at the commencement. Let us be charitable, and attribute the failure to the incapacity of the Foreign Secretary, rather than to his treachery. We can much more easily believe him to be a fool than a rascal, though far be it from us to insinuate that he is either. We only know that he is very unfortunate;—the whole Syrian affair must be again re-opened, and the English have paid, fought, and bled in vain. This much-abused nobleman may be badly served, but these are matters no one who is not in official secrets can decide upon. We really think that he ought to put some justification on record against these reiterated attacks upon all that is most sacred in his character.

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*The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland illustrated, uniform with American Scenery, Switzerland, Scotland, &c. from drawings made expressly for this work, by W. HARVEY BARTLETT. Engraved by the following eminent Artists: R. WALLIS, J. COUSEN, WILMORE, BRANDARD, ADLARD, RICHARDSON, BENTLEY, &c.; the literary department by R. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencilings by the Way," &c.*

We give the title at length of this first part, that it may be seen how much pains are taken to put Ireland on a footing with the most favoured countries, as, in the matter of picturesque scenery, it really deserves it. It commences with a portrait of Mr. Willis, not too like, and with a rather unpleasing expression of features. Then follows a view of Phoul a Phuca. Innisfallen, Lake of Killarney, is beautifully engraved by Bentley; the Ancient Cross, Clonmacnoise, is by no means inferior, and Kilkenny Castle is a fine specimen of ancient baronial grandeur. Clew Bay, from West Port, is a very charming view, and bright under the well-portrayed sunlight. The literary department is worthy the author's well-earned fame; it is shrewd, and bears upon it the impress of an observant and candid mind. So far as it goes, the narrative runs on pleasantly, and we have already some very amusing specimens of Irish humour, and peculiarities of Irish manners. Mr. Willis is now in a field of great abundance—he has but to select.

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### *Canadian Scenery Illustrated.*

This spirited work, conducted by the same talent as the work we have just noticed, has reached its tenth part as regards Canada only, its fourteenth as connected with the whole of America. Kingston, on the lake Ontario, forms the first plate, and we have there a beautiful night-scene of the Lac des Allumettes. The Chaudiere Bridge is a very elegant affair, whilst the view of the mills at Sherbrooke, on the river Mag, is rural and singular. The literary department is devoted to a history of the late rebellion in Canada, and is lucid and im

For an American, Mr. Willis is remarkably devoid of prejudices, which would be almost pardonable, if entertained by one of his country. Productions on a scale of excellence similar to the one which we are noticing mark strongly the progress of the refinement of the times, and deserve to be universally encouraged.

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*Stories for Young People*, by Miss Sedgwick, author of "Hope Leslie," "Means and Ends," &c.—*The Orphan, or Principles of Religious Education illustrated*. By the author of "Poetic Sketches," "The Two Cousins," &c.—*Tendrils Cherished, or Home Sketches*. By E. B.

Here are three excellent little works for young people, and we hardly know to which to give the preference, seeing that they are all so good. We notice them principally because of the great talent that is now employed towards making the rising generation better and wiser than their fathers and mothers, and congratulate the world at large on the healthful direction that this spirit of philanthropy is taking. Works like these must have great and beneficial results, and every one who has the means should encourage them to the utmost extent of their power.

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## FINE ARTS.

*The Eighteenth Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.*

To this place of much pretension, but of little profit, whether to the public or to the exhibitors, we repaired, one fine day, at the latter end of the last month. The pictures we found to be numerous, and the spectators few—so few, that they seemed to glide about in a sort of fear at the desolateness of the place; they averaging about three in the centre room, one in each of the two southern ones, and none at all in that which is devoted to water colours. The echoes of their footfalls were provokingly distinct; they all looked serious, and when they happened to be together, they conversed in whispers, as if in reverence to the solitude around them. Though critical, being naturally of a cheerful turn of mind, we cast about for something consolatory, and opening the sale-book on the table, we found that out of nearly a thousand pictures, only forty of them had been sold, and we presume that many of those forty had been bought before they were exhibited. Now, we are deeply sorry for all this. We always advocated this society, in the hope, the vain hope, that it would break down the monopoly and the domineering exclusiveness of the Royal Academy. But have not the Society of British Artists themselves turned monopolists in their small way? From facts open to every body's scrutiny, we fear that they have. All the good artists leave it, so soon as they have established a tolerable reputation; and season after season we find it deserted by some public favourite. It will soon become a loss of



caste to display a picture in these rooms. There must be dreadful mismanagement somewhere. We should suppose that the principal fault must be that the members generally cannot paint well themselves, or discover what is good painting in others. Positively they have done nothing for themselves. The English public was ready with its patronage, the feelings of all liberal men were enlisted on their behalf, and behold the pitiful results. The present exhibition, taken altogether, is a disgraceful one. The pictures on its walls give us specimens of the whole range of folly expressed in colours, from mere fatuity up to actual madness. We will not pain those persons by pointing them out by name, who have mistaken the sort of brushes with which they should labour. We only hope that no foreigners of taste will visit this exposure, or if they do, that they will hold their tongues upon the monstrosities which will meet their astonished eyes. Well, we will say no more on the rubbish which disgraces the name of English art, and turn to the tolerable pictures, for there are here a few that are tolerable, and some that are actually good. Of these we find that they almost all belong to the members of the society themselves, thus converting the best places into monopolized show-boards for their own advantage. Now, let our friends mark this; this society says in its address to the public, that "they have also to state, that in consequence of the number of pictures sent for exhibition this year, they have been compelled to return a great number of pictures of *great merit*, which course they have taken in preference to placing them in situations where they could not be seen to advantage, and their merits appreciated." GREAT MERIT, mark that! Why, there are not ten pictures in the whole room of *great merit*; and the cant that they could not attain places where they would be appreciated is nauseating. How should they, when most of the members place their pictures in places where they *can* be appreciated, to numbers varying from twenty to thirty each. This is very modest for the enemies of monopoly. Severity cannot be too severe for conduct like this. The trash we shall consign to the oblivion of the shops of the low furniture brokers. The imaginative pieces of Mr. Stevens are decidedly good, and so are his portraits; he has generally a just conception of character, and manipulates well. He is modest in his usurpations of place, for he has only ten pictures. Of course he is a member. By-the-bye, in his composition styled "The Happy Fisherman," we never saw happiness expressed under more miserable features. Of Mr. Hurlstone and his six paintings we decline to speak. Mr. Tomkins has covered with various colours the canvass contained in nineteen large frames, in nineteen good places. He is, however, a good artist, and all his pictures have merit. Hoffland has three pictures, nearly of first-rate merit. We suspect that he will soon leave the society. Mr. Prentis has but one picture, violently coloured, but in every other respect excellent. It would grace and honour any collection. But we have not sufficient space to notice the whole of the thirty-four members of this society. We will merely refer to the pictures, worthy being looked at, 77—110. 119, as the portrait of a good white satin waistcoat, the rest of the picture going for nothing, or at least being quite subservient to this glorious waistcoat. 127, good, with the exception that the artist has quite mistaken the character of his principal figure. 352, good. 492 is very creditable to the artist. 482, a striking likeness. "The Novel-reading Housemaid" is very superior. It is justly conceived, most accurately and powerfully expressed, and as true to nature as mere colour can make it. This rich piece of art is by Mr. Smart. 597 is very good; and 665, "The Benefit of Clergy," by Mr. Bass, is very humorous and well delineated. This artist improves rapidly, and is passing from the caricaturist into the true Hogarthian spirit of composition. We are now in the room in which the pictures in water colours are exhibited, and where the sculpture is

placed. Of the latter we will say nothing, excepting that the specimens are few, but few as there are of such specimens, these are quite enough. Among the water colour productions, Mr. Bartholemew's Flower Piece stands pre-eminent in excellence. We see in it Nature under her freshest and most fascinating aspect. It is sold, of course. We find, by the catalogue, that this gentleman is flower-painter in ordinary to the Queen and the Duchess of Kent. We are rejoiced to see patronage so judiciously bestowed. There are two pieces of similar character, but of inferior merit, from the pencil of Mrs. Withers. She manages to have her edges unnaturally sharp, and her style is too neat and lady-like, and yet her paintings are decidedly of a superior cast. This room also contains some forty or fifty miniatures, most of them below mediocrity, many of them decidedly bad. There is, however, one brilliant exception to this, in the delineations of Miss Lucy Adams. We presume that neither she nor superior merit, for they are in this case synonymous, are in favour with the hanging committee, for only one of her drawings is placed where it can be seen to advantage. Her portrait of a celebrated musician is a faithful likeness, correctly drawn and coloured up to Nature, and not beyond it. Had we not been of the tallest of our species, and with a very long sight, we should not have been able to ascertain thus much, it is placed so high. Liking this so well, we looked about for other performances by the same lady, indicated by the catalogue, and there we saw the attractive title of "Will You Come Out and Play?" But the picture we could not see—we saw a frame, and something within it, more than half way up to the ceiling—which, as it was a very small picture, was a very judicious contrivance to fulfil the implied engagement with the artist to exhibit it. We then found that 797, a portrait of a gentleman, was here also, but this, to make amends for the excess of height, was placed exceedingly low—a sort of left-handed justice,—so low indeed, that, to see it properly, a person must either go on his knees or lie down upon the floor, the said floor being none of the cleanest. If the society continue to do these things, would it not be advisable that they should appoint a servant to go about with a pair of steps, in order that the spectators may get a glimpse at a miniature, placed about twelve feet above their heads? The suggestion is worth something, as this society will never have sense enough to hang pictures where they are best calculated to be seen. There is one picture, however, from this lady's palette that can be seen, and to see it is a treat; it is No. 781, and called, "Going to the Rustic Flower Show." In that style we never saw anything better done. The tints are at once so rich and so transparent, and at the same time so faithful to Nature, that we fancy at the time that the effect must have been produced, not by the labouring of gross pigments into their proper places, but by the ethereal touch of magic. Oil colours cannot produce this effect, from the opacity of their substances, and painting with water colours on ivory generally overdoes it. The happy mean appears to consist in drawings of this description, and right well does Miss Adams know how to take advantage of it. We must now shortly conclude. We assure this society that they still possess our warmest sympathies, and our sincerest wishes for their ultimate success. We cannot tell how long this may last, if they continue in their present course. The errors of this present exhibition are not irremediable. Next year "let them set their house in order," and these words will then not be prophetic of ill. Adieu, my friends, paint better, and patronize only those who know how to paint.

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*The Descent from the Cross.*

We were favoured with a private view of this splendid pyramidal group of statuary from the hands of Mr. Carew. As a composition, it is absolutely grand, and cannot fail to inspire deep religious sentiments in the hearts of the least sensitive. It is of gigantic proportions, and would make a most splendid altarpiece for any place of worship that contained sufficient space for it. The present piece of art is but the model; but we fervently hope to see this eminent and most able artist employed upon the block of marble. We invite the patrons of this, the purest and the noblest branch of the fine arts, to visit this sublime production. Mr. Carew is easy of access, and most courteous towards all his visitors, in whatever mood of criticism they may indulge. We trust that this fine conception will not be lost to posterity for the want of patronage.

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*Pictorial Illustrations to the Waverley Novels, engraved on Wood in the first style, by the following eminent Artists, &c.*

We have received the first part of this undertaking, and it is one that gives great promise, containing eight illustrations of Waverley, and well adapted to bind up with the new and cheap editions of Sir Walter Scott's works, which now so much abound. We like the specimens much, and if they hold on with equal merit, the success of the work is certain. The artists engaged are Cattermole, Lardner, Cresswick, Bulmer, Buss, Jarvis, Sargent, Chesholm, Archer, Prior, and Read,—a goodly company.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Xenophon's Anabasis, Books I. II. and III., the Text, with Notes, by the Rev. Charles Stuart Stanford, A. M. 8vo. 8s.  
 Waverley Novels (The), new edit. Vol. I., "Waverley." fcap. 8vo. cloth, and royal 8vo. sewed, 4s. each.  
 A History of British Starfishes, by Edward Forbes, M.W.S. with above 120 illustrations. Demy 8vo. 15s. cl., royal 8vo. 30s.  
 Some Account of My Cousin Nicholas, and the Rubber of Life, by T. Ingoldsbey, Esq. 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
 Opinions of Lord Holland, collected by D. C. Moylan. Post 8vo. 6s.  
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 France since 1830, by Thomas Raikes, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.  
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 Major Hough's Narrative of the War in Affghanistan. 8vo. 16s.  
 A Summer in Western France, by T. A. Trollope, Esq. edited by Mrs. Trollope, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s.  
 Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XXXI. 'Gess on the Revelation of God.' 12mo. 5s.  
 The Psalter, printed for Chanting, by R. Jones. 2nd edit. 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Usher's (Archbishop) Body of Divinity, edited by H. Robinson, D.D. 8vo. 12s.  
 Patrick's (Bishop) Works of the Ministry, by the Rev. W. B. Hawkins. 18mo. 3s.

Alexander's Connexion and Harmony of the Old and New Testament. 8vo. 12s.  
 Christian Morals, by Hannah More, new edit. 32mo. 2s. 6d.  
 Buck's Theological Dictionary, new edit. by Dr. Henderson. 8vo. 14s.  
 Memoirs of British Female Missionaries, by Jemima Thompson. fcap. 6s. 6d.  
 Head's (Rev. H. E.) Rights of a Clergyman, &c. 1 vol. 12mo. 5s.  
 Harrison's Songs in the Night. 32mo. 1s. 6d.  
 Jobson's (D. W.) History of the French Revolution till the Death of Robespierre. 8vo. 8s.  
 Ayres (W. P.) on the Culture of the Cucumber in Pots. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 The Lyre, new edit. with an illuminated title-page. 18mo. 4s. 6d.  
 The Laurel, new edit. with an illuminated title-page. 18mo. 4s. 6d.  
 Cooper (Sir A. P.) on Dislocation and Fracture of the Joints, abridged, edited by A. C. Lee, Esq. 8vo. 18s.  
 Elements of Algebra, by R. M. Wallace, 2nd edit. 8vo. 2s. 6d.  
 Buckingham's (J. S.) America, Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.  
 Glenullyn, or the Son of the Attainted. 3 vols. royal 12mo. 1l. 11s. 6d.  
 Mrs. Sherwood's Julietta di Lavenza. 18mo. 2s.  
 Gumersall's Interest Tables, new edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

### LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The second edition of Sir E. L. Bulwer's very popular novel, "NIGHT AND MORNING," is, we understand, nearly ready.

The Hon. Mrs. Grey has in the press a new novel, entitled "THE LITTLE WIFE," which is intended for speedy publication. The interest excited by this talented lady's last production, "THE PRIMA DONNA," will doubtless extend to the present, which will engage the attention of the fashionable world during the approaching season.

The "LEGENDS OF WESTERN GERMANY," which we lately mentioned as in progress, are selected, we understand, by a military gentleman, and are intended to illustrate the peculiarities of that highly interesting and singularly intellectual nation. It is to form three volumes, and to appear at the end of the month.

Mr. James's new work, "RICHARD CŒUR DE LION," is now, we believe, progressing steadily.

M. Mariotti's new work, "ITALY, GENERAL VIEW OF ITS HISTORY AND LITERATURE," in reference to its present state, is now on the eve of publication. Our readers will infer that we feel some predilection for the work, having already had the pleasure of giving in our pages several chapters of it. Next month we propose to speak of it critically.

Mr. Cuninghame, who a short time since published a very beautiful little poem, entitled "MORA," has in the press a New Poem on, we believe, a somewhat kindred subject, which is intended for speedy publication.

A new work is in the press, entitled "THE BOOK OF SONNETS," which is to exhibit the various styles of the most celebrated poets. Each author's productions will be preceded by a brief biography. We like the idea of this work, which is good, and will recommend itself to the attention of our readers.

A new edition, being the *Tenth*, of MR. LODGE'S *PEERAGE*, is nearly ready, revised and corrected to the date of publication. We believe it is now pretty generally understood that this is the most accurate work of the kind, and that to which most persons are accustomed to refer as an authority. The continual demand for it is, perhaps, the best proof of its acknowledged utility.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Not only has general distress begun to be felt through all our manufacturing districts, many factories compelled to work only four days in the week, and some to suspend their operations altogether, but there is a gloomy and, we are sorry to say, a too general feeling that an awful crisis is at hand. By our obstinate and most insane adherence to the corn-laws, we have compelled foreign nations to educate themselves as rivals in our manufactures, and if this proceeds at the rate it now does, we in England must first become a nation of bankrupts, and when we have starved off about the half of our population, may in our turn become an agricultural people, and supply the continent with the raw material. Disguise the matter as we will, "to this complexion we must come at last," if we continue to proceed in our present policy. Whilst the great staples of our commerce are thus failing us, it cannot be denied that our home trade, in so far as it administers to the luxuries of the wealthier classes, still flourishes. But this gleam of prosperity is as sickly as it will be found evanescent, if our great manufactories fail us. It is sorrowful for us to have to state, that in the last month the stagnation of all our main sources of commerce has been alarming. It is but of little service to particularize the items. In tea, however, we may expect shortly very considerable transactions, but this is a trade that does not go far to increase the national wealth, as most of it is conceived to be consumed, and not, like other raw materials, returned again upon the world, increased in value by our industry.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Tuesday, 27th of April.

### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Consols, Acct. 90 one-fourth.—Consols, 89 seven-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 98 three-fourths.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 97 three-quarters.—Three and a Half per Cent. Annuities, 97 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 2½d. 15 to 13 pr.

### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, 34 one fourth. — Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three-fourths.—Dutch Five per Cent., 99 five eighths.—Brazilian, 69.—Mexican, 30.—Spanish Bonds, 23 five-eighths.

Throughout the month of April the money market has been, generally speaking, dull, partaking of the stagnation of trade and commerce. Capitalists are shy of speculations, and the interest of money has been low; yet, owing to the universal distrust, money itself is not easily attainable. The Share Market has not displayed much activity, a few being at a premium, and all the rest at discount. We think that many of the railroads will be ultimately abandoned, a great re-action having taken place in favour of the ancient method of travelling. There have also, since our last, been many failures of magnitude, as well of commercial as of banking concerns, and we notice much of the worst of all failures, failures of good old English principles. Insolvency, now, too often brings to light, not only reckless extravagance, but actual villainies. At the close of last month the Money Market was extremely languid, nor were there any signs of great fluctuations in prices.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 8° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1841. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather.                               |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|---|
| March |                |                 |                   |                |   |
| 23    | 57-37          | 29,94-29,72     | S.W.              | .01            | Generally clear.                                  |
| 24    | 56-36          | 30,15-30,14     | S.                |                | Generally cloudy.                                 |
| 25    | 57-23          | 30,08-29,92     | S.                |                | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.                  |
| 26    | 62-30          | 29,67-29,54     | S.S.W.            |                | Generally clear, a shower of rain in the aftern   |
| 27    | 56-37          | 29,81-29,65     | S.W.              |                | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.       |
| 28    | 55-29          | 29,88-29,86     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                  |
| 29    | 56-45          | 29,85-29,77     | S.                | .1             | Cloudy, raining very fast during the evening.     |
| 30    | 52-38          | 29,84-29,77     | S.W.              | .155           | Morning clear, otherwise overcast.                |
| 31    | 53-38          | 29,59-29,50     | S.W.              | .12            | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy. with rain.       |
| April |                |                 |                   |                |   |
| 1     | 55-39          | 29,54-Stat.     | S.W.              | .09            | Cloudy, a few drops of rain fell about 2 P.M.     |
| 2     | 57-38          | 29,55 Stat.     | W.                | .04            | Generally clear.                                  |
| 3     | 54-30          | 29,60-29,50     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                  |
| 4     | 55-27          | 29,59-29,46     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear, a few drops of rain fell in aft. |
| 5     | 52-40          | 29,50-29,38     | S.E.              | .1             | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.       |
| 6     | 54-37          | 29,74-29,56     | S.E.              |                | Generally cloudy, raining frequently during aft   |
| 7     | 54-32          | 29,74-29,73     | S.                | .125           | General overcast, rain fell about 10 P.M.         |
| 8     | 53-36          | 29,76-29,74     | S.W.              |                | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.    |
| 9     | 54-39          | 29,92-29,80     | N.W.              |                | Clear, except the evening, when rain fell.        |
| 10    | 50-34          | 29,99-29,97     | N.                | .06            | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.                  |
| 11    | 49-27          | 29,93-29,89     | N.                |                | Morning overcast, with rain, otherwise clear.     |
| 12    | 47-30          | 29,87-29,86     | N.N.E.            |                | Generally cloudy.                                 |
| 13    | 50-38          | 29,91-29,89     | S.W.              |                | Cloudy, raining very heavily during the even.     |
| 14    | 43-24          | 30,05-29,99     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                  |
| 15    | 45-31          | 29,82-29,78     | S.W.              |                | Morning clear, otherwise overcast, rain in even.  |
| 16    | 47-29          | 29,79-29,75     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                  |
| 17    | 53-34          | 29,96-29,89     | S.                |                | Generally clear.                                  |
| 18    | 61-28          | 29,86-29,83     | W.                |                | Afternoon clear, otherwise overcast.              |
| 19    | 55-40          | 29,85-29,84     | W.                | .26            | Generally clear, a shower of rain during the      |
| 20    | 52-33          | 29,74-29,65     | S.W.              |                | A general cloud. [morning.                        |
| 21    | 54-34          | 29,85-29,79     | N.E.              |                | Generally clear. [the day.                        |
| 22    | 51-36          | 29,82-29,74     | N.E.              |                | Generally cloudy, sun shining frequently during   |

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 30 TO APRIL 23, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

March 30.—W. A. Bradford, Long-acre, cheesemonger.—G. Wightman, Paternoster-row, bookseller.—J. R. Hayward and W. C. Fletcher, Manchester, booksellers.—H. Keale, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Long, Bulley, Gloucestershire, butcher.—F. Robbins, Birmingham, builder.—J. Naylor, jun., Kingston-upon-Hull, boat-builder.—G. Pooley, Liverpool, cordwainer.—J. Wyke and J. Davies, Newton, Mottram in Longdendale, Cheshire, iron-founders.—C. Battcock, Aston juxta Birmingham, Warwickshire, victualler.—A. Peduzzi, Manchester, carver and gilder.—J. Baker, Sidmouth, brewer.—J. Harlow, Macclesfield, ironmonger.—J. Lucas, Gosport, woollen-draper.—J. Robinson, Salford, millwright.—R. Hardy and W. Threlfall, Lancaster, cotton-spinners.—W. H. Pankhurst, Shelton, Staffordshire, mineral colour manufacturer.

April 2.—T. Styan and W. Styan, Great Tower-street, city, tea-brokers.—R. G. Holden and R. Y. Clarke, Bread-street, city, warehousemen.—R. Morice and R. Kestin, Great Trinity-lane, Bread-street, bakers.—W. South, Brick-lane, Spitalfields, licensed victualler.—W. Lonergan, King William-street, city, merchant.—C. Tapp, Wigmore-street, Marylebone, coachmaker.—J. Soper, Mark-lane, broker.—J. Byng, sen., Kegworth, Leicestershire, hop-merchant.—J. Byng, jun, Kegworth, common brewer.—A. Harris, Dursley, Gloucestershire, woolbroker.—H. Hawksworth, Sheffield, edge-tool manufacturer.—J. Watts, Wednesbury, Staffordshire, cement-manufacturer.—J. Willerton, Swineshead, Lincolnshire, woolbnyer.—R. Cass, Boroughbridge, grocer.—J. Henderson, Glamorganshire, Iron and Coal Company's works, general shopkeeper.—J. R. Hay-



ward, Chapmanslade, Wiltshire, money-scriver.

*April 6.*—W. Cross, Mountnessing, Essex, grocer.—G. Corbett, Lewisham, builder.—R. Revell, Plymouth, linendraper.—J. Pidgeon, Birmingham, laceman.—J. Dudding, Liverpool, paint manufacturer.—G. W. and R. Popple, Kingston-upon-Hull, oil merchants.—J. Tregaskes, Bristol, victualler.—W. T. H. Phelps, Newport, Monmouthshire, coal merchant.—G. Malani, Spalding, gas manufacturer.—E. Botham, Sprenhamland, Berkshire, innholder.—R. Jefferson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler and publican.—J. Tidmarsh, Cheltenham, mercer.—W. Perry, Hereford, maltster.—J. Woodhouse, Fartown, Huddersfield, manufacturer.—J. Nelson, Holme, Westmorland, spirit merchant.

*April 9.*—J. Whitfield, Bishopgate-street Without, carpenter.—T. Garlick, Royal Circus-street, Greenwich, carpet and floor-cloth warehouseman.—H. Samuel, Leadenhall-street, cigar manufacturer.—J. E. New and F. New, High-street, Aldgate, stationers.—P. Roberts and C. Rowe, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, milliners.—S. Smith, Manchester, engraver.—M. A. Cross and E. Cross, Kingston-upon-Hull, spirit merchants.—J. Morris, Birmingham, victualler.—T. Howell, Brighton, builder.—E. Seddon, Shuttleworth, Lancashire, cotton spinner.—J. Ankrett, Walsall, grocer.—C. Lundy, Kingston-upon-Hull, straw hat manufacturer.—G. Bradshaw, Walspool, draper.

*April 13.*—F. Hoskins, Birmingham, wine-merchant.—J. Warburton, Liverpool, tailor.—R. Jones, Liverpool, block-maker.—W. Butler and R. Parkes, Birmingham, wine-merchants.—E. Janes, Exeter, dealer.—J. Latham, Bath, Yorkshire, seed merchant.—B. Brooks, Bagworth, Somersetshire, teazle dealer.—N. Emmerston, Bishop Auckland, Durham, mercer.—W. Murray, Manchester, innkeeper.—G. K.

Geill, Whittle-le-Woods, Lancashire, calico printer.—H. Cox, Nottingham, grocer.

*April 16.*—W. Ball, Paternoster-row, bookseller.—T. Arnold, Paternoster row, bookseller.—M. Elphick, London-wall, licensed victualler.—F. Wakefield and C. G. Wakefield, Old Broad-street, city, brokers.—S. Beddingfield, Needham Market, Suffolk, yarn manufacturer.—J. Beddingfield, Stowmarket, surgeon.—J. Price, J. Purdy, and J. Price, jun., Yeovil, linen-draper.—C. Hepper, Liverpool, hotel-keeper.—J. Nicholson, Cheltenham, brewer.—W. Halliwell, Manchester, cotton-manufacturer.

*April 20.*—J. F. Edgley, Mark-lane, City, wine merchant.—E. Ledgard, Mirfield, Yorkshire, oil crusher and wire drawer.—J. Berry, Liverpool, banker.—W. F. Coe, Cambridge, ironmonger.—L. T. Brown, Newent, Gloucestershire, innkeeper.—R. Potts, Leeds, wool broker.—J. Hicklin, Nottingham, printer.—H. Smith, Doncaster, British wine manufacturer.—T. Bunnard, Bideford, Devonshire, merchant.—J. Dixon, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.

*April 23.*—P. H. Abbott, King's Arms-yard, Moorgate-street.—J. Fisher, Frinsbury, Kent, miller.—G. Jenns, Hoxton, Old-town, patent waterproof polished and enamelled leather manufacturer.—E. Dollman, Church-court, Clement's-lane, merchant.—F. Norrison, Devil's-bridge, Cardiganshire, innkeeper.—A. Walker, Liverpool, drysalter.—J. Ross, Epworth, Lincolnshire, sucking manufacturer.—S. Nelson, Sowerby, Yorkshire, builder.—M. Hildick, Walsall, miller.—W. Wood, Walsall, publican.—J. Edisbury, Holywell, Flintshire, grocer.—W. J. Wardell, Pickering, Yorkshire, wine merchant.—R. Goody and W. P. McKee, Kingston-upon-Hull, millers.—C. Cross and B. Spaul, Colchester, merchants.—W. Borton, Kirby Misperton, Yorkshire, banker.—W. Jones and J. B. Windle, Liverpool, wine merchants.

## NEW PATENTS.

George England, of Westhury, Wiltshire, Clothier, for improvements in machinery for weaving woollen and other fabrics, and for twisting, spooling, and warping woollens, also for improvements in the manufacture of woollen doe-skins. March 2nd, 6 months.

John Wilkie, of Nassau Street, Marylebone, Upholsterer, and John Charles Schwieso, of George Street, Saint Pancras, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements in constructing elastic seats or surfaces of furniture. March 2nd, 6 months.

Henry Newsom Brewer, of Jamaica Row, Bermondsey, Mast and Block Maker, for an improvement or improvements in wooden blocks for ships' rigging, tackles, and other purposes, where pulleys are used. March 3rd, 6 months.

John Rand, of Howland Street, Gentleman, for improvements in preserving paints and other fluids. March 6th, 6 months.

James Johnson, of Glasgow, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery for the manufacture of frame-work, knitting, commonly called hosiery, and for certain improvements in such frame-work knitting or hosiery. March 8th, 6 months.

Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, Carver and Gilder, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of picture and other frames, and cornices applicable also to other useful and decorative purposes. March 8th, 6 months.

John Willam Neale, of William Street, Kennington, Engineer, and Jacques Edward Duyck, of Swan Street, Old Kent Road, Commission Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of vinegar and in the apparatus employed therein. March 8th, 6 months.

John Varley, of Bayswater Terrace, Bayswater, Artist, for an improvement in carriages. March 8th, 6 months.

Benjamin Smith, of Stoke Road, Bromsgrove, Worcester, Butcher, for an improved apparatus for making salt from brine. March 8th, 6 months.

John Walker, of Crooked Lane, King William Street, Builder, for an improved hydraulic apparatus. March 8th, 6 months.

Richard Lawrence Sturtevant, of Church Street, Bethnal Green, Soap Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of Soap. March 8th, 6 months.

Anthony Todd Thompson, of Hinde Street, Manchester Square, Doctor of Medicine, for an improved method of manufacturing calomel and corrosive sublimate. March 8th, 6 months.

Stephen Goldner, of West Street, Finsbury Circus, Merchant, for improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances and liquids. March 8th, 6 months.

John Wertheimer, of West Street, Finsbury Circus, Printer, for improvements in preserving animal and vegetable substances and liquids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 8th, 6 months.

Thomas Clark, Professor of Chemistry in Marischal College, University of Aberdeen, for a new mode of rendering certain waters (the water of the Thames being among the number) less impure and less hard, for the supply and use of manufactories, villages, towns, and cities. March 8th, 6 months.

John Baptist Fried Wilhelm Heimann, of Ludgate Hill, Merchant, for improvements in the manufacture of ropes and cables. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 8th, 6 months.

John Dochree, of Galway Street, St. Luke's, Gas Fitter, for an improvement or improvements on Gas burners. March 15th, 2 months.

Richard Laming, of Gower Street, Bedford Square, Surgeon, for improvements in the production of carbonate of ammonia. March 15th, 6 months.

William Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for picking and cleaning cotton and wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 15th, 6 months.

Robert Warrington, of South Lambeth, Gentleman, for improvements in the operations of tanning. March 16th, 6 months.

Joseph Mandslay, of Lambeth, Engineer, for an improvement in the arrangement and combination of certain parts of steam-engines to be used for steam navigation. March 16th, 6 months.

William Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for improvements in spinning and twisting cotton, and other materials capable of being spun and twisted. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 16th, 6 months.

George Lowe, of Finsbury Circus, Engineer to the Chartered Gas Company, for improved methods of supplying gas under certain circumstances, and of improving its purity and illuminating power. March 16th, 6 months.

Charles Brent Dyer, of Pary's Mine, Anglesea, Mine Agent, for an improved method of obtaining paints or pigments by the combination of mineral solutions with other substances. March 16th, 6 months.

Lawrence Kortright, of Oak Hall, East Ham, Essex, Esquire, for certain improvements in treating and preparing the substance commonly called whalebone, and the fins, and such like other parts of whales, and rendering the same fit for various commercial and useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 17th, 6 months.

William Thompson Clough, of St. Helens, Lancaster, Alkali Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of carbonates of soda and potash. March 17th, 6 months.

Henry Augustus Wells, of Regent Street, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for driving piles. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 17th, 6 months.

Joshua Field, of Lambeth, Engineer, for an improved mode of effecting the operation of connecting and disconnecting from steam engines the paddle-wheels used for steam navigation. March 22nd, 6 months.

Richard Barnes, of Wigan, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for raising or drawing water or other fluids. March 22nd, 6 months.

Anthony Theophilus Merry, of Birmingham, Refiner of Metals, for an improved process or processes for obtaining zinc and lead from their respective ores, and for the calcination of other metallic bodies. March 22nd, six months.

Robert Walter Winfield, of Birmingham, Merchant and Manufacturer, for certain improvements in, or belonging to, metallic bedsteads, a portion of which may be applied to other articles of metallic furniture. March 22nd, 6 months.

Robert Goodacre, of Uttesthorpe, Leicestershire, for an improved mode of weighing bodies raised by cranes or other elevating machines. March 22nd, 6 months.

David Napier, of Mill Wall, Engineer, for improvements in propelling vessels, March 22nd, 6 months.

Achille Elie Joseph Soulas, of George Yard, Lombard Street, Merchant, for improvements in apparatus for regulating the flow of fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 22nd, 6 months.

William Bucknell, of the City of Westminster, Gentleman, for improvements in applying heat for the purpose of hatching eggs, which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes where heat is required. March 22nd, 6 months.

Morris West Ruthven, of Rotherham, Engineer, for a new mode of increasing the power of certain media when acted upon by rotatory fans, or other similar apparatus. March 22nd, 6 months.

Robert Cook and Andrew Cunningham, of Johnstone, Engineers, for improvements in the manufacture of bricks. March 22nd, 6 months.

Moses Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman, for improvements in stretching cloths. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 22nd, 6 months.

Joseph Wright, of Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, Mechanic, for improvements in apparatus used for dragging or skidding wheels of wheeled carriages. March 22nd, 6 months.

Thomas Wright, of Church Lane, Chelsea, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy, for certain improvements applicable to railway and other carriages. March 22nd, 6 months.

Edward Finch, of Liverpool, Ironmaster, for improvements in propelling vessels. March 25th, 6 months.

Goldsworthy Gurney, of Bride, Cornwall, Esquire, for improvements in the production and diffusion of light. March 25th.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—March 29.—The Consolidated Fund Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Denman availed himself of the presentation of a petition respecting the administration of justice, to make a statement in refutation of what had lately been stated by a Member of the House of Commons in reference to the alleged conduct of his Lordship, as Lord Chief Justice, in a case in which Lord Waldegrave and another person were the defendants. No compromise is likely to take place; and the case, according to the customary routine of practice, will be brought before the Court of Queen's Bench next term.

March 30.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the Mutiny Bill, the Marine Mutiny Bill, the Consolidated Fund Bill, Lord Keane's Annuity Bill, the Tithe Composition (Ireland) Bill, and several private bills.

March 31.—Nothing material.

April 1.—Much conversation, and considerable initiatory business, which will be noticed if carried out.

April 4.—The Archbishop of Canterbury brought in a Bill to amend the Ecclesiastical Revenues Act. It was read a first time.—The Earl of Ripon moved for returns tending to show the application of the money derived from the sale of lands in New South Wales.—The Marquess of Breadalbane presented one hundred and twelve petitions on the subject of the affairs of the Church of Scotland. The noble Marquess explained the views of the petitioners, as well as those of many learned Doctors—Beza included—on the questions involved in the present dispute, but did not state his own opinions until reminded of the omission by the Earl of Aberdeen. He then declared himself in favour of a veto, with such modifications as would prevent intrusion.

April 5.—The Royal assent was given by commission to the Rum Duties' Bill, the Turnpike Acts' Continuance Bill, the Turnpike Acts' Continuance (Ireland) Bill, the Population Act Amendment Bill, the Houghing of Cattle (Ireland) Bill, and several private Bills.—After having presented some miscellaneous petitions, the Bishop of London moved for a copy of a despatch sent out in March last relative to the connexion of the British Government in India with the idolatrous ceremonies of the inhabitants of the presidency of Madras.—The Duke of Wellington presented a petition from the mayor, aldermen, and corporation of Dover, in favour of the Jews'

**Declaration Bill.** The noble Duke said, "I beg to state that I entirely differ from the prayer of the petition."—The Marquess of Normanby moved for a return of all the trials for ribbonism in Ireland during the last two years, distinguishing the parties who had been convicted and those who had been acquitted, and also the cases in which the jury had been discharged without coming to any decision.—The Earl of Clarendon gave notice that, immediately after Easter, he should bring in a Bill to amend the laws relating to principal and factor.—On the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the House then adjourned to Thursday, the 22d of April.

**April 22.**—The House resumed business this day.—The South Australian Grant Bill, the Harrogate Improvement Bill, the Manchester and Leeds and Northern and Eastern Counties Railway Bills, with several other private Bills, were brought up from the Commons, and severally read a first time.—The Earl of Charleville then entered into some explanation of circumstances that had lately come to his knowledge in connexion with the subject of the motion his lordship made immediately before the recess, in reference to the working of the Jury system in Ireland. The Marquess of Normanby said that he had nothing now to add to his former explanation on this subject, and then recapitulated his view of the details.—After some further observations from the Earl of Charleville and the Marquess of Normanby, the conversation dropped.—Several petitions were then presented.

**April 23**—The Earl of Aberdeen presented a petition from the Presbytery of Garioch, praying for the preservation and continuance of lay patronage as at present established by law in the Church of Scotland. The noble Earl regretted that the Presbytery had thought it necessary to transmit such a petition, as the source from which the anti-patronage petitions proceeded, and the means employed for getting them up were now so well known as to render these pretended expressions of public opinion perfectly innocuous.—The Earl of Falmouth inquired if authority had been given by the Commissioners of the Duchy of Cornwall to their solicitors to write the letter they had addressed to certain holders of mines in the Duchy, claiming a right on the part of the crown to all sub-marine minerals? His Lordship urged the vast importance of this question, as the step now taken had a tendency to render insecure the tenure of mining property.—Viscount Duncannon promised to make inquiries on the subject, and state the result of them on Monday.

**HOUSE OF COMMONS.**—**March 29.**—The Copyright of Designs Bill was read a second time. On the motion that the House do go into Committee on the Poor Law Act Continuance Bill, Mr. Fielden moved, as an amendment, that it be an instruction to the Committee to introduce a clause repealing the existing Poor Law Act, which was negatived by 155 to 9. The House then went into Committee, and the clauses from 6 to 9 inclusive were considered.

**March 30.**—After much routine business, the House went into Committee on the Poor Law Act Continuance Bill; and the discussion on the 10th clause having been resumed, Mr. Colquhoun moved, as a proviso, that a chaplain of the established church should be appointed to superintend the religious education of the children in each district school, except when the parents were of a different creed, or, if the children were orphans, when the godfather or godmother should object. The motion, after some discussion, was carried by 119 to 32. The clauses, up to 17 inclusive, were then disposed of.

**March 31.**—Mr. Clive, as Chairman of the Canterbury Election Committee, reported that the Hon. Mr. Smythe had been duly elected, but that neither the petition, nor the opposition to it, was frivolous or vexatious.—Mr. Divett having moved the third reading of the Jews' Declaration Bill, Mr. Gladstone rose to move that the Bill should be read a third time on that day six months.—Mr. Pringle seconded the motion.—Mr. Macaulay said it was no good argument for refusing to the Jews what ought to be granted them, that something else might be afterwards asked for them which ought not to be granted.—Mr. Goulburn said the question was, whether a Christian community should admit to the administration of its laws a body who hold Christianity in abhorrence. The now proposed measure, as everybody must see on whom experience was not quite thrown away, was a mere stepping-stone to ulterior objects.—Sir R. Inglis said that practically, and in point of common sense, this Bill must be considered as leading to the admission of the Jews into Parliament.—Lord Sandon maintained the fitness of the Jews for the franchise they sought.—Mr. Milnes also supported the claims of the Jews.—For the third reading of the Bill, 108; for Mr. Gladstone's amendment, 31; majority for the Bill, 77.

April 1.—Mr. Sandford brought up the report of the St. Alban's Election Committee, declaring that the Earl of Listowel had been duly elected, and that neither the petition, nor the opposition to it, was frivolous or vexatious.—The House went into Committee on the Poor Law Act Continuance Bill, and the clauses from 18 to 24 were variously disposed of. Clause 23 was partially considered, when it was agreed that the Chairman should report progress, and ask leave to sit again.—The House having resumed, the Tithes Recovery Bill was read a third time and passed.—The South Australian Bill was read a second time.—The Metropolis Improvement Bill went through Committee, and was reported.

April 2.—After much conversation on election matters, the House went into Committee on the Poor Law Act Continuance Bill, and the clauses from 25 to 30 inclusive were considered.—The South Australian Bill went through Committee, as did the Wide Streets (Dublin) Bill.—The report on Excise Duties was received.—The report on the Metropolis Improvements Bill was brought up, and the third reading appointed for Monday.—The Double Costs Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Indemnity Bill was read a second time.

April 5th.—The Poor Law Bill was re-committed *pro forma*, and its further consideration was fixed for the 3d of May.—The House having then resolved itself into Committee on the trade of the British possessions abroad, Mr. Labouchere moved resolutions, the object of which was to substitute, for the scale of duties before announced by him upon commodities imported into the West Indies and British North America, one uniform *ad valorem* duty of seven per cent. After a long debate the resolutions were agreed to.

April 6th.—The Speaker informed the House that he had received a letter from Sir Robert Stopford, dated Her Majesty's ship Queen Charlotte, Malta, the 11th of March, 1841, acknowledging the receipt of the resolution conveying the thanks of the House for his late gallant conduct on the coast of Syria.—Lord Palmerston moved that the House, at its rising, should adjourn till Tuesday, the 20th instant.—Mr. Ewart gave notice that he should, on the 20th, bring forward a motion for opening the Regent's-park. A Bill to enable Municipal Councils to raise money, by way of annuity, for the payment of old debts, and for that purpose only, was brought in and read a first time. The South Australian Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 20.—Mr. Hume having inquired into the truth of the statements that had appeared of a late transaction in the 11th Hussars, respecting the flogging of a soldier after Divine service on a Sunday, Mr. Macaulay explained the actual circumstances of the case, and added, that such notice had been taken of the recent proceedings as would prevent the adoption of a similar course in future.—The Dublin Wide Streets Bill was read a second time, and the Indemnity Bill was read a third time and passed.

April 21.—No House.

April 22.—Lord Morpeth made his promised statement on the subject of the Irish Registration Bill. The only material alteration is, that the amount of rating that is to govern the elective franchise will be raised from 5*l* to 8*l*., as far as counties are concerned.—Mr. Grote proceeded to move a series of resolutions on the subject of New South Wales, the effect of which would be to relieve the colony of half the expense attending the local police establishment, and the maintenance of gaols. Lost by a large majority.

April 23.—Mr. Fox Maule's motion, that all proceedings on Bills for the Recovery of Small Debts be postponed till the 10th of May, was carried by 40 to 39.—The House then went into Committee on the Administration of Justice Bill.—Sir W. Follett moved an amendment on the clause excluding Mr. Scarlett from compensation for the value of the office about to be taken from him by the arrangements of the Bill in respect to the Court of Exchequer.—For this the reason assigned by Lord J. Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, that the appointment had been accepted by Mr. Scarlett after intimation of the abolition of the office had been given by the introduction of a Bill into Parliament that did not pass. On a division the numbers were—for the clause, 70; for Sir W. Follett's amendment, 73; majority, 3.—The House went into a Committee of Supply, and a vote of 21,626,320*l*. was agreed to for payment of Exchequer Bills.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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JUNE, 1841.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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*Italy: General Views of its History and Literature in reference to its Present State.* By L. MARIOTTI. 2 Vols.

There is a charm in these volumes that will arrest the reader's good wishes in their very first page, and will never leave him until he shall have finished the work. It will even increase upon him as he proceeds. It is the pure and holy spirit of patriotism which animates the author's mind throughout. The preparatory note is sounded in the title-page—"Post fata resurgens." This sentiment resounds trumpet-tongued from the beginning of the author's long lament until the end. Greatly do we honour him for it. The general views promulgated by the author are very liberal, far-sighted, and, so far as human foresight can scan, correct. With such a past as Italy can boast, with the dreadful present under which she is now labouring, who can fearlessly and confidently augur of her future? Mariotti prophesies for his beloved country as much through his aspirations as his reason. May it be ordained that neither have misled him! This very energetic production is dedicated to Lord Burghersh, and dedicated without one gleam of flattery, without one atom of compliment, excepting the very high one that the simple dedication of a work so talented itself conveys. In a very modest preface, the author disclaims the sublime title of history for his publication; he goes still further—he does not arrogate to it the humble merit of a compendary or elemental work towards a history; he merely asserts for it the descanting, upon general considerations, on a subject generally well known. This disclaimer should disarm the most rabid criticism. We can assure the public, however, that it is totally uncalled for. The work is a stirring and lucid commentary upon Italian history—it is history itself, read with the intelligence of

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the philosopher, the spirit of the philanthropist, and the glowing ardour of the patriot. It commences with a pathetic allusion to the fallen state of his country, and to the degraded spirit of a great portion of its inhabitants, whom the author will not acknowledge as his countrymen. The whole of the introduction is an impassioned and most eloquent oration on Italy, past, present, and to come. It is exquisite as a piece of literature; as a display of sublime feeling it is something still better. Those who may omit reading it will certainly lose a great treat. This splendid introduction embraces views of Italy in her middle ages—her republican times—during her principalities—when iron-bound under foreign dominion—her situation in the French revolution—and her present deplorable state. The first chapter of the work is purely historical, commencing with the early barbaric invasions upon the then imperial Rome. All this is rapidly given, but, by its point and lucidness, leaves an impression on the mind not to be easily obliterated. In his dissertation on the national character of the Italians, he disclaims for it the Roman paternity, and claims for it, in general, the Lombard origin. For ourselves, we rest not much upon the origin of any nation. With the most uncultivated barbarians only—races in the savage state—is a national individuality to be found. Italy, like all other civilized states, is peopled by a countless mixture of all the known races of mankind, and which of those predominate has become inscrutable. Thus Mariotti speaks of the once mistress of the world and the centre of civilization:—

“Rome, sitting in an unhealthy desert, a venerable corpse, a dissolute convent of prelates and cardinals, whose vast empire and influence have been reduced to those tottering walls, the head of a church that has outlived her age, the capital of a state in open rebellion,—Rome, like Tithonus of the fable, has reached the last stage of decrepitude, without being permitted to die. Not only the capital, but all the provinces south of the Apennines, the lands of the Sabini and Umbri, have contracted that levitical spirit, by which all talents and eminence are exclusively directed to the altar and its intrigues. Hence that tinge of Jesuitism that taints the Roman character in the highest classes, painted as it were in the lines of their countenance, in the sound of their mellifluous accent.

“Only what is not priest in Rome, or priestly in family, or connexion, or servants of priests—the populace of the eternal city, the *Transteverini*, display in their features, costume, and manners, and more in their sudden and often generous sallies of passion, the antique Roman air, such as may, with a better education, become one day the freemen of the capital of the redeemed country; for, notwithstanding the opinion of fatalists asserting that there are no two ages for the same country and city, the sound part of the Italian believers hope that exception has been and must be made for Rome; and, elated by juvenile enthusiasm, they run with their fancy to meet the dawn of the day when their ancient and natural metropolis shall be cleared of all the priestly crowd that soil its streets, and repopled with the *élite* of active and robust Lombards, hardy Genoese, and fiery Sicilians,—when the halls of the Vatican shall throw open their doors to receive the representatives of the different states, to dictate the act of union and confederacy, and provide for the security and happiness of generations to come.”

Our author, in his second chapter, treats of the political, religious,

and moral elements of social order in Italy. With a pardonable, nay, a commendable nationality, he extenuates faults, and sees in undisguised vices the prospect of a better, and even a glorious future. He is like a fond father reprimanding an offending child, and goes on some-way in this spirit.—To the culprit he exclaims, “ You naughty rascal, there is nothing good about you—nothing is too bad to inflict upon you ;” and then turning round to those standing by, continues, *sotto voce*, “ He is a glorious fellow at heart—possesses all the rudiments of everything noble and lofty—only wait a little, my friends, and you’ll see that he will take the lead of all of you.” Thus, to the bystanders, he palliates the blind idolatry of the Italian, whilst he reprimands him :—

“ The foul fiends of error and fanaticism raved over desolate Europe. The history of the Middle Ages presents at every page the most melancholy pictures of the degradation of the human race. Religion had assumed all the blindness and ferociousness common to all passions in that age of blood. Apostles of terror and superstition arose in every land, with wild visions and legends of absurd miracles, with sudden alarms and consternations, to work men’s minds up to the highest pitch of feverish excitement. Disorderly bands of hooded maniacs, under the different appellations of White Hoods and Flagellants, swept over the land, like scourges of God, tracing their mad career with fagots and scaffolds. The dark satellites of the inquisition awoke the terrified cities with the red glare of their ominous pyres, while under the shade of mystery, bound by the celebration of awful rites, secret sects and tribunals weighed the destiny of powerful lords, and the devoted victim fell under their daggers, within the strong-hold of his inaccessible walls, among the joys of his hospitable feasts. In the midst of such scenes of horror it must be confessed that the multiplication of convents and nunneries, the rights of asylum granted to their sanctuaries, were hardly to be accounted as an evil ; and the institution of processions and jubilees, the worship of relics and images, inasmuch as they afforded an easy gratification for that mixture of curiosity and bigotry which men mistook for religion, may be considered as an harmless diversion, as an instrument of gradual civilisation.

“ Sad that many of such institutions should be seen flourishing at an epoch so far remote from the Middle Ages ! But let it not be forgotten that southern races are more under the control of imagination than reason ; that more may be hoped by impressing their senses than by improving their judgment ; that religion, there, is love, and, like love, it wants expansion, correspondence of warm feelings, movement, rapture, enthusiasm ; that the periodical celebration of annual festivities tends to refresh a zeal, which, in the daily routine of worldly occupations, is but too apt to relax ; that the recurrence of universal penances and jubilees, by bringing nations into contact, contributes to rekindle in the human heart the torch of charity, which the collision of civil interests is ever extinguishing ; that in the universal attendance of a whole community to a single form of worship, the individual reads, as it were, the confirmation of his own belief, and feels as if Heaven could not refuse to smile on prayers sent up with such unanimity of hearts.

“ Certainly, when we see numberless crowds fall prostrate, as if struck by lightning, at the first appearing of a priest holding up the holy host ; when the strains of unearthly music issuing from an invisible choir, wind their lingering way through the echoes of the immortal dome of Michael Angelo ; when, in the mute sweetness of an Italian sunset, the solemn peals of the Ave Maria come suddenly on the wings of the western

breeze ; even when in the stillness of midnight, in eastern climes, the voice of the Muezzin, deep, sonorous, oscillating, rings through the air, 'waking the sons of Ishmael to prayer ;' in that thrilling sensation which pervades our whole being, there arises a conviction that God is with all who lift up their hearts to him, that the smoke of our incense and the melody of our hymns can find their way to the foot of his throne, however much our mortal reason may be led into error as to the proper way of acknowledging him."

Every one must acknowledge that this is vigorous and graphic writing, and replete with energy of diction and rapidity of style. Mariotti did well not to submit his text to the revision of an English scholar. We like much his abrupt freshness, and his graceful impetuosity. His third chapter is entirely devoted to the records of learning, and is very instructive on its different early schools. After this, we approach the second period of Italian history—Italy under its republic—and here is one chapter dedicated almost entirely to Dante, of whom the author is an enthusiastic admirer. In his apology for the Sicilian vespers, he has allowed his patriotism to carry him too far.

"The Sicilian Vespers have long been made a subject of horror and execration among civilised nations in after ages. The shade of mystery under which the awful deed was perpetrated, has caused it to be considered in the light of a treacherous assassination ; the atrocities inseparable from that scene of bloody execution have reflected disgrace upon the sanctity of the undertaking. But the blood shed by a people in the vindication of their independence falls upon the head of the usurper who urged them to such fatal extremities. The laws of nations and the rights of humanity no longer apply to a conqueror who saddens and tortures the image of his Creator in the person of his fellow-beings. The boundaries of each country were determined by the works of God. He who invades the home of his neighbour is no longer a brother.

"By the Sicilian Vespers the power of France was thus utterly neutralised, nor could any foreign ruler ever since exercise any influence on the affairs of Italy, except by placing himself at the head of some of the numerous factions with which the country was raving, invited and supported by the arms of the Italians themselves."

This will never do : but once allow the principle of assassination to be justified under any pretence whatever, and society will soon be disorganized, and mankind be no better than one vast herd of beasts of prey. Under the literary history of Italy, Petrarch and Boccaccio have each a long chapter to themselves, which chapters put in strong lights many important points of history. The fourth chapter, on the decline and fall of Italian liberty, is a fearfully amusing one, reading much better than any romance, and terribly instructive. Thus he defends the character of conquered Italy from the imputation of pusillanimity :—

"The downfall of Italy was embittered by the virulent accusations of her foreign dominators, who loudly proclaimed that that nation only met with the fate that its cowardice and perfidy fully deserved.

"Woe to the conquered !

"The subjugation of a country, whose different states never, but on one fortuitous occasion, fought under the same banner, accomplished by

the combined attacks of three colossal powers, was attributed to the unwarlike and pusillanimous disposition of its inhabitants. In vain did the last remains of Italian militia lavishly bleed at Agnadello, at Padua, at Ravenna, and on the Garigliano. In vain did Hector Fieramosca and his twelve followers chastise the taunting arrogance of an equal number of French men-at-arms in the private encounter at Barletta. The ugly stain of cowardice was indelibly inflicted on the Italian name, nor ever since that day has it ceased to brand our national character.

“The arts of cunning and perfidy, and the double dealings and falsehoods with which foreigners so bitterly reproached the Italian princes in the fifteenth century, might, perhaps, have been excusable on the part of weak and defenceless governments brought all at once into an unequal contest with widely superior forces. But when we see the lion stooping to the wiles of the fox; when we see Spain and France coolly parting between them the states of their confiding Neapolitan ally; and again, France and Germany conspiring to the extinction of inoffensive Venice; and the honest Swiss, not only basely deserting, but even delivering the fugitive Ludovic the Moor into the hands of relentless foes; and the French aiding the Pisans to shake off their yoke, only to sell them back again to the Florentines whenever it suited their interests:—when we read of so many treaties and alliances shamelessly broken, of so many flagrant defections, complots, and treacheries, we must confess that French, Germans, and Spaniards, were but too soon initiated in that crooked policy of which they so loudly complained, whilst they could not even allege a state of weakness and helplessness as an extenuation of their duplicity. But perfidy and duplicity remained among the characteristic traits of the Italian nature; and foreigners, in general, make it a duty to look upon every person they meet, on their way through our country, as a professor of the unprincipled doctrines of Cæsar Borgia or Machiavello.”

Let the animated author take all the benefit of his *tu quoque* argument. We cavil not at it. The Italians, like all other people, are the children of circumstances. They, in common with others, have stood firmly, and fled ignominiously, have been disgracefully conquered, and have conquered heroically.

The second volume commences with the restoration of classical literature, entirely superseding Italian learning. Its popularity seems to have been adverse to religion and morality; and the fashion of libertine Rome, under the Augustan age, became prevalent with Augustan latinity. But we must pass rapidly over this portion of the work, and pause for a moment on the author's portrait of Michael Angelo.

“As a painter Leonardo had done wonders at Milan ere Michael Angelo was known in Florence, nor would he have easily yielded to his competitor, had he not been utterly absorbed in his important scientific pursuits. As an architect, Brunelleschi can stand a parallel with Buonarrotti in his proudest moment. In sculpture also much had been done by those whom he condescended to acknowledge as his masters. But his age seemed imbued with the great artist's spirit. The noblest minds seemed to catch fire by his contact. Before him art was not yet determined on any definite course—after him it seemed as if nothing remained, but either to complete what he had left unachieved, or to follow at a great distance in his footsteps.

“In order to bow before Michael Angelo's genius, it is not necessary to see St. Peter, the Moses, or the Last Judgment. His fame rests upon

something more solid than even those unmatched but not imperishable monuments. The influence that the uprightness, energy, and loftiness of his character exercised on his and the following ages, that noble pride by which he was enabled to withstand the impatience and violence of Julius, the meanness and presumption of Leo, are sufficient to send his name down to the latest posterity—until, at least, men be utterly dead to the spectacle of mental excellence and moral greatness.

‘ We bow  
To that supreme intelligence  
By whom our mortal kind  
Was made to bear so deep the stamp  
Of his creative mind.’ —MANZONI.

During the time in which Ariosto flourished, Italian literature once more made head against the classical mania, and with it seemed to revive a better and more chivalric spirit, especially in Lombardy. We have next a whole and a long, yet not too long, a chapter devoted to Tasso. This brief account of his imprisonment and death will be found not without interest.

“ At the court of so noble a prince, Tasso could be no unwelcome guest. But his evil genius once more dragged the wanderer to Ferrara. A young prince of the house of Alphonso, called the Marquis of Este, resided at Turin; he offered his mediation to reconcile the fugitive bard to his hard-hearted patron. At the epoch of Alphonzo’s third marriage with a princess of Mantua, Vincenzo Gonzaga equally interposed his good offices, and Tasso was once more at the feet of Alphonso.

“ The duke’s cold reception, and the sneers of his minions, reawakened the poet’s fury; he was heard uttering bitter invectives against his master’s ingratitude: a few rash, incoherent words, the outburst of a momentary excitement, were construed into a deliberate insult; and his enemy seized on the first pretext afforded by his own impetuosity to silence his complaints for ever.

“ This accounts for Tasso’s seven years’ confinement in the hospital of St. Anna, better, perhaps, than the kiss that the poet, in a fit of madness, was said to have given his princess in the presence of the duke and his court—an anecdote contradicted, however, by all authors who wrote not under the immediate influence of the house of Este; and this equally accounts for the obstinacy with which Alphonso resisted the entreaties of all the princes of Italy, of the popes, Gregory XIII. and Sixtus V., of the Emperor Maximilian, and even of the community of Bergamo, all suing for the release of his victim.

“ Tasso’s confinement commenced in March 1579, and ended in 1586, when, by the intercession of Vincenzo Gonzaga, his relentless gaoler was finally induced to throw open the door of his cell; even then, Alphonso, as if dreading the presence of the man he had so cruelly offended, refused to see him, and to receive his acknowledgment of thanks.

“ The horrors of Tasso’s confinement are beyond all power of description. But after some years of frenzy and despair, the Duchess of Urbino, —his other more dangerous friend, Leonora, had died in 1581,—was allowed to alleviate his miseries, and more latitude was granted to the broken-hearted recluse. But Torquato’s mind had already given way; and when Gonzaga led the rescued to Mantua, the poet, in his forty-second year, ‘ overcome by years and misfortune,’ was dead even to the enjoyment of freedom. The splendour of the court of Mantua ill suited the shattered mind of Torquato. It dazzled him as the glare of broad daylight proves offensive to eyes long accustomed to the gloom of a dungeon.



“And he became a wanderer; and all the rest of his life was a weary pilgrimage, scarcely ever cheered by a ray of pleasing remembrance or hope.

“His favourite residence was the house of Manso, marquis of Villa, in Naples, the same house which was not long afterwards opened with equal hospitality to John Milton of England.

“He yielded to the invitation of Pope Clement VIII., who wished to ‘honour poetical laurel by placing it on his brow;’ and removed to Rome on the tenth of November, 1594. The pope’s nephews, the Cardinals Cinthio and Pietro Aldobrandini, distinguished for their literary accomplishments, and for many years previous interested in Tasso’s welfare, were actively employed in the preparation of that solemn ceremony.

“But death already claimed Torquato as his own.

“Struck by mortal disease nearly on the eve of the day appointed for his coronation, he withdrew to the convent of St. Onofrio, and expired April 25, 1595.

“Retribution, however, was soon at hand. Tasso’s vain and heartless persecutor found his bitterest enemies among the best friends of the poet. He died without issue only two years after Tasso, and carried into his tomb the execrations of Italy. Don Cæsar of Este, in whom the hopes of the dying tyrant for the perpetuation of his house were centred, found himself, on his accession, at war with the pope, and the Aldobrandini, who, on the ground of his illegitimacy, vindicated the rights of the Holy See to the fief of Ferrara. Lucretia, duchess of Urbino, conspired with its enemies for the destruction of her family. Driven from Ferrara more by the excommunications than by the armies of Rome, Don Cæsar withdrew to Modena, where the lustre of the house of Este was soon extinguished.”

The author, treating of the remainder of the third period of Italy, is occupied almost solely upon the advance and retrogressions of science, literature, and art, and with the biographies of their numerous professors. During this time, the nation seemed animate only in the palaces of her rulers, and within the precincts of her schools. During this interval, various philosophies sprang up and died, and the inhabitants of the sovereign pontiffs of the Church became universally, or nearly so, sceptics. In this infidelity all grades of the clergy largely partook. It is the error of Popery to exact too much in the way of belief; and thus the inquiring and disgusted mind becomes too prone to take refuge in apathy, or to smother all religion under the clouds of doubt. In Italy’s fourth period we view her subjugated to foreign dominion, her princes degraded, and her citizens completely enslaved. Mariotti speaks thus of the Papal government and its immorality:—

“But the subjects of the Roman see had no great reason to congratulate themselves on the independence of their sovereign, or on the paramount importance that he attached to his spiritual interests.

“From its earliest instalment to the present age, the administration of the papal dominions has been signalized for its want of foresight, compactness, and uniformity. The decrepitude and infirmities of the chief of the state; the frequent recurrence of interregnums and re-elections and illiberal spirit of contradiction so strangely contrasting with the dogma of infallibility; the confusion of spiritual and temporal powers invariably involved the Roman Curia in a chaos of misrule and inconsistency.



“But in the period to which we allude, Rome had little or no leisure to attend to the worldly welfare of her subjects. The catholic world was in a state of open warfare; and the provinces belonging to the head of the church, were laid rather under a military, than a theocratic rule. Bologna, Ferrara, Rimini, and Ancona, all the towns of Romagna, were forcibly deprived even of the last shadow of their municipal constitutions, to be submitted to the arbitrament of a legate and the Inquisition;—the Roman states were drained to their last resources to subsidize the champions of the church in France and the Netherlands, or to hire the poniards of a Jacques Clement or Ravallac. Famine and pestilence, piracy and brigandage, devoured the victims of papal improvidence. Sixty thousand persons were swept off in one summer, in the metropolis alone, by the scourge of 1590.

“All ideas of justice, faith, and humanity were subverted by bulls that sanctioned rebellion and regicide; by the thanksgivings offered up to Heaven in all catholic churches, at the first intelligence of the day of the barricades, or Saint Bartholomew’s eve.

“Under such ominous influence the era of foreign bondage was announced in Italy: and if we reflect how many long-lasting irreparable calamities befel that country at once; if we dwell on every page of the blood-stained annals of the Spanish dominion, and enumerate all the religious and civil causes of demoralization—far from being surprised at the state of corruption and debasement in which the Italians have fallen, we shall only have reason to wonder how that people can still preserve the outward forms, at least of general civilization and culture, and how indeed they still bear the very aspect and semblance of men.”

The length to which we have now extended this notice reminds us that we must not be tempted into the making of any more extracts. The author’s account of this fourth period embraces many topics of intense interest, and involves many names dear to the world at large, among which that of Galileo shines conspicuously. The author is no bigot, and an enthusiast only on matters which excite his patriotic sensibilities; consequently, he argues calmly and justly, and never spares to heap opprobrium on the head of the tyrant, whether he be croziered prelate or the armed baron. In his account of recent times, which he has denominated the fifth period, he commences with a description of the regal reforms in 1748, and contends that their innovations were inconsistent with the national character, such reforms being only the means of rivetting the chains of despotism. These movements had no beneficial effect upon the progress of intellectual life at first, but shortly after it was seen to improve in the shape of a more manly literature. Then came the French revolution, and the invasion, first, of French ideas, and then of the French themselves. Though Italy was Gallicized, it was not freed, and Napoleon failed to make himself permanently popular. He did not conquer the Italians for themselves, and from their own tyrants, but for himself, and to become their sole master. They soon understood this. Napoleon and his dynasty, his kingdoms and all that belonged to him as the arbiter of nations, have passed away—and what is Italy now? It is a dangerous question, and the answer would be as fruitless as it is fearful. What can we say when we find this accomplished Italian author assert that exile from Italy is a blessing, and querulously ask, “Shall Italy ever see better days?” We would

reply to him in the language of hope, but we know not the source from whence to draw it. Did she possess but one thousand generous spirits like his own, combining at once knowledge and the powers of discrimination with the patriotic impulse, we should boldly say to Italy, "Arise! be free!" We would not counsel her again to try a revolution. Such dangerous experiments will succeed *sometimes*, when a nation groans under the oppression of one huge, massive chain; but Italy is like prostrate Gulliver, bound to the earth by the innumerable hairs of his head. Italy has its thousand minute chains—in its petty sovereignties, its feudalities, its religious prejudices, and its numerous monopolies—above all which the heavy Austrian stands, with the ponderous hammer of despotism, to repair any broken rivet, and to forge fresh shackles. No, *as yet* there is no hope for Italy. But Mariotti still has cause of congratulation. He, at least, has done his duty. He has served Italy better by his work than he could by raising for her a thousand horse. It will warm the hearts of his own countrymen, and excite for them the sympathy of every free and liberal mind. Intelligence, after all, is the great reformer. As she throws her magnificent light upon tribunals and upon thrones, tyrants are prevented by very shame from enacting all the dark impulses of their souls. The march of mind in England will tend materially to ameliorate the condition of the subjugated Italian; and to that march, and in the right direction, this author has greatly contributed. We feel confident that these volumes will experience a great success, and draw a distinguished attention to everything that concerns Italy. If she cannot be freed, it will be something to know that she is sympathized with. We do not ask her to condescend to be pitied.

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*The Wood Spirit.* A Novel, in Two Volumes.

The scene of this rather singular novel is laid on various parts of the wild and sterile coasts of Jutland, and the time, so far back as the termination of the insane crusades of the Christian world against the Mahometans. Thus, both time and place afford more than ample scope for the boldest flights of the imagination. The principal person whom the author has called into existence to dignify his literary stage, is the Lord of Altren, who, just returning from the mad struggles with the infidels, finds his castle in ruins, not from the hostile inroads of any human enemy, but from the stormy incursions of the resistless sea, which has beleaguered his edifice round with deep inundations. He shows, the hero, much more wisdom now, than he evinced in his contentions with the Saracens. He cuts dikes instead of throats, and drains marshes instead of the life's-blood of the Osmanli. He is much more successful, and he deserves to be so, and so thought Valdine. Who is Valdine? Ah! thereby hangs a tale, and that tale the very one under our consideration. Valdine is the first cousin of Undine, though neither Undine, nor the author of Undine, would condescend to acknowledge the relationship. Valdine

is very beautiful, with translucent blue eyes of an unfathomable depth of expression, with sunny wavy hair, and, though of palpable flesh, and a current of living blood in her veins, very much etherealized, and a great approver and admirer of gentlemen who drain marshes, and recover swampy lands. She has the best possible reason for this. She is a wood-spirit, as not only the story but its title also inform us. It is not pleasant, even for a wood-spirit, to be all day paddling up to her knees amongst swampy underwood, and to be obliged to go for a dry bed at night up into a tree. So she fell in love with Lord Altren—she could do no less—he offers to marry her; what man could do more? He has doubts, however, about the possibility of this union; doubts canonical, and other doubts of a still more doubtful nature. She removes them all by assuring him that, so long as he remains faithful to her, there can be no impediment to the bans, either in heaven or on earth. Consequently he swears to be true to her, which was rash, though it might have been possible; but when he adds that he will never love another, he pledged himself to much more than any wise man should have done. Now, there was a monkery in the neighbourhood, erected to the honour of Saint Emmeran, and for the especial comfort of a troop of the slothful, the abbot of whom magnifies himself under the name of Lyndarn. This nuisance had been established by the ancestors of our hero. Lyndarn, in the absence of Altren, played the lord more than the priest, and played it most tyrannically, in every shape of extortion upon the surrounding peasantry, for the good of their souls of course. To all this Altren, on his return, put a stop, which made the abbot ireful exceedingly. Now, my Lord Altren, like a true baronial lord of the olden time, had an old harper, named Yirplin, who implicitly believed in all manner of spirits, and had a great hankering after pagan rites, and was continually making hymns to certain beings, and singing them too. The abbot excommunicates Lord Altren and all his serfs—the plea, the keeping the heretical harper in his service; the reason the reader knows. We come now to a part of the story that we do not very well understand—ours be the fault—but it appears to us that Altren banishes the abbot from his monastery, which expatriated monk calls to his assistance a pagan, the sea-king, and together they make war upon the baron, and succeed in taking him prisoner. The imprisoned Altren now accuses his beloved Valdine with heartless desertion, leaving him thus to pine unassisted in captivity. In the mean while the beautiful daughter of the sea-king makes her appearance, and, without the interference of much ceremony, comes to the point at once, and says, “Take me and your freedom together.” The hero no sooner consents, than the sea-king’s soldiers are heard approaching, and off his new love goes. Thus deserted by his new love and his true love, he repairs to the window, and very opportunely finds the iron bars corroded to mere shreds, and a convenient ladder that reaches the ground placed for his escape. This was the kind act of Valdine. It is very tantalizing to the hero that he cannot walk out of his prison, because a band of soldiers have just walked in. By them he is conducted to be sacrificed to the goddess Hertha, the ceremony of which sacrifice is the taking a cold bath with the goddess.

The lady being veiled, and on a platform, is with the victim thrust into the middle of a deep and rapid river, and when he has undressed her, the stage is plucked asunder by ropes ashore, and the victim sinks. Now, when Altren arrives at the spot which should be fatal to him, the goddess discovers herself to be Valdine, and she contrives that a boat shall be near under the guidance of Yirplin, who thus saves his master. Now our hero believes his salvation to come from the wrong quarter—from Meresvel, the sea-king's daughter, and is lovingly grateful accordingly. The abbot wishes to convert the sea-king, but instead of gaining a disciple he gains an enemy by his trouble, and they have a very pretty quarrel about cutting down an oak sacred to the god Woden. However, the monk revenges himself by entrapping his fair daughter Meresvel, and shutting her up in his monastery. Our hero, hearing of this, goes alone to her rescue, and goes in the character of his own ghost, relying upon the general belief of his death. After this the belligerent abbot makes war upon Altren and the sea-king, and our hero is again preserved by the address of Valdine. She covers a morass with flowers, and thus bogs all the monk's army. Lyndarn after this takes the sulks and a slow poison, and contrives to die in the midst of a grand religious ceremony, that he might be afterwards adored as a saint. The conclusion now comes on rapidly. Our hero discovers his friend from his foe, but having promised the sea-king to marry his daughter, he resolves to keep his word, despite his love for Valdine. His bride poisons the bridal cup; and as he is going to die, Valdine flies away with him, and then, to make the end of one, two, and three, the sea-king turns his perfidious daughter into a wave—a salt one of course. In giving the outline of this story we make the best critique upon it. As an illustration of an Icelandic legend it may be admired, and admired it will be by those who love the dark, visionary, and incomprehensible. The moral of the whole tale lies in the attempt to do honour to Christianity, and in this view is commendable. The following is a fair specimen of the author's style, and of his powers of description.

“ Lord Altren sat in the place of tombs, and watched how nature, kind remembrancer, smiled upon the dead. He rested by the cenotaph of Rolf, the gray granite of which was now covered with the fairest flowers, that spring with an almost miraculous swiftness from the turf by which it was surrounded. Above waved a graceful birch, glistening with sunlit dew. A mild enchanting calm pervaded the scene, and lulled the captive senses—a slumbrous melody was wafted with the air, and the hot breath of evening floated around the throbbing temples of the knight, and was busy among his locks like the finger of a spirit.

“ Wherever the eye turned it saw beauty; the landward hills were green with waving foliage, and the glory of the sunset, mirrored in the east, was folded around them, making them look like emeralds set in gold. The shore at their feet, often so desolate, had assumed a fairy hue—the white sand glistened with the moisture of the water, which had even now ebbed, and winning the light of the rising moon, spread like one vast meandering sheet of virgin silver.

“ Beyond, glowed the north sea in all the variety of a thousand tints of light and shade—now imaging the heavens that looked into its depths—now the castle or solitary watch-tower, as though sketched by the hands of water-maidens, and hung in sapphire frames in the crystal halls of old ocean.

"The sun had plunged his fiery car into the waves, and his wild cloud-steeds rode along their surface—a distant bark hovered on the verge of sight, like a soul on the brink of the grave, that the slightest breath might waft for ever beyond our ken. The sky was scattered with fleecy clouds, through which shone the blue of heaven or the silver of its stars, and they floated on and on in quick succession, as the land-wind bore them towards the main, like the spirits of men on their wandering to eternity.

"The Schloss lay dark and massy, save where a beam purpled its spires, and as the clouds parted above, it seemed to win its light direct from heaven.

"Such was the scene which encircled that lone cemetery; and around him who rested among its tombs were flowers and verdure—music and dewy branches. Was it fancy? or was a gentle sigh breathed through the trembling leaves above? It came again, and with a soft motion they waved in the perfumed air, though the wind had died away! tears of pearly dew glided from their glistening green, and sure they glowed as though they came from a human eye. As they fell on Altren, his heart beat with an impassioned sorrow, of which he knew not the cause, and he rested motionless, lest a movement or a word might dispel the pleasing charm. Anon the graceful brow of the birch bent down towards him, and the green veil of its foliage was lowered around. A slender bough sunk upon his breast, fragrant, soft, and dewy; gentle sighs stole warmly past, and as he lay as it were in a blissful dream, the pure bright leaves clung to his brow, and he felt a kiss upon his lips.

"A passionate delirium seized him, and as he rose to press some visioned form to his heart, the charm was dispelled, yet he thought he still saw a motion in the boughs, and heard a sigh breathed over their drooping tresses."

All this, even the fastidious will confess not to be amiss. We would advise our readers, when they sit down to the perusal of this mystic tale, freely to resign the reins of their judgment into the author's hands, and then, harnessing to the ice-car of the sea-king the steeds of their imaginations, they may travel right pleasantly about the dim regions of the Arctic zone. Finally, the story is as good as a story of this description can very well be, and yet it is not over good. It would perhaps have been better had it been detailed in fragments and snatches. We speak, however, doubtingly, and partly confess that we may not have done justice to these two volumes in the limited praise which we have bestowed upon them, on account of the usual frigidity and calculating spirit that attends upon maturer years. We have read it perhaps twenty years too late. We can very justly commend the lyrical pieces interspersed throughout; they are in perfect character with the scenes in which they are produced, and possess great poetical merit. To conclude, we promise to all those not past twenty-five—to the imaginative, and the sanguine in temperament, much pleasure in the reading of the "Wood Spirit," and if all of this description read it, its readers will be plentiful.

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*A Guide to nearly One Hundred Loan Societies, for Borrowing in any Sum from Five Pounds to Five Hundred, and from Three Months to Ten Years.*

We notice this publication, that we may have the opportunity of cautioning, generally, all those temporarily embarrassed to avoid those

institutions of which it speaks. Their vast number is a sorrowful index of a demoralizing principle working amongst the middle classes. We are, and we ought to be, a trading nation. We glory in the distinction; but when from that we deteriorate into a usurious community, a mere ravenous horde of borrowers and of lenders, our national dignity and our worth will soon disappear. Since the repeal or the alteration of the usury laws, tradesmen, who have realized a little capital, find it more to their interest to employ it in usury, than to follow their honest, and to the state, their valuable avocations. They become consumers and non-producers, and live too often in idleness like bloated spiders in the centre of their webs, waiting for their prey; these webs are the embarrassments of the industrious, which embarrassments must go on increasing whilst cupidity locks up capital in this infamous manner. This dreadful evil is daily accelerating; and there is not an insolvent who passes the court, who does not give dreadful evidence of the operations of those ravenous locusts, bill-discounters and money-brokers. The doctrine to leave the trade in money to itself sounds well, but works most wickedly. It makes the rich rapacious and indolent, whilst it causes the poor to be reckless if badly disposed, and to be overworked if honest and industrious. It will soon banish all ideas of integrity from every one who is compelled to live upon his exertions. The work before us we believe to be an accurate account of the various dens where the distressed may be victimized. In looking over the list of the institutions, we perceive that some, by circuitous and disguised means, extort more than twenty-five per cent. from the borrower. The pawnbroker is a bad resource to the desperately needy, but we think him infinitely preferable to most of the loan societies. He is amenable to law, though we think the law leans too much on his side. We hardly suppose that this guide to destruction was necessary; however, it is a very useful record of the improvident spirit of the times, and an undoubted testimony that there is much that is rotten in the core of society in England at this day. Cant as we may about free trade, a usurer is a God-denounced, and always will be a despicable character.

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*A Medical Guide to Nice; containing every information necessary to the Invalid and resident Stranger. With separate Remarks on all those Diseases to which its Climate is calculated to prove injurious or beneficial, &c.* By WILLIAM FARR, M.D., Author of "Separate Treatises on Irregular Phthisis," &c. &c.

This is a useful work, with more literary recommendations than a medical work requires, as to vivacity of style and elegance of composition. When a professional gentleman takes any particular locality under his immediate protection, we generally find the place a perfect Eden, its atmospheric air turned into a laughing gas, and that the people die only through their own obstinacy, and a want of a sufficiency of respect, or of fee, for the doctor. We were equally disappointed to find that Nice is not such a place, and that Doctor Farr is



not such a doctor. We discover that Nice is not only not serviceable to all consumptive patients, but actually prejudicial to many ; indeed, that the hotel-keepers of this town so much dread the honesty of the doctor, that they league against him to drive from him the sick, lest he should drive them out of their clutches. Now, without considering our author's great respectability, this fact alone would be sufficient to make us rely upon his statements implicitly. It appears that Nice may be looked upon as a forlorn hope of many desperate pulmonary cases, but that it is far from being useful to all, and that it is a place well deserving the attention of the invalid. What those particular cases are, in consumption and scrofula, the author has clearly pointed out, and has also made the discovery that the climate of Bagnères de Bigorre is a most eligible summer residence for consumptive patients in general. As a topographical work, this before us is one of no mean order. We have in it an accurate description of Nice, and of all that is most interesting about the place. But it is to those predisposed to pulmonary diseases that the work is invaluable. Its candour will convince, and its intelligence delight even those not easily delighted, the sick, or those fancying that they are going to become so. It is pleasing to know, that, at this place so necessary to the afflicted, the scenery is delightful, the living moderate in expense ; and, above all, that justice is impartially administered between the native inhabitant and the stranger. It also possesses sources of amusement quite sufficient for the person who is there really in pursuit of health, and enough to satisfy those also who seek for pleasure, when they seek that dangerous excitement in the moderation of wisdom. All that we can say to our friends is, that the author has convinced us, who are not too open to conviction in these matters, and that now we shall look upon shortness of breath, and other awkward symptoms, a great deal more cavalierly than we used to do.

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*The Age of Tin. A Poem.*

This is one of the best satires that has, for some while, issued from the press. The times stand much in need of some caustic appliances like this, for never was vice more abundant, or made to appear more decorous, than at the present moment. There is throughout this little poem a strong and cutting vein of irony, that evinces much discrimination on the part of its author, with great power of language. The versification is harmonious, and the topics that are lashed are those which are at present crying aloud for reprehension. We think the title not inapt, for it is an age in which everything sterling is sacrificed to show, and, among the metals, tin is that which best characterizes it. The author has taken full advantage of the various senses in which "tin" may be applied, and under cover of the paronomasia has launched some of the keenest of his arrows. It is thus that he addresses it under the monetary acceptance :—

" All hail ; dread ruler of our mighty soil,  
Who wrung thy wealth from hands o'erwrung with toil ;

Oh! what, compared with thee, that sunclad land,  
Where bright Pactolus rolled in golden sand?  
Or what the fabled fleece that Jason sought,  
Or the coined shower Danæ wisely caught?  
For what was Danæ's shower compared to thee,  
Thou Funds-destroying tin-clad Deity?  
Oh! could Pactolus' ever-glittering sand  
Breathe 'current answer' to thy notes of hand!  
To thee 'twas granted, and no matter why,  
To live in riches and in riches die.  
O blessed soul! to thee 'twas left to know  
'That 'tin alone was happiness below.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Although we give this brochure very high praise, we do not mean to state that it is a matured, much less a perfect production. It is more rich in promise of the future excellence of the author than in its present abundance of merit. Apparently it is the first flight—an unequal one truly, but one that indicates the capability of an increasing and a vast range. The satirical regions of poetry are now nearly unoccupied, and we trust that the castigator of the age of tin will make them one day his own. The poem is, without regard to its moral worth, extremely amusing; and though we think it to be a little too personal, we cannot help laughing at the hits, and liking them. The author will soon learn to distinguish the nice line that divides public satire from private libel, and how to lash turpitude of conduct in those general, yet not to be mistaken terms, that will apply to the sinner whilst apparently he is only castigating the sin. We shall dismiss these twenty-nine pages with a recommendation to all those who love a comfortable chuckle at people so much inferior in wisdom and worth to themselves, to procure this libellum—which word all may construe as they like. We reiterate the very natural wish expressed by the writer at the conclusion of his verses—that the “tin,” the visionary “tin,” which he has cast upon the waters—the uncertain and fluctuating waters of public opinion—may return to him in substantial metal, and, whether he may be pleased to call it tin or gold, that it may prove equivalent to much beef and pudding—which, after all, is more necessary to the poet than laurel and bays.

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*Pochahontas, and other Poems.* By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

On both sides of the Atlantic, this lady is favourably known as an author. With most of the poems of this volume the reading public are already acquainted, and those that are now among them are of a fair average merit with the old ones. The general character of the American poets is that of a mediocrity, more or less elegant, and their usual fault imitation—not of style, for it would be impossible for an American not to fall into some one of the numerous styles of writing of the mother country—but in the more essential ingredients of poetry. Our brethren have made a civil polity and a government for themselves, original and very distinct from those of the rest of the world;

<sup>\*</sup> “ ‘Virtue alone is happiness below,’—so says Pope; but a new age has formed a new reading.”

but in literature they have been as servile as they are independent in their national character. Mrs. Sigourney is a fair example of the best of their writers, within their very large pale of mediocrity. It would be difficult justly to blame any one of her poems, and very easy to praise them all, to a certain extent; but, in reading them, we are continually reminded, first of one English author, and then of another—reminded of them by images and manner that, if not actually imitation, approaches to it very nearly. We quote the following specimen, as it best suits with our limited space.

“THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

FLOWERS! fresh flowers, with your fragrance free.  
Have you come in your queenly robes to *me*?  
*Me*, have you sought from your far retreat,  
With your greeting lips, and your dewy feet,  
And the upward glance of your radiant eye,  
Like angel-guests from a purer sky?

But where did ye hide, when the frost drew near,  
And your many sisters were blanched with fear?—  
Where did ye hide?—with a blush as bright  
As ye wore amid Eden's vales of light,  
Ere the wile of the tempter its bliss had sham'd,  
Or the terrible sword o'er its gateway flam'd.

Flowers—sweet flowers—with your words of cheer,  
Thanks to the friend who hath sent you here;  
For this, may her blossoms of varied dye  
Be the fairest and first 'neath a vernal sky,  
And she be led, by their whispered lore,  
To the love of that land where they fade no more.”

This is very fair magazine poetry—glittering and faulty. It is in a very meretricious style, to give greeting lips, dewy feet, and upward glances of radiant eyes, to flowers;—all the rest is in the same vein throughout the book—the inflated language of poetry, without its simple and sublime essence. In the last verse of this short poem, it would be difficult to say to what Mrs. Sigourney alludes, when she wishes that her “friend's blossoms of varied dye may be fairest and first beneath the spring sky.” Does she merely mean the early flowers of the garden and the green-house, or is there some occult meaning beneath the poetical wish? However, it is all very mystical and very pretty, and, if not read with a spirit too inquiring, very pleasing. To ladies who do not think deeply, and to those who only fancy that they do, we heartily recommend this volume. It is refreshing sometimes to get amidst a shower of flowers, though we may see no just cause why they should be flung around and upon us so lavishly.

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*Dover, Ancient and Modern; a Poem. With an Episode, Views, and Notes.* By SIR R. P. JODDRELL, Bart. M. A.

As erst the vestal's flame, and Tullia's urn,  
Cicero's fair Tullia! unextinguished burn.

These are the first two inauspicious lines of this composition, in

solving two unpardonable grammatical errors, an error of tense, and an error in number. When a writer thus rashly, and most inconsiderately, begins—for we will not use the word “ignorantly,”—he prejudices himself with his reader, and then prepares him to discover faults where he might have passed by, if not applauding, at least uncensuring. For ourselves, had we found any of the subsequent lines of merit sufficient to have redeemed the blundering ones which we have quoted, we should have remained silent upon these mere verbal inaccuracies; but we grieve to say that the whole is a failure; an elegant one, if the author please to call it so, but a decided failure still. We will quote six more lines, and, having dissected them, take our leave of this concatenation of couplets.

“Thus Dubris yet preserves her boasted name.”

She does not, for it is modernized into Dover and Dovor.

“Deserted though her walls, but not her fame.”

Her walls are not deserted, and “but not her fame deserted,” is nonsense.

“And tho’ her sun is set in endless night.”

What means that line? Have we not just been told that Dubris still preserves her boasted name? Her sun can mean only her prosperity.

“Pale Cynthia’s orb emits a purer light.”

If there be sense in this, it can only mean that her inhabitants are all under the influence of the moon.

“The rippling surge, the murmuring waves yet beam,  
Reflect the seaward breeze by moonlight gleam.”

Which are mere sounding words, having no union with the context or themselves, and signifying anything or nothing. There are, however, some merits about this production. The book is extremely well got up, so far as mechanical art is concerned. It is illuminated by several sweetly-engraved views, that do honour both to those who designed and to those who engraved them. Let us, therefore, regard the letter-press on which these pictorial beauties are embedded, as we would the mould from which springs the flowers in the gay parterre. But in speaking thus lightly of the poetical pretensions of this production, we should do great injustice to the author, were we not to state, that they are more than indemnified by the high moral and truly christian tendencies that abound throughout. We are instructed carefully, though neither pleasingly nor poetically.

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*Alice, or the Ryehouse Plot; a Dramatic Legend of the Turf.* In Three Acts. By WILLIAM PARR ISAACSON of Newmarket.

This is a very singular production, and a happy one also. The doings of the turf and of the state are each amalgamated; and  
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although the piece has a little too much dramatic effect to be placed among the classical plays, it must be very exciting in the representation. At the opening of the drama we find King Charles, of doubtful reputation, with his court at Newmarket, the object of a double conspiracy; one against his favourite Barbary mare, and another against his life. As this production breathes the spirit of the most exalted loyalty, not only to the kingly character but to the man who bore it, we will not run so far counter to the author's sentiments as to undervalue either. As a sporting play should do, the principal characters are the king's trainer, his jockey, and the heroine is Alice, the trainer's daughter. Charles bets highly on his mare, and Colonel Dangerfield, with his gang, takes him to the amount of six thousand pounds. *Poor passer le tems* until the race, they organize the Rye-house Plot, and the paper is confided to an Irish associate. This man, with the touter Ragg, steals into the king's stable to poison his mare. Alice is there—these things are allowable in dramas—and frightens them away; they leave the poison behind, and the paper with the plot in it. Alice changes the poison for something wholesome, and gets possession of the paper. The next day the king's mare wins. Charles sees Alice, and, *suo more*, offers to make her a duchess; she is quite as indignant as the heroine of a drama ought to be, to say nothing of her love for the king's page Eugene. Charles sends Eugene to London, out of the way. Alice then consents to meet the king, only to read him a grand moral lesson, and divulges to him the conspiracy against his mare and his life. The moral lesson is taken very ill, and her assertions disbelieved. The defeated conspirators, then, when they find the paper containing their plot lost, determine to assassinate the king without delay; and Alice, seeing no other way to get him out of Newmarket, and away from danger, fires his house. Of course there is no resisting that argument. He goes to London, and so does Alice, but she to be tried for high treason, and is found guilty, sentenced to death, and confined in the Tower. In London, Colonel Dangerfield and his gang invite the unsuspecting Charles to a supper, under the pretence of paying him the six thousand pounds which they had lost at Newmarket. Here they endeavour to assassinate him, but he defends himself bravely, and, gaining time by a parley, Eugene enters with a file of musketeers, and all ends happily for the good, and very miserably for the naughty. We must mention, that a dove, under whose wing Alice had placed the Rye-house paper Plot, not having been sufficiently trained, at length brought it back to its mistress, and this, together with the confessions of Ragg, made her innocence clearly appear. Mr. Isaacson has managed his materials very adroitly, and given a tolerably fair personification to the characters. The piece is full of clap-traps; and if they be well received, we see no great reason to condemn them. Authors must eat, and that is their best excuse when they sin in this way. The Rye-house Plot, from its very nature as well as from its intrinsic merits, must be very popular at Newmarket, and we are sure that it would become a great favourite at any or at all of the minors. We shall soon find it there: and there is its proper element, for it is constructed to act better than it reads.

*The Fawn of Spring Vale, the Clarionet, and other Tales.* By WILLIAM CARLETON, Author of "Fardorougha, the Miser," "Traits and Stories of Irish Peasantry," &c. 3 Vols.

The tales that occupy these three volumes are of various and very opposite merits—with the exception of one or two, which can fairly lay claim to no merit whatever. Our sense of impartiality compels us to animadvert strongly upon the false taste that pervades and deteriorates the powerful writing in the first story, the "Fawn of Spring Vale." All the facts on which it is founded may be summed up in one sentence. The heroine falls in love with a beautiful youth, who proves false to her; she goes mad and dies. For three hundred pages the reader's feelings are harrowed by the most distressing incidents, and we have all the gradations of the lady's insanity chronicled with a fidelity that we should look for only in a mad-doctor's diary. This is a method so easy, and so meretricious, by which to excite a reader's feelings. The press formerly teemed with novels for the serious, always consisting of an interesting and a pale young clergyman dying of a consumption, who enacted the hero, and some three or four phthisical young ladies, who shared the heroineship between them, going off after him. The public soon grew sick of this, and we have lately escaped similar inflictions, until the "Fawn of Spring Vale" appeared. It is true, that when an ancient philosopher was asked as to which was the greatest of evils, he replied "Pain;" meaning physical sufferings; but we think that pain, as the principal agent in a novel, makes that novel intolerable. We detest this heaping of distress upon distresses, of carefully pointing all the arrows of anguish, and darkening every sorrow with the dismality of an incurable woe. If Mr William Carleton succeeds, we shall soon find him surpassed, and as he has made an insanity the heroine of his story, we shall soon have a cancer in the bosom, or an erysipelas playing the same part. We do not know why an inveterate fit of the gout would not make a respectable hero. How eloquent might be his groanings; how pathetic his appeals for ease from pain! This afflicted one might have for wife in an adjoining room a tic douloureux—let the partition be thin—and there will be a romantic distress for you! We do assure our friends, that all the pathos in "Jane Sinclair, the Fawn of Spring Vale," is produced after this fashion. We grant it possesses eloquence, and glows with the brilliancy of an ardent imagination; but these virtues serve only to make the vices of the composition the more glaring and repugnant to our feelings. "Sha Dhu, or, the Dark Day," the next story, partakes less of this failing. It is much less lachrymose, and contains some natural and manly feelings. Yet, in this, the author, when he gets hold of a distress, is dreadfully anxious to make the most of it. He seems to revel in an agony, and is never weary of plucking at the end of our nerves with his inexorable pincers. "The Clarionet" is full of woe, most woefully eked out. Reduced to one-half, it would have proved a sweet, and instructive, and a highly moral tale. "The Dead Boxer" abounds in improbabilities. The scenes depicted



in it could not have happened in any civilised society. Grant the author his premises, and then we shall have an exciting, almost a beautiful production. Such a story as the "Dead Boxer" could only have been written in Ireland, and to the Irish. After all, the author may have only been quizzing John Bull, and testing the depth of his gullibility. The two last tales of these volumes are of a nature totally different from the others, and bear the stamp of great excellence. The one bearing the title of "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," is as good as it well can be, being not only in its totality, but through all its parts, not only possible but probable, not only probable but natural, yet very comic, and very, very Irish. Every one will read it with delight; and we ask, with astonishment, why does not the author always do thus? But if Barney Branagan was good, the resurrection of Barney Bradley is inimitable. It is the carrying of humour to its highest pinnacle. It is true that it is a burlesque, but a burlesque so rich, and so true to actual life, that we exclaim, if all this is not possible, it should be so, and we will not wrong ourselves of so much mirth by believing to the contrary. From a due consideration of all these specimens, it is most evident that the author is blessed or cursed with too fervid an imagination. We should argue from his productions that he is a very young man, were not the Hibernian mind always young. From this cause it arises that his besetting sin is exaggeration. He exaggerates a good thing until he spoils it—and very much indeed he has spoiled in that way. Yet some of the productions of his fancy are so truly sterling, that all the tinsel with which he overloads does not deteriorate them; and we tolerate what is gaudy and paltry in its finery for the sake of the true gold that is presented to us with it. When we next meet him, we trust that it will not be in the character of a mental surgeon, a scarifier of our nerves. We should be sublimated when it is recorded, in order to produce upon us its proper moral effect.

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*British Naval and Military Claimants to the Portuguese Government.  
With an Appendix, containing a Copy of the Anonymous Pamphlet  
published by the Portuguese authority.*

There is a great national interest involved in this unpretending brochure. It contains the correspondence between the claimants of pay and arrears from Portugal, and his excellency the Baron Murcervo, and the consul-general of Portugal, Mr. Vanseller; with relation to an anonymous pamphlet, printed and published by direction of her most faithful Majesty's government; and another correspondence between the Baron and Thomas Hanks, Esq. M. P. for Dudley, on the same subject. From all this it most clearly appears that many officers and men have just claims upon the Portuguese nation, which are answered, not by cash, but by a sneaking and false pamphlet, anonymously published under authority. This proceeding is base in the extreme; so base, that language cannot properly characterize it. The consul was more honest and straightforward than the baron, for

the former unhesitatingly avowed that which the latter all but repudiated for his jesuitical government. Of course, the world has before them only the statement and the counter-statement, though we implicitly believe our officers to have been greatly wronged, even to have been swindled, yet we cannot affirm it; but that which we, and every man who can read, can affirm, that the juggling, dishonest manner in which their claims have been met, will be a lasting stain on the history of Portugal. The claimants are libelled most foully, and every impediment thrown in their way to prevent the discovery of the actual author of the libel. After all, Portugal's ambassador is ashamed to acknowledge this document, the only answer that his government deigns to give to those who have toiled and bled in its service. We wish every true-born Englishman to read this pamphlet; he will then pronounce, that duplicity and meanness have been carried out so far as ingenuity, with the want of all honesty, can go. Had Portugal said that we are too poor to pay these demands, or that we are too factious to come to an agreement as to the right that we have to pay them, this proceeding would, though most unjust, have been much more manly; but to falsify books, and attack creditors anonymously, is the lowest depth of turpitude, whether in private or public transactions.

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*Cruikshank's Omnibus.*

Cruikshank, the inimitable George Cruikshank, is running his omnibuses all over the town, and not only over all the town, but all the country as well. The genius of this admirable artist has done more to direct the literary taste of his times than any other man, be he who he may. They are his delineations of character that fill the eye of the public, not those of the author who fancied that he created them. The ideas of those personages about whom the many are delighted to read, would have been vague, indistinct, and most fleeting, each man having a different image pictured in his memory. But George came, dressed them, featured them, attitudized them, fixed them, and gave them a last and an unaltering identity. If we were to be beguiled into further speaking of his general merits, we should be too discursive; so we will leave them, to remark on the particular excellencies of this, the first number of his *Omnibus*. In the first place, the literary department is good, but the pictorial leaves it far behind in excellence. The frontispiece, or the illustration of his preface, is a wonderful specimen of skill, and a happy hit at originality—indeed we look upon it as quite a curiosity. We next have a portrait of Cruikshank himself, a faithful likeness, under which is his signature, in all the tortuous magnificence of its perplexity. It then appears that somebody has been saying something biographically, and, according to the modern manner of biography, bouncingly about George; so he has given a very humorous disclaimer of the demerits which had been so generously bestowed upon him. He pleads not guilty to everything in the *Bombastes Furioso* style.

We have then an article entitled "My Last Pair of Hessians," very comic and very novel. A continuation, called "French Heartwell, or, Fifty Years Ago," by Bowman Tiller—a purser's name of course smells nautically, but we should wish to see more of it before we can give an opinion. Of this we are sure, that continuations are not the contributions best adapted to what we feel assured will be the brilliant, distinguishing character of this periodical. Prosing through three volumes in an omnibus! The thing seems preposterous. "The Photographic Phenomena" is every way worthy of a good seat in the vehicle. Altogether, we pronounce that his drag will run very fast, go a great way, and distance most of its competitors on the high road of literature.

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*An Introduction to Chemistry.* By GEORGE SPARKES, late Madras Civil Service.

A very good elementary book, making the first steps towards a knowledge of chemistry not only easy, but pleasant. In order not to confuse the tyro with the multiplied nomenclature of the science, and thus beget an early distaste to the study, the author has followed a more natural and simple plan—commenced with an examination of common and familiar substances, and from thence gradually proceeded to the developement of the more recondite elements. Thus the student will follow the same course which the science itself made in its infancy, and by which alone, even in the present day, all new truths must be discovered. In order to work out this principle, Mr. Sparkes has commenced by telling us of what metals are composed, and of their different qualities. From these he is naturally led to metallic oxides, and thus through the various forms into which metals are resolvable under all circumstances. The chapter on the vital functions is well written, and as satisfactory as anything can be on that mysterious subject. Altogether, we think that the author has very well preserved the happy medium that should exist in elementary treatises between the confusing depths of science and the danger, in avoiding them, of being too familiar, and too little scientific. Every person who has any pretension to the distinction of a good education should know all that is contained in this book, and this knowledge cannot be more easily attained than by the book itself—although we think that every gentleman should know more, and yet not aspire to the character of a chemist either. The grand outline and the first principles of all science should be the indispensable requisite of education, and in this view Mr. Sparkes's introduction is very valuable.

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*The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorised Versions.* Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts representing the historical events after the most celebrated pictures, &c.

This edition of the Holy Bible has reached its seventh part, and upholds its character with respect to the worth of its numerous en-

gravings, its pictorial illustrations of natural history, costumes, and antiquities. The original notes are lucid and orthodox, and tend much to a satisfactory explanation of verbal obscurities and points of geography and topography. This part extends from the second chapter of Joshua unto the eighth of Judges—a most eventful period in the Jewish history. It would be impossible to particularize the various wood-cuts, the number being so great, but they average much merit. The engraving of the shield of Achilles stands conspicuous in its singularity. It is well arranged.

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*The Local Historian's Table Book, or Remarkable Occurrences, Historical Facts, Traditions, Legendary and Descriptive Ballads, &c., connected with the Counties of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, and Durham.* By M. A. DURHAM, author of a Descriptive Companion through Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A May number of this continuation, the fourth, has found its way, unaccompanied by any of its predecessors, into our office. We certainly shall not attempt to pass an opinion upon this publication, when only a fraction of it is handed to us for inspection. The author, or his publisher, should remember the ancient ridicule, the presenting of an isolated brick, in order that an opinion may be formed of the whole edifice. People should understand that a very unsightly house may be built of excellent bricks, and a very worthless description of the Northern counties produced, although some few tolerable materials may enter into the compilation.

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*The Works of Josephus.* Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M.

This edition of the works of this eminent Jewish historian is drawing to a conclusion, for we find that the present, the eleventh part, is occupied by an appendix, and various dissertations upon Josephus himself, and the evidences of his histories, so far as they are corroborative of the Holy Scriptures. We presume that the twelfth part will conclude the whole undertaking, which has been well conceived, well carried forward, and which, we have no doubt, will terminate in a manner equally satisfactorily. It will bind up into two or three superb volumes, and become a valuable and an essential library acquisition.

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*Master Humphrey's Clock.* By Boz.

Mr. Dickens, in his *Barnaby Rudge*, maintains that superiority which he has well earned, and which so few are inclined to deny to him. This tale, as it proceeds, evinces all that deep and exciting

interest which has made his productions so popular. There is much of originality in his creations: and though we certainly think that some of them are too highly coloured, we must remember that, in the masses, though 'delicacy' of 'touch' may often be lost to them, boldness of outline and vivid tints always tell among all classes. We shall take our leave of Barnaby until we see the termination of his adventures and those of his supernatural raven, and then go more at large into the merits of the story considered as a whole.

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*Westminster Loan and Investment Joint-Stock Company.*

We have recently had placed before us the first and second reports of the above institution. Considering it, as we do, a commercial undertaking calculated materially to assist the working classes of the metropolis, we feel happy in recommending it to the notice of our readers. The advantages the Westminster Loan and Investment Joint-Stock Company offer to the trading community are such as should stimulate every wealthy tradesman to support it. This company, by the aid of a few enterprising individuals, commenced its operations in May 1839, since which period it has become a public joint-stock company, and is now daily increasing in importance. We wish it success, because we are of opinion the more facility afforded in providing pecuniary accommodation, the more it must tend to improve our arts and manufactures. It must be understood that this company, with members of parliament for its directors, and great capitalists as its trustees, by no means can be classed with those numerous, low, sordid, and fraudulent societies, on which we have animadverted so strongly in a previous notice.

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*Records of Female Piety, comprising Sketches of the Lives and Extracts from the Writings of Women eminent for religious excellence.*  
By JAMES A. HUIE, author of the "History of the Jews."

The utmost merit that can be assigned to works of this description is, that of judgment in making a selection from the vast riches that exist on this subject. This praise we cannot fairly bestow on the compiler of the volume before us. Were we to mention a few of the names of those from whose writings the compiler has quoted, and of whose lives he has briefly spoken, it would be seen at once how very limited and partial a view he must have had of his undertaking.

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## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Englishwomen in the Past and Present Times. By Mrs. Cameron. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
 Italy. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.  
 Life and Literary Remains of L. E. L. By Laman Blanchard. 2 vols post 8vo. 21s.  
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## LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Captain Knox's new work, *LEGENDS OF WESTERN GERMANY*, is on the eve of appearing. It will be singularly opportune as a companion to travellers in their visits to that interesting country during the present season.

Some months ago we announced as in the press a new work by Lady Charlotte Bury, entitled *FAMILY RECORDS*; this work, which was then completed, has been withheld until now, at the particular desire of the noble authoress. It is, however, to appear forthwith, and in our next number we purpose speaking further of it.

The new edition of Mr. LODGE'S *PEERAGE* is now published. We understand there has been a great demand for this new edition.

Mrs. Grey's new novel, *THE LITTLE WIFE*, is to be immediately published. Who is the heroine? will be the question; and this for the present must be left to our readers.

Mr. Macnamara has just committed to the press his Prize Essay on the Preservation and Promotion of Peace among the Nations.

We do not learn that Mr. James's *Life of Richard Cœur de Lion* is yet so advanced as to allow us to speak with certainty as to the time of its publication.

*THE BOOK OF SONNETS*, which we lately mentioned, is, we hear, progressing.

A new work from the pen of the "Old Author in a New Walk" is nearly ready, entitled *ISIDORA, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A NEAPOLITAN*.

## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Nothing at present but the deepest gloom overshadows the principal staples of our trade. In Manchester this is seen most disastrously, as, notwithstanding the general working of short time, the produce of our manufactories considerably exceeds the demand, and consequently prices continue to recede. So much is all this felt, that most of the needy spinners and manufacturers are all but ruined as a class. It is astonishing that under this pressure of miseries so few failures take place. If our trade depending on cotton be so bad, that connected with fabrics in wool is still worse, and in this branch business may be said actually to be at a stand-still. It is now a struggle for existence, the strong living for a time upon the weak, and the strong trembling for themselves. Conservative as we are in our politics, we cannot be blind to the necessity for the almost total repeal of the corn-laws. Something must be done, and that speedily, or we shall be soon irretrievably pauperized. Our iron furnaces are being blown out, and the men in the founderies, generally speaking, working half time; and the grand staples of our industry are failing. We have destroyed our old markets by our provision laws, and changed most other countries from customers into rival sellers. The lighter and the less essential branches of trade still maintain themselves, and those, with money-lending, are the only profitable avocations. In this general depreciation we certainly cannot embrace the shipping interest, for our merchant navy and our merchant seamen still increase. We must change our policy, and we shall soon discover that we have ample means to set ourselves right again.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 27th of May.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 163 one half.—Consols for opening, 89 seven-eighths.—Consols, 89 seven-eighths.—New Three and a Half per Cents. 90.—Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 97 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Annuities, 97 one quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 2½d. 7 to 9 pr.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Acct. '34. — Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent., 99 three fourths.—Brazilian, 68.—Mexican, Acct. 28 one half.—Spanish, Acct. 28 three-quarters.

**MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—During the last month there have been no great shocks or fluctuations in the money-market. Money itself has become scarce, and much in demand to meet the outlay of the approaching general election. By our list of bankrupts it will be seen that there have been lately several very extensive failures, and many more are apprehended. In this state of affairs it must not be surprising to find that railway shares, and dealings in other speculations, have been very flat. The business done in foreign securities has been nearly nominal. Indeed, all money transactions on a large scale are suspended, for capitalists are waiting to see in what manner our rulers will meet the expenses of the country, and who those rulers are to be.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1841. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in inches | Prevailing Weather.                                  |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|--|
| April |                |                 |                   |                |  |
| 23    | 46-39          | 29.55-29.44     | S.W.              | .41            | Raining generally from 6 A.M. till 3 P.M. ev. clear  |
| 24    | 53-30          | 29.64-29.52     | S.W.              |                | Evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.          |
| 25    | 58-43          | 29.73-29.60     | S.W.              | .14            | Morning clear, afternoon and evening cloudy.         |
| 26    | 65-51          | 30.06-29.91     | S.W.              |                | Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the       |
| 27    | 72-50          | 30.09-30.04     | S.W.              |                | Clear. [morning.                                     |
| 28    | 73-48          | 30.08-30.06     | N.E.              | .02            | After. and even. clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain  |
| 29    | 69-42          | 30.09-30.06     | N.E.              | .01            | Even. overcast, rain in the morn. otherwise clear.   |
| 30    | 68-40          | 30.11-30.07     | N.E.              |                | Generally clear.                                     |
| May   |                |                 |                   |                |  |
| 1     | 69-38          | 29.97-29.84     | N.E.              |                | Generally clear.                                     |
| 2     | 69-40          | 29.66-29.63     | S.W.              |                | Evening overcast with rain, otherwise clear.         |
| 3     | 52-44          | 29.76-29.68     | N.                | .185           | Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.           |
| 4     | 61-41          | 29.61-29.53     | S.W.              | .21            | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.                     |
| 5     | 61-48          | 29.53-29.38     | S.W.              | .695           | Morn. cloudy, with heavy rain, otherwise clear.      |
| 6     | 62-47          | 29.73-29.51     | S.                |                | Generally clear, small rain in the morning.          |
| 7     | 65-45          | 29.66-29.56     | S.                | .1             | Morn. clear, aftern. cloudy, even. overc., with rain |
| 8     | 56-48          | 29.68-29.50     | S.W.              | .175           | Alternately clear and cloudy, showers frequently.    |
| 9     | 61-41          | 30.07-29.94     | S.W.              | .185           | Generally clear, rain about 1 P.M.                   |
| 10    | 65-49          | 30.11-30.07     | S.W.              |                | Generally cloudy.                                    |
| 11    | 68-45          | 30.04-29.98     | S.                |                | Clear till 3 P.M., evening showery.                  |
| 12    | 64-43          | 30.22-30.08     | N.                | .02            | Generally clear.                                     |
| 13    | 61-47          | 30.26-30.23     | N.E.              |                | Generally clear.                                     |
| 14    | 65-36          | 30.28-30.22     | N.E.              |                | Generally clear.                                     |
| 15    | 70-40          | 30.14-30.03     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                     |
| 16    | 70-40          | 29.89-29.78     | S.W.              |                | Evening cloudy, otherwise clear.                     |
| 17    | 62-47          | 29.64-29.55     | S.W.              |                | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.                     |
| 18    | 63-45          | 29.54-29.51     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear, a shower of rain about 1 P.M.       |
| 19    | 57-46          | 29.39-29.21     | S.S.W.            | .045           | Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.           |
| 20    | 56-48          | 29.47-29.21     | S.W.              | .1             | Generally clear, showery during the day.             |
| 21    | 62-38          | 29.61-29.60     | S.W.              | .105           | Evening overcast with rain, otherwise clear.         |
| 22    | 67-54          | 29.96-29.59     | S.W.              | .105           | Generally cloudy, a shower of rain about 2 P.M.      |

**Haloes and Parhelia.** These phenomena at this season of the year are frequently to be seen, perhaps never more so than during the present month, when they have been remarkable both for brilliancy and colour.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 27 TO MAY 21, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

**April 27.**—J. Maddox and G. Blenkarn, Watling-street, warehousemen.—R. Boning, Bridge-street, Westminster, milliner.—J. Page, St. Alban's, auctioneer.—J. Hetherington, King's Arms-yard, wholesale tea merchant.—C. L. Toombs, Southmolton-street, oil and colour man.—W. Knott, Swallow-street, wine cooper.—J. Hayward, Manchester, letter-press printer.—J. Granger, Newport, Isle of Wight, grocer.—J. Tollitt, Liverpool, bookseller.—R. Thelwell, Manchester, silversmith.—E. Wright, Manchester, commission agent.—J. Ratter, Stockton-upon-Tees, grocer.—E. Banks, Birmingham, button-maker.—B. Bannan, Blandford Forum, pianoforte-maker.—B. Redfern, Birmingham, gun maker.—J. Warren, Bolton-le-Moors, innkeeper.—J. Appleby, Stockport, grocer.—R. Hamley, Rochdale, tailor.—T. Day and T. Appleby, Cheddleton, Staffordshire, paper manufacturers.—J. Lucy, jun., Liverpool, tailor.—J. Eastwood, Halifax, innkeeper.—G. Worthington, Baglit, Flintshire, common brewer.—J. J. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer.—W. Lloyd, Hereford, wine-merchant.—P. Carr, J. J. Robinson, and C. Bell, Leeds, flax spinners.

**April 30.**—C. Dunnit, jun., Talbot Inn-yard, Southwark, hop merchant.—J. Ramsey, High Wycombe, money scrivener.—H. Wall, Mark-lane, wine merchant.—M. More, King's-road, Chelsea, florist.—B. Bates, Robinhood-lane, Blackwall, grocer.—T. Leftwich, Warrington, Lancaster, victualler.—W. Dixon, Walsall, brass and cock founder.—W. Lorraine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, banker.—P. W. Smith, Bristol, tanner.—C. F. Skurray, Swindon, Wilts, ironmonger.—J. E. Carr, Kingsnorton, Worcestershire.—J. Saunkers, Cambridge, miller.—T. Roe, Whitley, Coventry, miller.

**May 4.**—C. Dunnit, jun., Talbot Inn-yard, Southwark, hop merchant.—J. Topley, Greenwich, grocer.—C. White, Epping, draper.—W. McCleave, London-road, Surrey, woollen draper.—J. B. Davis, Tottenham-court-road, ironmonger.—M. W. Vardy, Newbury, bookseller.—J. Cheshire, Upper-street, Islington, linen draper.—J. Bartlett, Shepton Mallet, grocer.—J. Livsey, Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—J. B. Prichard and J. R. Croft, Liverpool, oil merchants.—J. Barker, Preston, cotton spinner.—R. Griffiths, Newport, Shropshire, mercer.—F. Spink, Bridlington, Yorkshire, miller.—A. and J. Wetziar, Nottingham, lacemansfacturers.

**May 7.**—C. Cannon, Dark House lane, Lower Thames-street, fish-factor.—C. Browne, Oxford-street, china dealer.—G. Fuller, Regent-street, shawl-dealer.—R. and J. Burgess, Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-throwsters.—H. W. and J. Wilkins, London-wall, wool merchants.—W. B. Hazell, Oxford-street, fishmonger.—J. Wilson, Leeds, timber merchant.—P. Donovan, Liverpool, merchant.—E. Radenburt, Birmingham, glass chandelier maker.—W. Callum, Pattingham, Staffordshire, farmer.—J. Henderson, Manchester, bookseller.—W.

Marshall, Liverpool, iron founder.—J. Booth, sen., J. Booth, jun., and S. Booth, Leeds, stuff-manufacturers.—W. Williams, Bridge, Kent, brewer.—W. Newall and A. Harrison, Manchester, grocers.—T. and W. Reeves, Wiltshire, Worcestershire, coachbuilders.—R. Evans, Liverpool, printer.—B. W. Browne, Lowestoft, cooper.—W. Doxford, Bishop Wearmouth, ship-builder.—R. Field, Morton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, corn merchant.

**May 11.**—J. H. Thompson, Newcastle, silk throwster.—W. Lindell, Cannon-street, umbrella manufacturer.—G. Sadler, Cheltenham, linen draper.—J. V. Barber, Walsall, banker.—R. Cope, Stafford, sack dealer.—J. and E. Millard, Cheltenham, upholsterers.—T. G. Wake, Castle Cary, scrivener.—G. Gower, Cardiff, grocer.—J. Young, Newport, Monmouthshire, shipbuilder.—W. Heginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyme, cotton spinner.—W. H. Higman, Bristol, saddler.—J. Mann, Norwich, woolstapler.—G. Comley, North Nibley, Gloucestershire, clothier.—J. Beaumont, Huddersfield, grocer.

**May 14.**—C. Davidson and S. Bradley, Fenchurch-street, merchants.—J. Walter, Carbaston-street, Fitzroy-square, cheesemonger.—T. Dare, Exeter, builder.—T. Toney, Birmingham, draper.—A. Pothergill, Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—W. Wetton, Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.—J. Algar, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, fishing-merchant.—A. Riley, Wheatley-lane, Burnley, cotton and worsted manufacturer.

**May 18.**—R. Harris, Lower Thames-street, merchant.—H. W. Fernyhough, Reading, bookseller.—W. Northcroft, Egham, builder.—J. Knowles, H. Rodwell, G. R. Parker, and J. T. King, Throgmorton-street, silk brokers.—T. Dash, New Windsor, innkeeper.—J. Cadbury, New Bond-street, cheesemonger.—W. and T. Day, Gracechurch-street, City, oilmen.—R. Field, Cartmel, Lancashire, banker.—J. Noble, Leicester, and J. Freer, Huncote, Leicestershire, hosiers.—J. Wheeler, Upper Borough-walls, Bath, victualler.—J. and P. E. Kingsford, Dover, wine and brandy merchants.—P. Higgins, Salford, brewer.—R. Johnson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, builder.—W. Knowles, Hyde, Cheshire, cordwainer.—W. Mathison, Blackburn, merchant.—R. Rimmer, Liverpool, tailor.

**May 21.**—W. Beaumont and H. Greaves, Brighthelmstone, linen drapers.—J. Hayward and R. H. Moore, Paternoster-row, booksellers.—W. Chequer, Blackfriars-road, saddler.—R. W. Robinson, sen., and R. W. Robinson, jun., Bedford, grocers.—J. Holt and S. Holt, Liverpool, glass manufacturers.—J. Wynde, Leominster, Herefordshire, dealer.—R. Whitaker, Bury, Lancashire, braxler.—J. Macaire, J. Linnemann, and J. C. Berger, Liverpool, merchants.—C. Taprell, Bristol, grocer.—T. Lissy, Lynn, Norfolk, draper.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Tildesley, of Willenhall, Stafford, Factor, and J. Sanders, of Wolverhampton, Lock Manufacturer, for improvements in locks. March 29th, 6 months.

G. Evans, of Dorset Place, Marylebone, for an improvement or improvements upon trusses, for the relief of hernia. March 29th, 6 months.

A. Parkes, of Birmingham, Artist, for certain improvements in the production of works of art in metals, by electric depositions. March 29th, 6 months.

J. Lindsay, of Lewisham, Esquire, for improvements in covers for water-closets, night-stools, and bed pans. March 29th, 6 months.

J. Furnival, of Warrington, Carrier, for an expeditious mode of unhairing, mastering, and tanning various descriptions of hides and skins. March 29th, 4 months.

T. Gore, of Manchester, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for roving, spinning, and doubling cotton, silk, wool, and other fibrous materials. March 30th, 6 months.

J. Oram, of Chard, Somerset, Machinist, for improved machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing netted fabrics. March 31st, 6 months.

W. Jenkinson, of Salford, Machine Maker, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and spinning flax, silk, and other fibrous substances. March 31st, 6 months.

J. Gaury, of Watling Street, Warehouseman, for a parachute to preserve all sorts of carriages using axletrees from falling or injury, upon the breaking of their axletrees. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. March 31st, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of screwing stocks, taps, and dies, and certain other tools or apparatus or machinery for cutting and working in metals. April 3rd, 6 months.

J. Ogden, of Manchester, Cotton Spinner, and J. G. Woollam, of Manchester aforesaid, Commission Agent, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. April 3rd, 6 months.

W. E. Newton, of Chancery Lane, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the process, mode, or method, of making or manufacturing lime, cement, or artificial stone, and such other compositions more particularly applicable for working under water, and in constructing buildings and other works which are exposed to damp. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 3rd, 6 months.

Z. Bryant, of the town of Nottingham, Machinist, for an improved method of manufacturing cloth and other fabrics from woollen, cotton, flax, silk, and other substances. April 3rd, 6 months.

J. Anderson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Engineer, for improvements in windlasses. April 5th, 6 months.

W. J. Barsham, of Bow, Gentleman, for improvements in fastening buttons and other articles on to wearing apparel, and other descriptions of goods or manufactures. April 5th, 6 months.

H. M'Evoy, of Graham Street, Birmingham, Hook and Eye Maker, for improvements in fastenings for bands, straps, and parts of wearing apparel. April 5th, 6 months.

J. Beilby, of York, Brewer, for improvements in brewing. April 5th, 6 months.

W. Hutchinson, of Sutton-on-Trent, Nottingham, Seed Crusher and Oil-Cake Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of oil-cake or seed-cake. April 5th, 6 months.

W. L. Tizard, of Birmingham, Brewer, for certain improvements in apparatus for brewing. April 5th, 6 months.

J. W. Nuttall, of Belper, Draper, and H. Holder, of the same place, Tailor, for improved apparatus to be attached to trousers, commonly called trouser-straps. April 5th, 6 months.

J. Apsey, of Cornwall Road, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of flues for steam-boilers and other furnaces. April 6th, 6 months.

C. E. Dampier, of Ware, Gentleman, for improvements in weighing-machines. April 15th, 6 months.

F. Hills and G. Hills, of Deptford, Manufacturing Chemists, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sulphuric acid and carbonate of soda. April 15th, 6 months.

H. A. Wells, of St. John's Wood, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the manufacture of woollen cloths. April 17th, 6 months.

P. Kendall, of Gifford's Hall, Suffolk, Esquire, for an improved method or methods of connecting and disconnecting locomotive engines and railway carriages. April 17th, 6 months.

J. Barker, of Regent Street, Lambeth, Artist, for improvements in measuring aeriform or fluid substances. April 20th, 6 months.

J. Bentham, of Bradford, Weaver, for improvements in weaving. April 22nd, 6 months.

H. Brown, of Codnor Park Iron Works, Derby, Iron Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of steel. April 22nd, 6 months.

T. Harris, of Hales Owen, Birmingham, Horn Button Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of what is called horn buttons, and in the dies to be used in the machinery of such descriptions of buttons. Partly communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 22nd, 6 months.

H. Jefferies, of Birmingham, Button Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of buttons. April 22nd, 6 months.

J. Rostron, of Edenfield, Lancaster, Manufacturer, and T. Welsh, of Manchester, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. April 22nd, 6 months.

F. Heindryckx, of Fenchurch Street. Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of fire-places and furnaces, applicable to various useful purposes. April 24th, 6 months.

L. Powell, of Clydach Work, Brecon, Iron Master, and Robert Ellis, of Clydach aforesaid, Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron. April 24th, 6 months.

T. Robinson of Wilmington Square, Gentleman, for improvements in drying wool, cotton, and other fibrous materials in the manufactured and unmanufactured state. April 27th, 6 months.

W. Petrie, of Croydon, Gentleman, for a new mode of obtaining motive power by voltaic electricity, applicable to engines and other cases where a motive power is required. April 27th, 6 months.

E. S. Stocker and C. Heeley, both of Birmingham, Manufacturers, for certain improvements in patten and glog ties, and other articles or fastenings of dress. April 27th, 6 months.

B. Rankin, of College Street, Islington, Gentleman, for a new form and combination of, and mode of manufacturing blocks for pavement. April 27th, 6 months.

O. Reynolds, of Belfast, Ireland, Clerk, for improvements in paving streets, roads, and ways. April 27th, 6 months.

A. D. De Charlien, of Colman Street Buildings, Gentleman, for improvements in preparing matters to be consumed in obtaining light, and in the construction of burners for burning the same. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. April 27th, 6 months.

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## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—April 26.—Nothing of importance took place, but several conversations ensued on various subjects.

27.—This day was passed, like the preceding, in discussing preliminary matters.

29.—On the motion of Viscount Duncannon, the Indemnity Bill and the Metropolis Improvement Bill were read a third time.—The Bishop of London, in moving the second reading of the Wingfield Rectory Bill, said he could not allow the opportunity to pass without recording his sense of the noble example which had been set by the patron and incumbent of this living in dividing this unwieldy and wealthy living into several smaller and more manageable, and, consequently, more useful benefices.—Lord Ashburton asked if Government had received any further information from China, and whether they had come to any decision on the preliminary Articles of the Treaty as transmitted by Captain Elliot?—Viscount Melbourne said that Ministers were not in possession of anything beyond those preliminary articles, and had not come to any conclusion upon them.—The Earl Stanhope gave notice that if the Poor Law Amendment Act should find its way to that House, he would, on the motion for the second re-reading, move that it be read a second time that day six months.—On the motion of Viscount Duncannon, the Bill for a grant to the colony of Australia was read a second time, and the Committee fixed for the next day.

30.—A good deal of routine business, but no Bill was passed.

May 3.—A conversation on Lord Melbourne's change of opinion on the Corn Laws, another on the Presbyterian Church Affairs, and a motion about the Irish Poor Laws, which was abandoned.

4.—A very short meeting, and nothing of importance took place.

May 6.—Nothing of consequence, with the exception of a long conference about the Church of Scotland, about which a Bill was permitted to be introduced.

May 7.—Lord Ellenborough inquired if it were true that Her Majesty's Government had officially communicated to the authorities in China its determination not to ratify the treaty of which the preliminary articles had been agreed to by Captain Elliot.—Viscount Melbourne answered in the affirmative, though he could not say to what extent the original articles might by this time have been modified.—The Duke of Wellington asked if the island of Hong Kong had been taken possession of under the preliminary articles?—Viscount Melbourne said he believed it had.—To a further question by Lord Ellenborough, Viscount Melbourne replied that he did not know if the island of Pichuan had been evacuated.—After which a long debate ensued about the policy or impolicy of altering the Corn Laws.

May 10.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Consolidated Fund Bill, the Indemnity Bill, the Metropolis Improvement Bill, and several Railway and Private Bills.—Among the petitions presented there was an immense number by the Duke of Buckingham against any alteration in the existing Corn Laws.—Nothing else of importance.

May 11.—Nothing definite.

May 12.—The same may be said of this day.

May 13.—All the House's time was occupied in a debate on the Marriage Laws, which led to nothing.

The House met only on the 17th and 18th, when, after much unproductive conversation on both days upon the vital subjects debated at the time in the House of Commons, their Lordships adjourned until the 24th.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April 2.—Sir M. Wood gave notice that on an early day he would move for a select committee to consider the various plans for the improvement of the metropolis, and the best manner in which the tolls on bridges over the Thames might be abolished.—The House was then occupied on Lord Morpeth's long and memorable debate on the Irish Voters' Bill, which terminated unfavourably to the Bill and the ministry, by a majority of 21. This announcement caused great excitement, but ministers intimated no intention of resigning.

April 27.—After a good deal of routine business, the Solicitor-general concluded a speech, showing the necessity of providing better accommodation in the Courts of Law, by moving for a Committee "to consider the expediency of erecting a building in the neighbourhood of the Courts of Law, for the sittings of the Courts of Law and Equity, in lieu of the present Courts adjoining to Westminster Hall, with a view to the more speedy, convenient, and effectual administration of justice.

April 28.—Lord J. Russell, in moving the order of the day for the House resolving itself into Committee on the Parliamentary Voters (Ireland) Bill, explained the course which Government intended to pursue with respect to it. He said it was the opinion of the Ministry that the vote of Monday night could not be considered as conclusive on a question of such importance.

April 29.—After this a very long debate ensued as to whether the qualifying clause should be 8*l.* or 5*l.*, when the debate was adjourned to next day.

April 30.—Mr. Walter took his seat for Nottingham, and the debate was resumed, when the Ministers were again in a minority, having lost their clause by 11.

April 31.—On this day the budget was brought forward, and a deficiency of 2,421,000*l.* announced. To provide for this, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his plan, upon which the existence of the present Parliament and of the Ministry depends. After this, a very angry debate ensued, and the matter and the House were adjourned.

May 3.—After much talk, to make the Ministry say what they would or what they would not do, the House went into committee on the Punishment of Death Abolition Bill, which, after a lengthened discussion, was postponed for a fortnight.

May 4.—No house.

May 5.—Many petitions were presented for and against the Corn Laws. Sir G. Clerk said he had been requested by his noble friend, Lord Sandon, to state that he intended on Friday to move the following resolution:—"Resolved, that, considering the efforts and sacrifices which Parliament and the country had made for the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, with the earnest hope that, by our exertions and example, we might be able to lead to a mitigation and final extinction of this evil in other countries, this House is not prepared, especially with the prospect of the supply of sugar from the British possessions, to adopt the measure proposed



by Her Majesty's Government, for the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar."—Lord J. Russell said, in that case, he should move, as an amendment, "That it is the opinion of this House that it is practicable to supply the present inadequacy of the revenue, and to meet the expenses of the country, by a judicious alteration of the protective and differential duties, without any material increase of the public burdens, and at the same time to promote the interests of trade, and to afford relief to the industrious classes; and that this House considers such a course as the best calculated to provide for the maintenance of the public faith and the general welfare of the country."—The House went into committee on the County Coroners' Bill, many clauses of which were passed.

May 6.—Nothing of a definite nature took place, but much routine business was transacted.

May 7.—Lord J. Russell, as he had promised, stated the amount of the duty on corn which it was his intention to propose. The rates were—on wheat, 8s. a quarter; on rye, 5s.; on barley, 4s. 6d.; and on oats, 3s. 4d.—Lord Darlington made a few strong observations on this attempt to annihilate the landed interest; and Lord J. Russell then proceeded to move that the Speaker do leave the chair, in order that the House might go into Committee on the Sugar Duties. The Noble Lord began by declaring that the new ministerial scheme had not been adopted in a hurry, Government having decided upon it in the early part of the month of March. The state of the finances had led to the determination, and the Noble Lord's professed principle was what he called "the removal of prohibition, and the substitution of a fair moderate protection." After a very animated debate, the impatient House adjourned to Monday.

May 10.—After the preliminary business had been disposed of, Mr. Ewart began the adjourned debate on the Sugar Duties, by a defence of the ministerial proposition, and the House continued debating on this subject until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

May 11.—The resumed debate occupied nearly the whole of the night; however, the Exchequer Bills Bill (11,000,000*l.*) was read a third time and passed.—The House having gone into Committee, Mr. Stanley rose to move a resolution for the purpose of enabling him to bring in a Bill to authorize the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to apply the money arising from the sale of York House, belonging to the Crown revenue, to the purchase of a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green, for the recreation of the people in the eastern part of the metropolis.—Mr. H. Lindsay, the new member for Sandwich, took the usual oaths.—The adjourned debate was resumed by Mr. Cholmondely, who stated that he would oppose the government measure, as injurious to the West Indies, stimulative of the slave trade, and generally prejudicial to the great interests of the country; and this protracted debate was again adjourned.

May 12.—After the presentation of numerous petitions for and against a repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr. Muntz brought forward the motion of which he had given notice, for an Address to the Crown, praying that an inquiry might be instituted into the conduct of Lord Cardigan, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Hussars. A debate ensued, and, on a division, the motion was negatived by a majority of 135 to 58.—The adjourned debate was then resumed by Mr. Brotherton, who supported the propositions of the Government, and expressed his conviction that they would not tend to the encouragement of slavery. During the course of this debate, in which so many members spoke, it would be impossible for us to state even their names, much less their speeches.

May 13.—The House was exclusively occupied with this important debate.

May 17.—The adjourned debate was recommenced by Sir Charles Grey, who complained that Lord Sandon and his supporters had not laid down some clear principle as the ground of their opposition.—Mr. T. Duncombe denounced the amendment as one of matchless hypocrisy. He was anxious to catch a little of the valuable and virtuous sympathy which he heard expressed for a foreign population in favour of our suffering people at home.—On the motion of Mr. Sheil, the debate was then adjourned.

May 18.—The adjourned debate began, with a speech from Mr. Sheil, followed by Sir Robert Peel, who was succeeded by Lord Palmerston, and after a short address from Lord John Russell, the House divided: For Lord Sandon's amendment 317; against it, 281; majority, 36.

May 20.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice that on Monday next he would move that the House resolve itself into a Committee on the usual sugar duties. Lord John Russell, in answer to a question, stated that he intended to bring forward the debate on the Corn Laws on the 4th of June.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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JULY, 1841.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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*Traditions of Western Germany, the Black Forest, the Neckar, the Odenwald, the Taunus, the Rhine, and the Moselle.* By Captain CHARLES KNOX. 3 Vols.

Certainly this is the pleasantest work that it has long been our good fate to rejoice over. The title sufficiently indicates its nature, but an attentive perusal only can afford an adequate idea of its merits. The materials which this very humorous author has so excellently employed, are best described in his own words in his preface.

"The genius of German legendary lore summons creation to his aid. The elements are his mistress. He invokes AIR—the delicate sylph hovers about his staff; he stamps upon EARTH—the kobold king, the swarthy monarch of the mine, arises clumsily to do homage; he calls upon FIRE—Salamander is at his footsteps; he stretches his rod over the WATER—Undine looks forth from her crystal home. Again he raises his magic wand—it points to the church; behold the bride at the altar—the mailed archbishop—the princely abbot—the gentle nun; it strikes the tomb—the grave yawns—the dead arise. He uplifts the banner—the fiery Paladin rides forth to Paynim war. He tolls the knell—see Roland droops and dies. He sounds the trumpet—there, in the lists, the shriven champions demand the award of heaven, to be delivered by the sword and the spear. He waves the sceptre—behold Attila, Alaric, Dagobert, Pharamond, the fierce regenerators of emasculated Europe, sweep by in savage and shadowy grandeur; lo! the mighty Charlemagne once more sits by the waters of Aix; Barbarossa yet slumbers till the ravens shall cease to fly about his magic hill; thick choking tears arise as the good Rudolph mounts at Germersheim to commence his melancholy ride to his grave at Spires. He raises the cross—hark to the sound of steel—see advance the stately ranks of the Teutonic order—the knights of the stainless cross and the stainless honour; behold the turbaned horsemen, how they throng to

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the battle ; hark to the war-cry, ' There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet ! ' The world of spirits is his household ; the melancholy nixie—the mischievous nickel—the good-natured yet wayward kobold—weird women—wärowolves—castle-spectres—woodmen—fairies—mine-mannikins ; anon he talks of the devil, and his infernal majesty appears forthwith."

Well, from this mine Captain Knox selects the most precious ore, and he has his own peculiar method of amalgamating it with all that is rich and sterling in the art of story-telling. He shapes his metal into the quaintest and most grotesque forms. He embellishes it with a thousand curious and unthought-of ornaments, and presents it to us, at last, in the shape of an elaborate yet most singular piece of workmanship. In those tales, which would have been of themselves most outrageously absurd, he excels the most, making them the vehicles of sly sarcasm, keen wit, and sometimes of the most cutting satire. His *enjoué* manner of recital is, we really believe, at the present day inimitable ; it is something between the arch wickedness of Sterne, and the half-concealed yet deadly thrust of Rabelais. We find that his creed, both religious and political, is of the honest and the orthodox complexion ; but he strikes those who think differently from himself, we should say too repeatedly, if he did not do it so wittily. However, he has related an anecdote, which is not inapplicable to the present times, and which may lead to inferences not calculated upon by the spirited author.

"The Pfalzgraf had vanquished and made prisoners the allied princes who had invaded his territories—the Count Ulrich of Würtemberg, the Markgraf Karl the first of Baden, and his brother George, Bishop of Metz.

"These princes were now captives in Heidelberg, and the palatinate was cleared of hostile troops ; but the ravages of a day may take years to repair—the smoke had hardly ceased to rise from the war-stricken villages, and the noble prince's heart was heavy as he paced to and fro on that fair terrace.

"Suddenly a thought struck him ; he smiled bitterly, and calling up an attendant, said, ' Go with our compliments to the Count of Wirtemberg, the Markgraf of Baden, and the Bishop of Metz, and pray that they will honour our poor meal at noon with their presence, this day.'

"The vassal bowed and retired. The captives said they should be very happy, which was as true as the gospel, for they had not tasted anything fit to eat since their capture ; and what was worse, the ennui of their dungeon had not been enlivened by a drop of wine all the time : a hard case, that seemed a bitter mockery, when nothing but a wall separated them from the renowned Heidelberg tun, the grandfather of all the barrels. Besides this, they conjectured that it might be a good opportunity of talking over their ransoms, a disagreeable subject, which must, however, be approached.

"The board was spread with all the splendour that befitted a prince ; the captive bishop—he did not appear in armour now—said grace, and the guests, princely and noble, commenced operations. They made a very good start, but after a time the pace slackened ; something was manifestly wrong, and finally they came to a dead stop.

" ' What is the matter, noble princes ? ' said their host. ' Do these viands not tempt your appetites ? The Neckar has yielded up its fish for your repast ; the swine of the Odenwald are unrivalled in Germany ; no-

where do flocks fatten better than on the plain of Swetzingen; the stags and the roes of the Black Forest have not been spared; the Rhine offers its fragrant produce—what can be wanting?

“‘Why, to tell your highness the truth,’ returned the bishop, ‘we cannot get on at all without bread.’

“‘Yes, there is no bread,’ said the count.

“‘Ah! where is the bread?’ asked the Markgraf.

“The Pfalzgraf looked from one to the other, with a stern and grim expression on his haughty features.

“‘The bread!’ said he; ‘it well befits you, who have trampled down the corn-fields, and burned the mills, to ask, where is the bread? You, who to support an unworthy prince on the throne of Germany, and to intrude a usurping prelate on the see of Mayence, have not spared the harmless and helpless peasant in your undistinguishing devastation, ask, where is the bread? Return to your dungeons, whence ye stir not until ye have paid your ransoms to the uttermost kreutzer. You, my lord bishop, fifty thousand florins; and you, noble princes, one hundred thousand each, that I may be able to give my subjects the bread you have deprived them of; and when next you let loose the furies of war upon an unoffending peasantry, and deprive them of the very means of supporting their lives, remember why the bread was wanting at the banquet at Heidelberg.’”

From this legend a very stinging moral might be deduced, for monopoly can as effectually do the work of famine as war. But to the volumes before us. It is not often that the Captain narrates in this serious manner. The following quotation, which forms the commencement of the story of the ‘Nixie of the Stauffenberg,’ is more in his usual cut-and-thrust style.

“In the good old times, when men were tolerably simple and well-behaved—in short, while they were good children—the earth found infinitely more favour in the eyes of spirits, than it does in these hobbledy-hoyish days, when the mind of man, like that incarnation of abomination, ‘a promising youth,’ has thrown off the simplicity and the docility of childhood, without by any means attaining the knowledge or the steadiness that should characterize manhood.

“In those days there were no useful knowledge societies to teach labouring men why nobody knows anything about hieroglyphics—how far it is from Bagdad to Ispahan—how many miles one may dig into the earth without much danger of burning one’s fingers, and such like indispensable information. Temperance societies had not yet sprung from the union of fanaticism and inebriety. The just vengeance of neglected Heaven had not visited a presumptuous and self-relying world, in the shape of philosophers in petticoats. Children were taught to fear God, to honour the king, and to love their neighbour as themselves; and it had not become a maxim in the mouths of the enlightened, that Herodotus and Thucydides were to be believed, Ezra and Nehemiah not, Cæsar and Livy were to be authorities, Luke and John not, as is a canon with the strong-minded people in this age of reason: and if there were wars in those times, there are so now, though they call them by a different name, such as ‘non-intervention in Spain,’ ‘communication in China,’ ‘armed peace in France,’ ‘military promenade in Belgium,’ ‘temporary occupation in Algiers’ and we shall soon have a transatlantic synonym: and there never was man, beast, bird, or worm, created, that was not at war with either its own species or some other. So it was probably all right; at least the spirits thought so, for they visited the earth constantly, and resided upon it and within it, in great numbers, and on terms of tolerable familiarity,

and even sometimes friendship, and, as we shall see, something more, with the descendants of Adam, so far as their different habits and positions admitted."

We are much grieved that we are unable, from want of space, to quote a single tale intact. The treat will be, however, the greater, when the stories are perused in the freshness of their novelty. We very much deceive ourselves if these traditions do not form the fruitful source of all manner of melodramas, a few good comedies, and one or two tragedies. There is no supernatural agency that can enter the mind of man which may not be found among them; nor are these strange tales mere whimsical absurdities, contorted as they mostly are by the grotesque; there is generally a good working-day moral to be deduced from them, more or less apparent as the case may be. A few of them, of course, seem formed only to astonish or to frighten, and some few have evidently been manufactured for the sole purpose of aiding ridiculous superstitions. In taking our leave of this very interesting publication, we cannot do otherwise than most energetically recommend it to the notice of all our friends. It must, it will become extremely popular; even amidst the present struggle of principles, and the all-absorbing clashing of parties, its merits will be found sufficiently strong to excite attention, and very soon it will become a surprise, and something whereupon to hang a doubt as to good taste, when any one shall be bold enough to profess that he or she has not read Captain Charles Knox's *Traditions of Western Germany*.

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*The Little Wife, and the Baronet's Daughters.* By MRS. GREY, author of the "Young Prima Donna," and "The Duke." 3 vols.

It is now universally confessed that it requires the union of no few very high qualifications to arouse the attention and enchain the interest in the concoction of a new novel, and none will more heartily assent to this assertion than the writers of the platitudes that at this season inundate the public, for they always conceive that they lead in this department of literature, when, in fact, they are unable to follow at even the remotest distance. These, wanting the necessary talent to produce a good novel, and a good novel is a very good thing, attempt to supply the deficiency by violence, exaggeration, caricature, and all manner of outrage, and thus taking their places in the "intensity school," succeed, by rendering their readers intensely weary, and themselves intensely ridiculous. How many names strike us at this moment as falling under this description! But the author of the two tales before us is diametrically opposite to writers of this description, for she is quiet, simple, most natural, and consequently most effective. If she sins at all, she is too unadorned, too pure, and too transparent in her style and her manner of relation, and yet the chasteness never chills into insipidity, her graceful equalness never deteriorates into coldness. She presents us with a picture of nature, not indeed glowing under the scorching glare of the meridian sun,

but as it is seen in the delicious coolness of a May morning, where we can discover nothing to agonize the feelings, or shock the nervous system. In these tales we have no astounding transitions, no attractive impossibilities, no impracticable escapes, no dreadful suspense, but they are delicious in the want of them, and we acknowledge, as we read, that we are reading such pages as nature herself would produce, were the but little-known goddess to turn author. The first tale is of a Doric simplicity in its construction. A noble-minded hero marries a very young girl, all but a child, "the Little Wife" of the story, himself being of the mature age of thirty and eight. Let the reader imagine her to be as small as she can be, with the attributes of great beauty—the beauty being equally superior in mind as well as in body. The hero has a godson, an Adonis, as his secretary, whose mind does not quite equal his person in perfection. He falls in love with his patron's little wife, and then commences the peculiar excellence of the story. Mrs. Grey here, unlike other novelists, fights the battle, not of a meretricious excitement, not of a spurious interest, but of principle, stern unbending principle, and uses in the contest the very best of weapons, *common sense*. The results are just those that we should expect from like events in every-day life. Some twelve years after, the once youthful infatuated lover meets the object of his former devotion, and then wonders how he ever could have been so presumptuous and so foolish. "The Baronet's Daughters" is a tale of a more vivacious description, and good as is "The Little Wife," the "Daughters" are calculated to become still more popular. There is a quaintness and a naïve archness about this story, told in the first person, that is very seductive. As it branches out into a number of little episodes, a short outline of the plot we could not give, and for a long one we have no space. Animation and variety characterize all its chapters. It is written in a very piquant and off-hand manner. It often deserves the almost obsolete commendation of writing of the present day, of being absolutely witty. Are there two works of fiction published this season of which so much can be said? We have praised Mrs. Grey more than we had intended, not because we do not honestly believe that she deserves the full measure of our panegyric, but because it is not always expedient, though it may be just, to give the full measure in these matters, and because it has left us no room to point out several little blemishes and inaccuracies which we hope to see remedied in another edition, to which these volumes bid fair to attain.

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*The Idler in France.* By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. 2 Vols.

This work, from the pen of the most deservedly popular authoress of our times, we must receive as we would a literary production hallowed by antiquity, and look upon it at once as an authority for the facts and principles which it promulgates, and as a classical example of elegance of writing in the manner of expressing them. No one ever more completely possessed that charm so irresistible of saying everything in the best possible manner, and giving to each sentence a



grace, if not a consequence, so that we never find her periods so short as to be inharmonious, or so long as to appear tedious. But that, which is still more seductive, is the friendliness and the heartiness of her manner; they enlist us at once on her side of the argument, and we do not hesitate a moment to receive as unanswerable, that which she states with all the strength of sincerity, and beautifies with all the graces of composition. If the countess was an idler in France, hers was an idleness that has set the world most actively thinking—and thinking, not only to some purpose, but in the right direction also. We find her ladyship, at the opening of the first volume, at Nismes, of which we have a vivid description, and much that is curious concerning the Roman antiquities which abound in and near that ancient town. Before we have finished the first chapter, we feel ourselves in the confidence of the author, our heart warms towards her, and we receive every sentence as if it fell from the lips of a valued friend. From Nismes our intelligent traveller proceeded to St. Rémy, and from thence to Lyons, of which cities we have delightful notices. In the fifth chapter we are at once placed amongst the gaieties and the elegant dissipations of Paris; we go shopping with the *élite* of the fashion, and find ourselves unconsciously one of the *élite* in the most exclusive set of the ancient aristocracy. Dinners and soirées follow in rapid succession, and, though the over rigid may fancy that all this is matter of but little consequence, we can assure them that they are mistaken, for it forms a brilliant history of the minds and of the modes of thinking of a most influential class, at a moment pregnant with the fate of a dynasty, and the destinies of a great empire. All this is enlivened and made instructive by the numerous characters, all of them distinguished, that are passed rapidly before us. It is a picture of life, and a most striking one. The personages who step before us, make their bow, and are then dismissed by her smile, are of all nations, and of every degree of notoriety. Among our own countrymen we find Lord Yarmouth, Colonel Lygon, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, Sir Francis Burdett, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Sir Robert Peel, Charles Kemble, Sir William Gell, Lord Byron, indeed almost all who made themselves conspicuous on the world's stage about ten years ago. Many of these are still playing their parts honourably and actively, and very many have made their exits to enact loftier parts amidst more glorious scenes. It is a great honour, and one to be coveted much, to be placed in this distinguished list. These slight sketches, though piquant, are all panegyrical. This steadily, nay even pertinaciously, looking at the favourable side of people's character, and that side only, is the single failing which we can discover in the writings of the countess. There is not an ill-natured sentence in her two volumes. It would be difficult to find a harsh one, for even when truth compels her to be condemnatory, she reproves with so much leniency, and with so many humane reservations, that our minds are involuntarily more occupied with the goodness of the reprover than with the offences of the reprovèd. The amusing anecdotes so lavishly scattered through the work are all of the choicest description, and made more charming by the epigrammatic raciness with which they are told. Though the countess had a decided dis-

taste to politics, she could not shut her ears against the dull roar of the coming storm. The days of July were at hand, with their blood-dyed violence, and their deeds of anarchy and magnanimity. The authoress is a lover of order, an enthusiastic admirer of the devotion of loyalty, and consequently descants upon the imbecility and rashness of Charles X. more in pity than in anger. There is no more graphic, no truer description of this revolution extant, than the one given in this work. The authoress herself unconsciously performed the part of a heroine on more than one occasion. This portion of the work is invaluable. It cannot be read without the most intense and painful interest. She saw the struggle out, and then soon after left the French to their glory, and their newly-acquired liberties, to consider whether they are more prosperous or more happy under a citizen king, a king who had cost them so much bloodshed to procure. Revolutions attained by physical force are bad precedents. They are too often thought of by the ruled, and never forgotten by the rulers, thus making the relation between them insecure, and too often invidious. We must conclude our very imperfect notice of this admirable work, by stating our conviction, that it is but little short of a duty for every one to peruse it, and when perused, the duty will be found that which a duty is so seldom considered to be, a great and an unalloyed pleasure.

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*Memoranda on France, Italy, Germany; with Remarks on Climate, Medical Practice, Mineral Waters, &c.; to which is added an Appendix on some of the Predisposing Causes of Diseases, and on the Advantages of Travel and Residence Abroad.* By EDWIN LEE, Esq., M.R.C.S., Corresponding Member of several of the Principal European Medical and Surgical Societies, Author of the "Baths of Germany," "A Treatise on some Nervous Disorders," &c.

This is the production of a scholar and a gentleman—of one who knows how to be interesting whilst he is scientific, and to convey most valuable and sterling information with all the graces that are expected to adorn elegant literature. Of course, in the descriptions of the different places visited by the doctor, we cannot, in this age of seeing a little and publishing everything, hope to find much originality. Travellers now, so great is the generality of travelling, when they fail to be amusing, dare not longer either lie or misrepresent, and thus nothing has been left to our author to discover or to rectify; but he has viewed his subjects with the eye of medical science, and thus brought matters more vividly into view which are of paramount importance to the well-being of society. The author proceeded to Paris by the way of Boulogne, and in his memoranda on the capital of France we find very much to amuse and instruct, and hints that must be valuable to the invalid. We admire his patriotic spirit, which, while it does justice to our capricious neighbours, gives the palm to either nation on those points to which it is justly due. We then traverse many of the principal places in the south of France,

and their advantages to the sick are duly noticed. We arrive, at length, at Nice, and proceed through most of the resorts of the valetudinarian until we are located at Rome, and its various aids to salubrity descanted upon. At this place the author is seen to much advantage. The nomenclature even of the places which he visited would occupy too much space; he reaches Venice, and returns through Germany by the Rhine, Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, and Calais. All that could be gathered that may be useful or consolatory to those afflicted with any of the numerous ailments which make life a burden is pointed out, and that with as much impartiality as discrimination. The author, it is quite apparent, has no selfish interest to provide for, and is influenced neither by the prejudices of venality nor of egotism. What he says we may depend upon—not always the case with promulgators of new systems, or with physicians resident at or near some noted bath, or health-vaunted locality. This is a book exclusively for the aristocracy and for the upper and the middle classes; for those who have money to see their doctors, and ample means to carry out the advice which that fee may produce. But where is the patriotic doctor who will write a book so intelligent as this for the working and the over-worked millions? To these Doctor Lee's book is a dead letter. Can they get to Nice, or Milan, or Lucca? Of what use are the various baths of Germany to those whose finances will enable them to travel no farther than the infirmary of the next workhouse? Are there no substitutes for this plan? We call upon some of the generous-hearted of the faculty, if there be any, to point them out. With the exception of plethoric gout, we find that all the diseases which foreign travel and foreign baths will cure or alleviate, are peculiarly obnoxious to the poor man. What should he do on the appearance of incipient consumption? He cannot fly from our harsh climate like the man of ample or even moderate means; and yet much might be done for him, if the philanthropic and enlightened physician would take his case into consideration. We wish that Doctor Lee were the man. He has written an excellent work for the rich, and a similar work for the poor would possess a double excellence, and one which would earn a higher and more lasting reward than aristocratic patronage or literary renown could bestow, nor would these fail to follow in its train. It almost made us smile when, in his remarks on the predisposing causes of disease, he strongly insists upon equanimity of mind. Where is it to be found in this state of hot-bed refinement, of forced civilization, in which the masses are actually fighting for their daily bread—and where but only a few in every class are always treading upon the brink of ruin? No, we must learn to adapt ourselves and our minds to the march of events, and acquire a fish-like habit of living healthily in troubled waters if we can.

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*Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific.* Written for Young People. By Captain MARRYAT.

An idea may be excellent, yet the promise that it gives may be falsified by an incompetency of carrying out the thought to its legiti-

mate end. The mind, commencing in the freshness of a new excitement, generally works vigorously at the commencement, and either sees no difficulties, or, seeing them, shuffles them off to an indefinite period, to be conquered in some indefinite division in the projected undertaking. We merely state this, that we may be excused from too highly praising that which we truly confess already deserves great praise. That piece may be damned in the second or the third act, that passed triumphantly through the first. As far as is shown of this fiction, it is marked by the exhibition of Captain Marryat's usual strong common sense. It is simple and natural in its diction, and well calculated to enchain the attention of the juveniles to whose amusement and instruction it is devoted. It is a good means of teaching them how to make the most of their mental and physical faculties, showing them not only how to think, but how to act. Though we miss, in this volume, the author's dry and caustic humour, it is more than supplied by a vein of humble and natural piety, and there is not a sentence in it that will not tend to make little boys that sort of good little boys which usually produce good men. For our parts, we do not see much resemblance between this tale and the history of Robinson Crusoe. Masterman Ready has not that real, hard cut outline which makes Robinson so natural. Masterman is a more specious fellow, seeking rather to inculcate all the decencies and moralities of life, than to tell a tale of hardihood, of sufferings and of invention. All the time he is at work, he has an eye on his audience for applause. He is no Robinson Crusoe.

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*Family Records ; or, the Two Sisters.* By Lady CHARLOTTE BURY.  
3 Vols.

A very charming novel has her ladyship produced. She has raised her superstructure upon the following foundations. A venerable and most worthy general, of the name of Falkland, is more blessed than was Jephthah the judge of Israel, for the general was possessed of two daughters instead of one, both of whom were passing fair, but, unfortunately for them, they both fix their affections upon the same dazzling and bewitching object, one Eric Hamilton. This young gentleman has every virtue under the sun, and one vice, that usually seeks the night for its exhibition—a more than fashionable addiction to gambling. This was wrong in him, the more especially as he was so handsome a man, for late hours and horrible excitements are very unfriendly to good looks. However, of the two sisters he secretly prefers the elder, Susan, although both the young ladies fancy that the younger, Margaret, is the object of his choice. Then there arises an intricacy of lovings, a certain Lord De Tracey being devoted to Susan, and an Evelyn Marchmont to Margaret. The latter gentleman soon relinquishes his suit in despair, suspecting that Hamilton also loves her, but the more decided Lord De Tracey perseveres in his adorations of Susan, though well knowing that she secretly prefers this very dangerous Hamilton, and, what is still much more to the pur-

pose, offers her his hand. Susan, calling a woman's proper pride to her assistance, makes it a point of duty to attempt to conquer her unrequited passion for Hamilton, the more especially as she supposes, that, at no very distant day, she will have to congratulate him as the husband of her sister. She also knows how greatly this alliance will please her papa. So, in the usual manner, she consents to become Lady Tracey, if his lordship will take a second place in her heart, which he may hope soon, by assiduity, devotion, &c., to exchange for a first. They are accordingly married, and, upon the consummation of this mistake, Eric Hamilton hastens to the continent, all recklessness and despair. In the mean while, Evelyn Marchmont has succeeded, by the death of his uncle, to the title of Lord Ormiston, and with the title, to great wealth, and thereupon is going to marry a very beautiful girl, a Miss Caroline Sommerville. We like in these abstracts to give the name, as it renders them the more imposing; for the reader must perceive, that, in a tale of this description nothing plebeian could possibly be admitted. The new Lord Ormiston is about to make the lady his wife, for the simplest of all reasons in a lord—because she had fallen in love with him—however, a consumption on the lady's lungs prevents this display of reason in the lord. She dies. After which the course of the story returns to Lord and Lady De Tracey, who proceed to France, his lordship being most disagreeably and causelessly jealous. The poor man had no right to his memory after marriage. He behaves in a very ungentlemanly manner; for, though loving his wife much, he treats her very cruelly; it is true, having another attachment, not quite so reputable, to the dice, and becoming dreadfully in debt, may in some measure account for his uniform harshness to the object of his affections. This ill-advised husband, and bad player at cards and hazard, has lost large sums of money to the Countess of Rambouillet—(by-the-bye Sterne has a droll story of a lady of the same name in his Sentimental Journey, which might make the cognomen a little dangerous)—a very bad woman, who has chosen to fall in love with her debtor. Consequently, she encourages the jealousy of her dupe; and to make the caldron boil the more merrily, informs Eric Hamilton, with whom also she is acquainted, that Susan is still passionately fond of him, and that his attentions, though she is married, will be received with anything rather than coldness or disapprobation. Thereupon, on the first opportunity, the man speaks out; is repulsed, but takes his disappointment so sillily, that he hangs his head and dies broken-hearted, but not before he had told the husband, whom he had endeavoured to supplant, that his wife was purity itself. The remorse of Lord De Tracey at his ill-usage of his wife is very proper and very affecting. All the winds now coincide in blowing towards the virtuous point, and to aid this gale of morality the more effectually, his lordship's father very opportunely dies, and he is thus enabled to pay his gambling debts to the intriguing countess. He then makes the *amende honorable* to his countess by, as the old writers would have said, the most tender attentions, and the most attentive tenderness. Margaret Falkland, after the death of Eric Hamilton, and the discovery that it was her sister Susan to whom, when living, he had been attached, weans

herself from her foolish devotion to him, and soon after marries her old suitor, Lord Ormiston. Thus all the surviving *dramatis personæ*, at the end of the piece, find themselves quite as happy as they deserve to be, and thus everything ends to their satisfaction, and that of the reader. There are several spirited and amusing episodes interspersed throughout, to which we can only allude. The conversational portions of the story are extremely well sustained, and the characters, throughout, are consistent, which is a feature too little attended to in the generality of novels. After the "Family Records" follow two short tales, each of them possessing considerable merit; they are respectively entitled "The Promise," and "The Lovers." In conclusion we may state, that Lady Bury has produced nearly a thousand very amusing pages, and in this her last work, has more than sustained her previously well-earned literary reputation.

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*Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine, with Hygienic directions for the Physical Culture of Youth, as a means of Preventing the Disease, &c.* By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon.

Medical gentlemen, when they confine their publications to medical matters, generally write well, almost always plausibly. This arises from their having well considered their subject matters, and though they may be, and often are, mistaken in their views, they are so familiar with that which they have been speculating upon for years, that they cannot fail to be specious, if not convincing. This treatise on the Curvatures of the Spine has all the *primâ facie* evidence of being correct in its principles, as assuredly the practice has been successful on which those principles are founded. It cannot be expected that we should go into technical minutiae in the short notice that we are enabled to give this work, which work is one more addressed to the faculty than to the public at large. However, it is a necessity for all those, and the friends of all those, who are inflicted with spinal maladies, attentively to peruse this work. It also contains a valuable chapter on pulmonary consumption. In time we shall have something sensible written on this fatal and too general disease. We have long had our impressions that it is not only curable, but, comparatively speaking, easily curable. When a disease of the lungs terminates fatally, it is called a consumption—when the same disease in another subject happens to be cured, then it is dogmatically affirmed that it is no consumption at all; and it is thus that we are cheated by terms, and, what is still worse, many excellent people frightened to death by what were, in the first instance, only slight affections of the chest. We must conclude by saying that Mr. Hare has written a valuable book upon a subject of great importance, and that he has written it well.



*The Maid of Orleans. A Romantic Tragedy from the German of Friedrich Von Schiller.* By NEWTON IVORY LUCAS.

This tragedy, more talked of than known among our countrymen, from the high estimation in which it is held abroad, demands some little notice. Some portions of the continent have arrogated to its author the dignifying title of the German Shakspeare. To judge how correctly he deserves this appellation, we must be enabled to think and feel with his countrymen; this we never can do, though we may approximate to it. As Englishmen, we certainly should disallow this honour, and be inclined to pronounce that very little satisfies the Germans, or that they but very little understand the genius of Shakspeare. So far as we can see that genius exemplified in the Maid of Orleans, and expressed through the medium of a translation, (very excellent as is that translation,) we should say that Schiller came far short from the mark. Though the Maid of Orleans gives her name to the play, for all that, as an historical personage, she has to do with it, it might be called anything else. It is not called an historical, but a romantic tragedy, certainly, yet, it is essentially more melo-dramatic than either historical or romantic. With the same scenes and personages, any other heroine would have done quite as well as Joan of Arc. This maiden, though only brought in incidentally by Shakspeare, is, in his hands, a truer and by far more interesting character. In the first part of Schiller's play we find Johanna an inspired shepherdess, talking eloquently, of course, by means of her miraculous inspiration, and it is the machinery of this divine inspiration which is the great vice of the tragedy. Grant her to be the agent of a miracle, and philosophy is shocked, and the truth of history violated. There were human causes more than sufficient for the extravagance of her actions, both in success and in defeat. It is with those that a skilful poet should have worked. After she has rescued Orleans, two of the king of France's courtiers fall in love with her, which is natural enough, but she rejects the homage of both because it has been revealed to her that the moment in which she gives way to human passion will be the first step to her downfall. Then follow many actions in the extravagance of the melo-dramatic. She fights with and is on the point of slaying an Englishman, when, looking into his face, she falls desperately in love with him on the spot. After this her downward course is rapid. She is believed to be a witch by her own party, and all desert her, with the exception of a husbandman, her former lover when she moved in humble life,—all that ensues is violent, unmatured, and in direct opposition to history. But notwithstanding these animadversions, which a sense of the truthful has compelled us to make, as this play is so popular in Germany, we must suppose that the Germans understand tragedy in a different sense from ourselves. It is undeniable that it contains many beautiful and exciting passages, and much of the noblest description of eloquence. Its great defect is the absence of probability throughout the whole tragedy. The translator has done the most for the author. His versification is smooth, and yet his lines are spirited. Excepting that the language is not that

which we should exactly expect from a country wench, but which objection may be overruled by asserting that all about her was miraculous, the following soliloquy will be found to possess much grace and considerable power.

“ Farewell ye hills, ye plains I love so well,  
Ye vales of peace and quiet, fare ye well !  
Johanna ne’er again shall tread your sod !  
Farewell for ever ! ye—ye meadows too  
Whose tender grass I watered—ye—ye trees,  
Who owe your nurture to my fostering care—  
Green, blossom as ye have done ! Fare ye well,  
Ye grottoes and ye cooling founts ! and thou  
Sweet echo, voice melodious of the vale,  
Thou, who didst ever answer to my call,—  
Johanna leaves thee—never to return !

Home of my infant pleasures,—sweet retreat  
Of peace and innocence, farewell—farewell !  
Ye lambs, who have no shepherd for your feet,  
Go, wander, heedless now, from grove to dell !  
Another flock is given me now to guide,  
Of war and death upon the bloody field ;  
Such is my holy calling ;—’tis not pride  
Nor vain ambition’s call, to which I yield.”

We really invite the public attention to this translation, as a means of rendering more familiar to the English reader a play that has made much noise abroad, and one which, in its present dress, will afford much pleasure in the perusal, although we must again repeat that it ought never to have been entitled “ The Maid of Orleans.”

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*The Sandwich Islands, a Poem.* By SAMUEL LUCAS, of Queen’s College, Oxford.

This short but very beautiful poem comes before us with high credentials, having been judged worthy of the Newdigate Prize in the University to which its author belongs, to the prejudice of more than fourscore competitors. Mr. Lucas has contended, and right successfully, against a somewhat intractable subject, which lacks the unity and completeness of such themes as the “ Apollo Belvidere,” or the “ Exile of St. Helena,” and the lofty solemn grandeur of “ Palestine.” He has succeeded in inspiring in his readers an interest for his subject, which they did not feel when considering it before : and this, we take it, is a sure note of genius. And in giving a place in that volume which already contains the first works of Heber, of Professor Wilson, and of Milman, he has met his reward. We have only space to quote the concluding passage, which may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

“ Albion ! to thee once more our thoughts incline,  
From lands of which discovery’s meed was thine,  
In that proud day which bade a nation leap,  
As ’twere a new creation, from the deep,

That fill'd a blank on Nature's living page,  
 To stand, thy record, to a distant age.  
 Yet is a loftier boast within thy power  
 Than the chance glories of one happy hour;—  
 Fire from his central hearth the Grecian bore,  
 Who led his followers to a foreign shore,  
 But Albion's sons to these lone isles have brought  
 A gift that far surpass'd the Grecian's thought,  
 Fire from His shrine, whom Heaven and earth obey,  
 And worlds to last when these have pass'd away,  
 No earthly flame that warms the insensate clod,  
 But fires from altars of the living God."

*Pride ; or, the Heir of Craven. A Tale of the Fifteenth Century.* In Six Cantos. By HENRY COOK, Esq., Author of "Adrian," "the Star of Destiny," &c. &c.

There is a great deal of merit, and still more of promise, in this poem. The construction of the modulated sentences is nearly faultless, and the euphony of the lines unexceptionable. In the mechanism of the verse we find nothing to be desired; and, in the sentiments, the fervour, the imagery, and in all those qualities which constitute poetry, no great deal to condemn. The plot of the tale is clear, and very well developed by the actors; and the interest of the reader is, throughout, well sustained. There is something too much of ambitious straining after the grand, discernible at times; a few efforts after the impossible, and now and then a failure through having attempted too much. The author, apparently, has yet to learn, that the utmost simplicity of diction will often reach that sublimity after which a display of grandiloquent verbiage would toil in vain. The following quotation is a fair specimen of the author's manner, if not of his power. It is a duel *à l'outrance*.

"The clarion sounded—forth the champions rode—  
 The Craven's steed, impatient of his load—  
 A noble sight—with widely floating mane  
 And fire-lit eye, dashed headlong o'er the plain.  
 His rider seemed his spirit fierce to share,  
 And spurred him on. Upon the ringing air  
 The signal broke; the stranger slowly paced  
 Across the plain, until at length he faced  
 His haughty foe. No more that stirring sound,  
 A kindred echo in his spirit found;  
 Sadly he went upon his silent way,  
 As though unwilling for the coming fray.  
 The trumpet sounded—snorting on the air,  
 The chargers bounded on their wild career;  
 Each rider sat prepared. Behold! behold!  
 The glistening points that fatal message told  
 No idle trial now of knightly power—  
 No gay amusement of the passing hour—  
 But deadly war, fierce conflict to the death:  
 In mute anxiety was hushed each breath—  
 Each sound was still'd, and not a voice was heard—  
 Each gazed in silent dread, as, wildly spurred,

The steeds rushed onward, eager for the fight,  
And met midway with overwhelming might.  
The Craven's blow upon the stranger's shield  
Fell full, but harmless; but, upon the field,  
His long lance splintered, proved the bitter might,  
Which nerved the arm of that revengeful knight.  
The stranger placed his long thin lance in rest,  
Aiming its point upon the Craven's crest,  
With force resistless fell that fearful blow,  
Crushed in the helmet of his mighty foe,  
And hurled him from his horse. The Craven drew  
His glittering steel, and on the stranger flew—  
Who turned—his charger rearing madly high—  
Rolled on the plain. With one revengeful cry,  
Earl Craven rushed upon his foe—his blood  
Boiling with rage: the stranger proudly stood  
Clear of his fallen steed, and quickly bared  
His flashing blade, then turned, for all prepared.  
Urged by the maddest feelings rage can yield,  
The blows fell fast on ringing sword and shield—  
Now the proud Craven—now the stranger bore  
The transient triumph of the changeful war:  
Pride—anger—hate, and all the evil band  
Of furies, nerved the Craven's rapid hand.  
Blow followed blow, and rung with ceaseless sound;  
But still unscathed the stranger held his ground.  
At length the Craven on his foeman prest;  
And smote him fiercely, on his lofty crest,  
With stunning force."

This will be found to be a plain versified description of matter-of-fact, in forcible language, but with little embellishment from the assistance that the eloquence of the Muses might have afforded. The repetition of the word "Craven," is so much insisted upon that it wearies even to the verge of offending. But, as it would be very ungracious in us to appear to be captious on a part of that which we so much approve of as a whole, we will only say that the piece is well worthy of the public attention and patronage; that the author has an intense feeling for and appreciation of the gorgeous and the picturesque, and that he is fast acquiring the capability of communicating that feeling to others—in fact, that he is making himself a poet in the higher sense of the word. It is true, that the poet must be born a poet, but still, in spite of the Latin motto, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*, when he is born there is still a great deal of making required afterwards; but it must be a sort of self-making, and will be found to consist in application, the study of the best models, and in a deference to good advice. The Horatian rule should not be overlooked by Mr. Cook, when he next offers the world so long a poem.

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*The Sword of Rath Coll to the Chief of his name.*

This is as rich a piece of genealogy as was ever presented to the antiquarian. Of all vanities that ever inflated and rendered contemptible the heart of man, this is the most contemptible. Morality, re-

ligion, every sentiment that ennobles mankind, bid us reverence an individual for what he is, without respect to what his ancestors have been. The book before us appears to have been compiled in order to glorify some Irish gentleman of the name of Kelly, and his genealogy is consequently traced back, not only to the flood, but within a few days of the creation of the world. It would have been prudent for this laudator to have stopped at the deluge; thus he might have upheld the exclusiveness of the Irish race; but, inadvertently we suppose, he has equalized the Kellies with all the Snookes and Pitmanses, by tracing them up to "the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God." In going over the list of hard names and crowned heads from which Mr. Kelly proceeded, we find only men of the haughty will, the red hand, and the destroying sword. Conquerors almost all—not one benefactor of the human race, in the virtuous sense of the word. The motive with which this work was published is sufficiently apparent from the work itself—it is to beg for a patent of nobility. The following quotation can mean nothing else.

"Neither, sir, have I been actuated by the vanity of name, or influenced by a desire to see my patronymic connected with the lofty-sounding titles of my chief, in accumulating these notes and giving order to them—but to present the Chief of Rath-Cöll with a written map, chart, or plan, showing title to estate won and lost, and won and lost again, *by conquest*. Yet, are the honours attending such ancient possessions, and the associations and recollections connected with them, to be buried in oblivion? And are some of these honours not reclaimable? Is the representative of Cölla O'Kelly in Elizabeth's time—his son, his grandson, and his great grandson, down to the times of James II., and from thence, laterally, brought down to yourself, sir, unworthy of the drapery of nobility in the reign of the first Victoria, of these now united kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland? The services of *four* field-officers, so distinguished as were the chiefs of Rath-Cöll, I have just been enumerating in succession, through *five* reigns of British sovereigns, whose royal and legitimate cause they defended and maintained with filial piety and soldier-like devotion, *are*, surely, *not* to be forgotten and overlooked! Nor is the chief of his name, who represents them *now*, unworthy of high consideration."

Half a century hence this book will be looked upon as a rich curiosity, if it should escape the deserved oblivion with which it is now threatened.

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*A History of British Starfishes, and other Animals of the Class Echinodermata.* By EDWARD FORBES, M. A. S. For. Society, B. I., &c.

We conceive the history of these very curious animals to be as well written as, with our present means of information, it could by any possibility have been. The author has contrived to make the subject extremely interesting, and even those who seek in the reading amusement only, will rise from the perusal of this work far from being disappointed. The wood-cuts are some of the best specimens of art, as an example of which, we would refer to the representation of that most curious creature, The Shallard Argus, in page 67. The termi-

nations of the chapters are, for the most part, decorated, with curious and humorous vignettes, executed in the best style. As a mere book, it would be an ornament to any library. To the uninitiated we will briefly state what are the characteristics of these Echinodermata, examples of which we kick about unnoticed on all our sea-beaches. In their general shape, they nearly approach the polypus, in an infinite variety of forms. We find them ranging from the beautiful figures of a full star and covered with a complete shell, down to the appearance of a few miserable worms radiating from a common centre. Yet most of them are very voracious animals, and seem to have an infinite relish for their food. They have commonly a wonderful capability of reproducing their lost members, and are not destroyed, if each of them be equally divided; thus more than carrying out the idea of the fabulous and ancient hydra. Even the lowest of these beings have very complete digestive organs, besides circulating, respiratory, and nervous arrangements, in a state of less or more complication, according to the various habits of the being. Indeed, this is a work over which speculation may dream with pleasure, and on which philosophy may descant with advantage. In a word, the treatise is a very valuable one.

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*The Naturalist's Library, conducted by Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S., &c. &c. Mammalia. Volume XII. Horses. The Equidae, or Genus Equus of Authors. By Lieut.-Col. CHARLES HAMILTON SMITH, K.H. and K.W.; F.R. and L.S., President of the Devon and Cornwall Natural Hist. Society, &c. &c.*

As the title-page which we have quoted indicates, this treatise upon horses has been written by Colonel Smith for the twelfth volume of the Naturalist's Library, and a very instructive and efficient volume it is. It is opened by an interesting memoir of Gesner, which is followed by an introduction displaying much historical and horse-genealogical research, and containing some sound views of comparative anatomy. We have then an animated description of the naturally born and descended wild horse, from which we are led to the discussion of those breeds of horses which the author designates as *Feral*, by which he means to indicate horses now in a wild state, but which have degenerated from ancestors which were once domesticated and trained horses. Spanish America exhibits countless numbers of these animals. We then arrive at the most important part of the volume, the description of the domestic horse. The following is a fair specimen of the vivacity and lucidness of the author's style.

“In the domestic horse we behold an animal equally strong and beautiful, endowed with great docility, and no less fire; with size and endurance joined to sobriety, speed, and patience; clean, companionable, emulous, even generous; forbearing, yet impetuous; with faculties susceptible of very considerable education, and perceptions which catch the spirit of man's intentions, lending his powers with the utmost readiness, and restraining them with as ready a compliance: saddled or in harness, labouring willingly; enjoying the sports of the field, and exulting in the



tumult of battle ; used by mankind in the most laudable and necessary operations, and often the unconscious instrument of the most sanguinary passions : applauded, cherished, then neglected, and ultimately abandoned to the authority of bipeds who often show little superiority of reason, and much less of temper. One who, like ourselves, has repeatedly owed life to the exertions of his horse, in meeting a hostile shock, in swimming across streams, and in passing on the edge of elevated precipices, will feel with us, when contemplating the qualities of this most valuable animal, emotions of gratitude and affection which others may not so readily appreciate.

“ Mohammed, in his pretended inspiration, speaking of horses, makes the Almighty create them from a condensation of the south-west wind, which is a repetition of the Lusitanian fable ; but when he represents the Deity saying, ‘ Thou shalt be for man a source of happiness and wealth ; thy back shall be a seat of honour, and thy belly of riches : every grain of barley given to thee shall purchase indulgence for the sinner ! ’ he knew what people he addressed.”

We are then made acquainted with the various races which have combined to make our domestic horses the valuable assistants to us that they are. These races we have not even the space to enumerate. In order that no mistake should arise through the inefficiency of words to describe the different breeds, they are portrayed by well-coloured engravings, the which wonderfully increases the value of the work. It is a homely, but a good proverb, that a gentleman is known by his horse. We would go still farther, and say, that every gentleman should know everything concerning his horses—not in the spirit of the farrier, or even that of the mere dealer ; but humanity should induce him to have an extensive knowledge of his horses’ powers, the various ailments to which they are subjected, their nature and their temper ; and, we state it confidently, all this necessary knowledge may be found in the treatise before us. The book is got up in a very handsome manner, and has, for a frontispiece, a well-engraved portrait of Gesner, and a characteristic and clever vignette title-page. We should suppose that this volume will command a wide circulation, the more especially as there is now a great impulse given to all manner of equine sporting, on account of the royal and aristocratic patronage which is bestowed upon it.

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*England’s Trust, and other Poems.* By LORD JOHN MANNERS.

The spirit that has inspired these poems is “ beautiful exceedingly.” It breathes the most heartfelt piety, and that trustingness in God’s providence, and his all-pervading benevolence, that is at once prayer and song combined. We request that the poem of “ England’s Trust ” may be read in its legitimate sense. To the superficial, it might almost seem to be laudatory of the Popish religion ; but that his lordship actually means our Episcopal Reformed Church, must be evident from the following sonnet on Rome :—

“ Hard-hearted Rome ! a grievous sin is thine,  
In that thou hast not e’en as yet suppressed  
Thy cruel mandate, under which we pine  
In foreign lands, and offerest no rest

To souls world-wearied, way-worn, and oppressed.  
 In purer days, in one unbroken line,  
 The Church's children, like the seamless vest  
 Of Him, her Master, bound by ties divine,  
 By prayer, and vigil, fast, and sacrament,  
 Stood, firm, and knew not heresy nor rent.  
 And now, how weary is this heart of mine,  
 Because thou wilt not do thy Lord's behest,  
 But still on worldly pomp and rule art bent,  
 Albeit thine eye is dim, the daylight well nigh spent."

This must be the expositor and antidote, to such passages as these :—

"What! must we now confess that all in vain  
 Have years of toil, reproach, unrest, and pain,  
 Witnessed our ceaseless struggles to restore  
 Back to the Church her purity of yore?  
 Must we confess that Peace and Oneness fled,  
 And Strife and Schism triumphed in their stead;  
 When the lascivious tyrant for a whim  
 Bade Faith resume her long discarded trim,  
 And in a moment's fit of heady rage  
 Burst the strong fetters of a fretful age?  
 In truth to see the countless sects that rend  
 Our once united isle from end to end,  
 To hear their jarring and discordant sounds,  
 To mark the blasphemy that scorns all bounds,  
 The hollow charity that fain would see  
 'Twixt truth and falsehood no diversity,  
 Well might stout hearts admit a craven fear,  
 And read in wrath God's judgment graven here.  
 And if e'en now one ray of hope appears,  
 Like maiden's smile all brightening through her tears,  
 'Tis that our sons may from experience know  
 What bitter streams from modern fountains flow;  
 And turn their steps, ere 'tis too late to turn,  
 To ancient Faith's yet unforgotten urn."

Most of the poems are of a serious strain, and are skilfully constructed and most happily conceived. Indeed, our author sometimes carries his pious feelings into subjects in which we little expected to find them—though why he and all men should not do so, it would be hard to pronounce. That this extracting a religious application from the most trivial matters sometimes throws an air of ridicule upon the act, is true; but that it is the fault of a giddy and ill regulated world that these applications should be esteemed ridiculous, is still more true. Still, while men's minds are constituted as they are, we are sorry to see some verses written by his lordship, and entitled "A Toothache in the Pyrenees," thus wound up :—

"And thou in fear and pain must tread  
 The path that saints have trod,  
 If thou would'st join the holy dead  
 Before the throne of God."

The verse itself is unexceptionable, but we certainly do not like its position. These poems must place the lord in no mean rank among

authors; and they must be to him a source of unalloyed pleasure, even if his mind be so chastened by religious feeling as not to permit him to indulge in the vanity of triumph at their success. From their bias, it might be inferred that his lordship is high Tory, in church, state, and politics;—he sees most regretful signs of the times, and bewails them forcibly, notwithstanding the harmony of the numbers that conveys his lamentations. Had we the space, we would willingly quote three or four odes on this subject. We predict that the author will not be slow to favour the public with another volume; and if he should do so, we trust that he will produce a piece larger than any now before us. For once, we can truly say that we find the book too short.

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*The Joys of Heaven.* By a LAYMAN.

This work, if not too deeply and too philosophically considered, is likely to do much good. To be read with advantage, like faith, it must be taken on trust. The subject is unfathomable, and, after all the time that man can spend upon it, at best he can only produce his own speculations. Had it been the will of unsearchable Omnipotence that mortals should have known more of this matter, the blessed revelations contained in the Holy Writ would have been more explicit—but then the exercise of faith would necessarily have been less. One of the first attributes of humanity is a humble reliance upon God's goodness. He has vouchsafed to tell us, that if we obey his commandments in this world, he has provided for us an immortal banquet in the next. Let us not, then, be vainly inquisitive about our places at the heavenly feast, or concerning the bliss that is provided for us. Notwithstanding his piety, and the goodness of his intentions, the author of this work is not orthodox. He insists that no invidious distinctions will mar the joys of heaven, whilst the New Testament asserts that in God's house there are many mansions. The word "*invidious*" will not afford the author an escape from this contradiction, as it is quite superfluous and unmeaning, seeing that no feeling that can be deemed invidious is possible in the realms of eternal bliss. Again; he maintains that it would be disparaging the excellence of heaven, and outraging earthly reason, to suppose that we should meet in the eternal state with our mundane ties of wife, children, and friends. We dissent from this totally—all our best aspirations revolt against it. We must meet somebody in heaven, surely; and as we are there to be blessed with infinite intelligence according to the author's own showing, how we are to avoid our associates of earth seems to be a little curious. But even these remarks prove to us the danger of endeavouring to search into the unsearchable. Let us humbly trust, and leave these most recondite things to be unveiled to us in God's good time. The lesson handed down to us of the inexpediency, nay, of the actual sin, of plucking too irreverently at the tree of knowledge, has not yet had its proper effect. We honour the motives and commend the piety of this work, but still maintain that it must not be read too inquisitively, and then read only as the imaginings of a good, but, like the rest of his race, a fallible man.

*Canadian Scenery Illustrated, uniform with American Scenery, Switzerland, Scotland, &c. From Drawings by W. H. BARTLETT, engraved in the first style of the art, by R. WALLIS, BRANDARD, BENTLEY, &c. The literary department by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., author of "Pencillings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.*

This beautiful work proceeds in its triumphant course, every number emulating the preceding one in the picturesque and grand display of its views, and in the exquisite manner in which they are engraved. We may say that the art of using the burin has now attained perfection. We cannot conceive anything beyond the combined force and delicacy of these landscapes. The first in this part is a scene among the Thousand Isles, and one more romantic than the imagination could have conceived. Nature excels invention. The view across the boundary line is not so attractive as the last-mentioned, but is still a fine engraving, possessing, just now, a peculiar interest. The representation of the Rideau Canal is full of animation, and the locks on the same water have a stupendous and very antique appearance. The literary department is ably and impartially sustained by Mr. Willis, and of which we will speak more at length in the next notice of this pleasing work.

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*Eutropii Breviarium Historiæ Romanæ; with a Summary, a complete Dictionary, and an Index of Proper Names.*

We have looked through this classic, and find it accurate, and very well adapted to the purposes of tuition. The type is clear and very good; in fact, everything is done to facilitate the progress of the learner—too much, perhaps, for we well remember, when at school, fagging for the meaning of the words in the Latin Dictionary, we often picked up more knowledge than we went to seek, making at the same time a resolution, accompanied by an effort, that we would never again have occasion to look out for that same tiresome word, and thus we generally contrived to retain the meaning of it in our memory. However, we find no fault with this newer method, and if, little boys *do* learn Latin faster, and retain that which they have learned longer, by these new aids, it is not *we* who will grow querulous over new-fangled notions. But still, may not the dictionary of this edition be open to this cavil? There is only one meaning given of each word—that meaning, of course, in accordance with the sense of Eutropius; when, therefore, the scholar sees the Latin word, in another context and with another sense, he becomes puzzled amazingly. Still, if the system works well, we will not insist upon this objection—indeed, it may be no valid objection at all, yet it is worthy of attention.

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*History of Napoleon.*

This history, which for want of a better distinction, we must denominate Tyas's, is drawing to a conclusion, thirty parts of it having been already published. We have before often had occasion to speak of it approvingly in the course of its progress, and, as it approaches its

termination, we see no occasion to alter the tone of our remarks. The number before us is occupied with a relation of the sufferings and persecution which Bonaparte experienced in his captivity in St. Helena. They were most unnecessarily inflicted upon him, but he did not bear them like a hero. His vanity of arrogating to himself all the dignity, and wanting all the homage of an emperor, was pitiable in the extreme. He should have conformed to circumstances when he had ceased to have the power to control them. It seems that he wanted success and a throne, to be even comparatively a great man. The Napoleon autographs at the end of this number are very curious and very illegible. There are evidences of the weakness of vanity, even in this his apparent scorn of being obliged to do little things, and being ashamed to learn to do them well.

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*What to Observe, or the Traveller's Remembrancer.* By J. R. JACKSON, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, and Member of various other Scientific and Literary Societies at home and abroad.

But few words will suffice to show the nature and utility of this rather bulky and very clever volume. It is a vade-mecum that may, and that should, teach every one how to make the most of their faculties. It is interrogative throughout, putting to the reader every question upon the subject of which it treats. Supposing it to be geology—he says to the would-be geologist, Have you done this? have you observed that? and thus down to the slightest minutiae, making the tyro on the alert. How often is this sort of flapping necessary to men the most talented! Those who are complete masters of their subjects, sometimes doze at many important points, and the interrogative, Have you effected so or so? is answered by a rousing start of astonishment, and a “Bless me, no! I am so glad you put me in mind of it.” Mr. Jackson is the friendly flapper to the well informed, the useful guide to the learner. His book realizes morally the wind-filled bladder of Dean Swift—he will not permit the travelling observer to slumber. As he treats upon everything within the range of the senses, we cannot attempt to detail the vast variety of subjects upon which he is so scientifically and serviceably inquisitive, or would rather make his pupils so. The book is one of necessity. It will be followed by a thousand imitations.

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*The Pictorial History of England; being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts.*

In this, the sixth part of this history, we have the reign of the third George, or a great portion of it; and the struggle of the Americans with England for the independence of the former forms the principal feature. The wood-cuts are few and far between, and, in this number, to our thinking, not sufficient to entitle the work to be called a Pictorial History, always supposing the word “Pictorial” to be applied in the sense of representation, not by words, but by

the graphic art. The principal recommendations of this work are its unswerving impartiality, and the purity and clearness of its style of narration. It is neither eloquent nor philosophical, dealing in facts only, which the author neither seeks to enforce by declamation, nor attempts to explain by a long dissertation. We like it the better for these omissions. That author does well when he permits his reader to theorize for himself.

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*The Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland illustrated, from Drawings made expressly for the Work, by WM. HENRY BARTLETT. Engraved by the First Artists. The Literary Department by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencillings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," &c.*

We have received the fifth part of this splendid work, which is published uniform with "American Scenery," "Switzerland," "Scotland," "the Beauties of the Bosphorus," and other popular publications; and though this on Ireland appears the last, it is not, by any means, the least attractive. The approach to Killarney from the Kenmure road is the first engraving in this number, and offers a very romantic scene to the eye; whilst the second, the natural bridges near Kilkee, is wildly picturesque. The scene from the Sugar Loaf Mountain is vastly expansive, affording an ample view of the whole of Bantry Bay. We give the preference, good as are the others, to the fourth, a moonlight view of the Head of the Killeries in Connemara. It is extremely beautiful. Of the skill displayed in these exquisite specimens of the art of engraving it is unnecessary for us to speak. The plates of these works have now a well-deserved European reputation. Mr. Willis displays his usual ability in his abstract of Irish history, and it forms a necessary and a graceful appendage to the views.

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*Lectures on the English Poets, by WILLIAM HAZLITT. Edited by his Son.*

We are well pleased to observe that our favourable prognostications of the success of this work are now amply verified by the appearance of its third edition. From the canons of criticism which it contains, but few will be inclined to dissent, and all must admire the eloquent and powerful manner in which they are delivered. We may be excused from repeating the well-merited eulogies which we have already given to this volume, of which we hope to see still more editions exhausted. With this wish we take our leave of the publication.

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*The Speaking Eye, a Satire. By F. R.*

This is as moving a petition to the attorney-general, to file a criminal information for a libel, as can well be compressed into thirty pages. This application for a prosecution is powerful and caustic, and though evidently hastily thrown together, evinces much talent.



The satire is rather a saw than a smooth-edged cutting instrument. It mangles and jags its subjects dreadfully, and yet gets through its work well. If the author should be so lucky as to get fined and imprisoned for this his first attempt, he may look upon himself as a made man.

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*The Works of Josephus.* Translated by W. WHISTON, A.M.

This very valuable translation has now been brought to a successful termination in this the twelfth number. This part contains a copious index, with a well-written and very sensible introduction. Throughout this edition the embellishments have been of the very first order, and the type and paper unexceptionable. When the twelve parts are bound together, they will form not only a handsome, but a most imposing looking library volume. Of the intrinsic literary and historical merits of this work, it would be needless for us to make mention. Josephus will live as an authority so long as man remains civilized, and literature shall be cultivated.

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*A Reply to Lord Fitzwilliam's Letter to the Bishop of Peterborough, and the Clergy of England, on the Corn Laws.* By one of the Clergy of England.

We merely notice the appearance of this pamphlet in order to state that so many *brochures* on the corn question, of from thirty to two hundred pages, have been sent to us, that, did we notice them all, our space devoted to reviews would look like a report of a debate on the subject. This is, most distinctly, a class consideration, and every class, or rather every representation of a class, argues the question well for the interest of the advocated section of the community. The knot is therefore almost too intricate to be unloosed in the present excited state of the nation.

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*Fox's Book of Martyrs.* Edited by the Rev. GEORGE CUMMING, M. A.

This work proceeds satisfactorily, and has reached its sixth part. This part is occupied by English ecclesiastical history, and it is brought down to the year 1330. The style is quaint and not unpleasing, and the zeal which actuated the writer never suffers his narrative to flag. Though not fully approving of all that Fox has written, and still less of the spirit of some part of his histories, we are glad to see the old reformer in so creditable a shape as that in which he is now presented to the public. Whatever may be our religious opinions, it is a duty upon us all to become acquainted with those professed by a man who has excited so much attention for a long period.

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*Up the Red Sea, and Down the Nile, in 1839.*

A short, but curious and very instructive work, on a route home from the East Indies, as yet but little known. It is a mere narration

of facts, bearing evidence of being strictly true, and the result of the observations of an acute mind. We suppose that, ere long, this will be one of the high roads to and from India, and that we shall have many more publications on this subject. Be that as it may, this little book is of present value, and deserves the attention of those who are at all interested in these matters.

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*Philosophic Nuts ; or the Philosophy of Things, as developed from the study of the Philosophy of Words.* By EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq., author of "Life, Health, and Disease."

To use a familiar phrase, this clever author is still beating about the bush, and has, as yet, only started small game, in the shape of various vulgar errors, which he has run down, and completely crushed. Frankly, we don't know what he would be at, and cannot imagine what monster mistake in philosophy he is preparing to expose and destroy. This able skirmishing looks like a long note of preparation for a grand and decisive battle, a battle that will conquer prejudice, false reasoning, metaphysical crudities, and many other follies that have, among men, usurped the style and titles of virtues and wisdoms.

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*The History of the British Empire in India.* By EDWARD THURSTON, Esq., Author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c. &c.

We have received, as yet, but the first two numbers of this work, and shall wait to see how it is sustained before we give any definite opinion upon it. It opens in a very promising manner, and with no small degree of vigour. Commencements are often very delusive, and to prognosticate a very invidious task. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to wishes and to hopes, and merely state, that if the author proceed as he has commenced, he will have no reason to be displeased with our remarks.

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### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Berthollet on Dyeing and Bleaching. New Edition. 8vo. 12s.  
The Last King of Ulster, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
Reid's (Lieut-Col.) Attempt to Develope the Law of Storms. New Edition, royal 8vo. 24s.  
Views in Afghanistan, &c. By Sir K. A. Jackson, Bart. imperial 4to. 2l. 2s.  
Hand-Book of Architecture, Tapestries, Paintings, &c. of Hampton Court. 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
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July 1841.—VOL. XXXI.—NO. CXXIII.

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### LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. James's new work, **THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION**, is considerably advanced, and may be expected speedily. The great pains bestowed by Mr. James on the successive objects of his research, will doubtless render his Life of this extraordinary personage one of the most attractive subjects which has hitherto engaged his attention.

Mr. Montague Gore has just completed a new and improved edition of his **Remarks on the Corn Laws**.

A new Poem from the pen of Mr. Cuninghame of Mount Kennedy is nearly ready for publication.

A Sketch of the Affairs of Newfoundland, from a high authority, will be published immediately.

**NAPOLÉON PORTRAYED** is the title of a new Poem announced for immediate publication.

We are glad to find that Mr. LODGE'S **PŒRAGE**, the new edition of which for 1841 has just been published, continues to maintain its deserved popularity. Whether for its admirable plan, arrangement, or correctness of detail, we know of no work of equal value for all the purposes of reference and information.

Mr. Scrivenor has in the press a **History of the Iron Trade** from the earliest records to the present period.

We have several other new works to mention, which we must defer till our next number.

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### THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Conservative as we pride ourselves to acknowledge, we yet must advocate a free trade in provisions for a community so over-populous as is

England. Just now, in all their branches, trade and commerce are languishing. It is difficult to point out one that can boast for itself an average share of prosperity. All over the country we find machinery at a stand-still; furnaces blown out, starving operatives, and internal trade either stopped, or so carried on as to be ruinous to both buyers and sellers. The cotton market is extremely dull, sugar and coffee at high prices, and even most of the railroad speculations at a discount. Into whatever hands the government may shortly fall, something must be done to relieve and check the increase of pauperism, that seems now to be attacking not the poor only, but those also who, till now, had ranked themselves among the middle classes.

## PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 26th of June.

### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 100 one-half.—Consols for Acct. 89 five-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 89 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98 five-eighths.—Long Annuities, 1260, 12—16.—Exchequer Bills, 2½d. 8 pr.

### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent., Acct. 83.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 three-eighths.—Dutch Five per Cent., 100 one-fourth.—Brazilian, 68 one-half.—Mexican, Acct. 27.—Spanish, Acct. 22 one-quarter.

**MONEY MARKET.**—The public attention is now so exclusively occupied by election matters, that but comparatively little attention has been bestowed upon the monetary affairs of the empire by those whom it mostly concerns. The Money Market has, throughout the last month, remained tolerably steady and tranquil. The money interest seems to have no fear for the event, however the elections may turn out, and the public funds have maintained their full value. Foreign securities have been very low, and have every appearance of becoming still more depreciated. Fresh loans are offered, too, generally, and in a succession much too rapid. There is much confusion all over America in the public securities, a little dishonesty in progress, and much more expected. There seems to be a prevailing cry for the sponge on the other side of the Atlantic.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 25 TO JUNE 18, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

*May 25.*—R. March, Cheapside, hatter.—J. Andrews, Marden Ash, Essex, schoolmaster.—J. Prior, Kington-upon-Thames, maltster.—H. Down, Throgmorton-street, City, stock-broker.—H. Smallman, Edgeware-road, draper.—J. Davis, Cannon-street, City, gun manufacturer.—W. Paterson, Chelsea, common brewer.—W. Brown, Sutton-under-Whitestonecliffe, Yorkshire, cattle dealer.—T. Lewis, Lincoln, tavern keeper.—J. Emerson, Croft, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Walford, Wybanbury, Cheshire, grocer.—J. Porter, Honiton, victualler.—W. Houldsworth, Egremont, Cheshire, common brewer.—F. Fisher, Wolverhampton, clock manufacturer.—G. Dickson and R. Glover, Liverpool, seed merchants.—R. Buckell, Newport, Isle of Wight, merchant.—J. Beardsworth, Wrexham, timber merchant.—G. Brocklehurst, H. Dircks, and J. B. Nelson, Liverpool, millwrights.—W. Thompson, Monk Wearmouth Shore, Durham, shipbuilder.—C. Potts, A. Potts, and J. Potts, Monk Wearmouth Shore, shipbuilders.—A. Mills and W. G. Seed, Ashton-under-Lyne, cotton manufacturers.—W. G. Seed, Manchester, gingham manufacturer.—J. Jevon, jun., Bilston, Staffordshire, innkeeper.—J. Doughty, Bristol, licensed victualler.

*May 28.*—R. Souther, Bull Inn, Hertford, innkeeper.—T. Riley, Fleet-street, City, printer.—R. Smith, Aldgate, High-street, butcher.—J. White, Goldsmith-street, Gough-square, printer.—R. Edmunds, Bennett-street, Blackfriars-road, carpenter.—G. P. Irving, Stockton-on-Tees, shipbuilder.—T. Taylor, Liverpool, bookseller.—W. C. H. Parry, Liverpool, bookseller.—E. Freer, Liverpool, bookseller.—D. Sutcliffe, Halifax, manufacturer.—E. Woolley, Birmingham, paper hanging manufacturer.—J. Lea, jun., Chester, tea-dealer and banker.—H. C. Churchyard and J. Holmes, Halifax, woolstaplers.—W. Newsome, Dewsbury, oilcrusher.—J. Dickinson, Bramley, Yorkshire, drysalter.—J. Ramshay, Bradford, grocer.—J. Kippax, Lockwood, Huddersfield, omnibus proprietor.

*June 1.*—E. P. Sardinson, J. Weston, and R. Murch, Wood-street, warehousemen.—G. J. Bennett, York-street, Portman-square, lodging-house keeper.—W. Burton and C. Burton, Birmingham, bedstead manufacturers.—B. Williams, Liverpool and Glamorgan, merchant.—J. Hutchinson, Halifax, machine maker.—T. Knaption, Barwick in Elmet, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—J. Prescott, Upholland, Lancashire, innkeeper.—R. Thompson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, butcher.—E. Skillman and A. C.

Keeler, Hythe, linendraper.—R. C. Bourne, Birmingham, woollendraper.—J. Campion and W. Campion, Whitby, shipbuilders.—S. Knight and J. Knight, Manchester, merchants.—R. Tovey, Bristol, pawnbroker.—R. Campion and J. Campion, Whitby, bankers.—W. Royston, Manchester, yarn-dealer.

June 4.—W. B. Price and J. Edwards, Shrewsbury, bankers.—J. Marshall, Liverpool, iron merchant.—T. Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.—J. Mackie, Liverpool, tailor.—W. S. Guest, Chester, tanner.—J. A. Boden, Sheffield, razor manufacturer.

June 8.—B. M. Demaisse and H. T. Wooler, Bucklersbury, City, merchants.—J. Miller, Bristol, cabinet maker.—F. Taylor, Loughton, Kent, plumber.—W. Davenport, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.—H. B. Elwell, Wolverhampton, japanner.—J. Tayler, Carmarthen, grocer.—G. Evans, Llanboidy, Carmarthenshire, draper.—A. W. Hillary, Ewanrig Hall, Cumberland, ironfounder.—W. Munton, Fletland Mills, Lincolnshire, miller.

June 11.—J. Porter, Wiggenhall, Norfolk, builder.—W. Henshall, Newcastle-under-Lime, silk-throwster.—H. Sidebotham, Haughton, Staffordshire, cotton-manufacturer.—W. Hutchinson, Dronfield, Derbyshire, wine-merchant.

June 15.—W. Burton, King-street, Soho,

upholsterer.—J. Leary, Quadrant, Regent-street, coffee-house keeper.—S. Rayner, Friargate, Derby, marble mason.—J. Brook, Prith-street, Soho, victualler.—A. J. P. Marecco, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.—J. Lunn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, shipbroker.—A. Thwaites, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brewer.—J. McIntyre, Manchester, oil-cloth manufacturer.—T. Lamplugh, Great Driffield, Yorkshire, grocer.—J. Morrish, Jun. Bristol, liquor-merchant.—C. Taylor and T. Hawkey, Monk Wearmouth-shore, Durham, shipbuilders.—C. Hopkins, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, miller.—J. Daines, Stafford, joiner.—T. Dixon, Leeds, grocer.—J. B. Abbott and D. McCheane, Liverpool, wine merchants.—J. Sugden, Leeds, machine maker.—T. P. Stokes, Dudley, builder.

June 18.—W. Bywater, Hemington, Leicestershire, carpenter.—D. H. Stonham, Liverpool, copper merchant.—D. Edwards, Pembroke, miller.—J. Aspden, Batings, Rochdale, cotton spinner.—R. H. Hoskins, Liverpool, victualler.—G. Sterling, Jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, bootmaker.—R. Spencer, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, scrivener.—E. J. Phillips, Bristol, victualler.—J. H. Heron, J. S. Heron, J. K. Heron, and A. Heron, Manchester, cotton-spinners.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude  $51^{\circ} 37' 32''$  N. Longitude  $3^{\circ} 51''$  West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1841. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather.                                |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|--|
| May   |                |                 |                   |                |  |
| 23    | 70-44          | 30.11-30.00     | S.E.              | .01            | Clear, rain in morning.                            |
| 24    | 70-44          | 30.11-Stat.     | S.E.              |                | Morning rainy, otherwise clear.                    |
| 25    | 73-51          | 30.12-30.09     | S.                |                | Generally clear, and boisterous in the evening.    |
| 26    | 76-52          | 30.06-29.98     | N.E.              |                | Clear, wind gusty at times.                        |
| 27    | 78-57          | 29.89-29.84     | N.E.              |                | Clear, except the even., lightning and thunder.    |
| 28    | 74-57          | 30.00-29.89     | S.E.              | .075           | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.        |
| 29    | 69-49          | 30.06-30.05     | N. b. W.          |                | Evening overcast with rain, otherwise clear.       |
| 30    | 70-53          | 30.00-29.95     | W. b. N.          | .035           | Generally clear.                                   |
| 31    | 75-47          | 29.99-29.95     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear, light in the south about noon.    |
| June  |                |                 |                   |                |  |
| 1     | 69-50          | 30.12-30.07     | S.W.              |                | Clear.   |
| 2     | 72-48          | 30.16-30.12     | S.W.              |                | Many and various clouds in the even., otherwise    |
| 3     | 69-51          | 30.14 Stat.     | W. b. S.          |                | Generally clear. [clear.                           |
| 4     | 67-42          | 30.30-30.25     | N.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                   |
| 5     | 67-46          | 30.14-30.00     | W.                |                | Morning clear, aftern. and even. cloudy, with rain |
| 6     | 59-18          | 29.95-29.94     | N.W.              | .01            | Generally clear.                                   |
| 7     | 59-40          | 29.93-29.88     | N.W.              |                | Cloudy, with rain, sunshine about noon.            |
| 8     | 59-45          | 29.93-29.91     | N.W.              | .01            | General cloud, raining about 8 A.M., sunshine in   |
| 9     | 63-46          | 29.90-Stat.     | N.W.              |                | Evening clear, otherwise overcast. [the aftern.    |
| 10    | 67-42          | 29.79-29.66     | N.W.              |                | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.                   |
| 11    | 66-44          | 29.74-29.65     | N.E.              |                | Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.              |
| 12    | 61-45          | 29.92-29.75     | N.W.              | .065           | Evening clear, otherwise overcast, small rain fell |
| 13    | 67-37          | 30.01-29.94     | N.                |                | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear. [frequently.      |
| 14    | 63-35          | 29.96-29.95     | N.                |                | Generally clear.                                   |
| 15    | 65-52          | 29.99-29.85     | N.                |                | Afternoon and evening clear, otherwise cloudy.     |
| 16    | 68-36          | 30.13-30.12     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                   |
| 17    | 67-43          | 30.05-29.95     | S.W.              |                | Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.                   |
| 18    | 77-41          | 29.81-29.66     | S.                |                | Evening overcast, thunder storm, (see below.)      |
| 19    | 68-52          | 29.65-29.62     | S.W.              | .585           | Morn. cloudy, with heavy rain, otherwise clear.    |
| 20    | 63-46          | 29.74-29.65     | S.W.              |                | Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even.     |
| 21    | 67-58          | 29.96-29.75     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear, showers of rain during the day.   |
| 22    | 67-49          | 30.05-30.02     | S.W.              | .17            | Generally clear.                                   |

*Parhelia.* Never perhaps were these phenomena more brilliantly seen than on the evening of Friday the 4th instant. At 6h. 45m. P.M. east and west of the sun, distant about twenty-three

degrees from the sun, and as usual on the circumference of a halo, two mock suns formed strongly coloured, and no less remarkable for intensity of light than length of train, which, as invariably is the case, was in a direction from the sun, and parallel to the horizon. The length of the luminous cone was sufficiently bright to be measurable at a distance of eighteen degrees, and probably the apex must have been several degrees beyond. The upper part of a second halo faintly coloured also formed twenty-five degrees above the first.

*Thunder Storm.* A storm of thunder and vivid lightning accompanied with remarkably heavy rain, and hail of an unusual size, from about seven till twenty minutes past seven on the evening of Friday the eighteenth instant.

*Edmonton.*

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## NEW PATENTS.

J. Sims, of Redruth, Cornwall, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines. April 29th, 6 months.

A. Jeffery, of Prospect Place, New Hampton, Gentleman, for a new method of defending the sheathing of ships, and of protecting their sides and bottoms. April 29th, 6 months.

G. Townshend, of Sorpcote Fields, Leicester, Esquire, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for cutting certain vegetable substances. April 29th, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of Kensington, Civil Engineer, for a new combination of materials for making bricks, tiles, pottery, and other useful articles, and a machine or machinery for making the same, and also a new mode or process of burning the same, which machine or machinery and mode or process of burning are also applicable to the making and burning of other descriptions of bricks, tiles, and pottery. April 29th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing nails or brads. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 4th, 6 months.

F. J. Massey, of Chadwell Street, Middleton Square, Watch Manufacturer, for improvements in the method of winding up watches and other time-keepers. May 4th, 6 months.

E. Newton, of Leicester, Manufacturer, and T. Archbold, of the same place, Machinist, for improvements in producing ornamental or tambour work in the manufacture of gloves. May 4th, 6 months.

C. T. Holcombe, of Bankside, Borough, Merchant, for certain lubricating or preserving matters for wheels and axles, applicable also to the bearings, journals, or other parts of machinery. May 4th, 4 months.

H. Graham, of Bridport Place, Hoxton, Artisan, for an improved manufacture of that kind of carpeting usually denominated Kidderminster carpeting. May 6th, 2 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, for improvements in the manufacture of fabrics by felting. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 6th, 6 months.

P. A. Morley, of Birmingham, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of sugar moulds, dish covers, and other articles of similar manufacture. May 6th, 6 months.

J. Hancock, of Sydney Square, Mile End, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of locks, keys, latches, and other fastenings, part of which improvements are applicable to taps and cocks for drawing off fluids. May 6th, 6 months.

J. Paley, Junior, of Preston, Lancaster, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in looms for weaving. May 10th, 6 months.

H. Deverill, of Nottingham, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for making and ornamenting lace, commonly called bobbin-net-lace. May 10th, 6 months.

A. M'Nab, of Paisley, North Britain, Engineer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of bricks. May 11th, 4 months.

E. Taylor, of King William Street, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages used on railroads. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 11th, 6 months.



H. Pinkus, of Maddox Street, Hanover Square, for an improved method or methods of applying electrical currents or electricity, either fractional, atmospheric, voltaic, or electro-magnetic. May 14th, 6 months.

J. Gregory, Coal Master, and W. Green, Turner, both of West Brownwich, Stafford, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron and steel. May 14th, 6 months.

P. Journet, of Dean Street, Soho, Engineer, for improvements in fire-escapes, which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. May 19th, 6 months.

J. Carr, Junior, of Paddington, Engineer, for improvements in apparatus for retarding and stopping railway carriages. May 20th, 6 months.

C. Phillips, of Chipping Norton, Oxford, Engineer, for improvements in reaping and cutting vegetable substances as food for cattle. May 20th, 6 months.

J. Woods, of Lawn Place, Lambeth, Surrey, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive engines, and also for certain improvements in the machinery for the production of rotatory motion for obtaining mechanical power, which improvements in machinery are also applicable for raising or impelling fluids. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Gall, of Beresford Terrace, Surrey, for certain improvements in the construction of inkstands. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Ainslie, Farmer, Redheugh, North Britain, for a new and improved mode of making or moulding tiles, bricks, retorts, and such like work, from clay and other plastic substances. May 22nd, 4 months.

C. Dumont, of Mark Lane, London, for improvements in the manufacture of metallic letters, figures, and other devices. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Winterborn, of Clarence Place, Hackney Road, Surgeon, for improvements in machinery to facilitate the removal of persons and property from premises in cases of fire, which improvements are applicable to raising and lowering weights generally, to assist servants cleaning windows, and as a substitute for scaffolding. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. L. Rham, of Winkfield, Berks, Clerk, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing land, and sowing or depositing grain, seeds, and manure. May 22nd, 6 months.

J. Whitehouse, of Deptford, Engineer, for an improved method of making boilers to be used in marine steam-engines. May 22nd, 6 months.

W. Joest, of Ludgate Hill, Merchant, for improvements in propelling vessels. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. May 26th, 6 months.

G. Hulme, of St. John Street, Smithfield, Cock Founder, for improvements in water closets. May 27th, 6 months.

J. Bettridge, of Birmingham, Wood Turner, for an improved method of manufacturing papier maché, pearl, china, ivory, horn, wood, and composition, into pillars and stands for table and other lamps, and other articles of domestic furniture. May 27th, 6 months.

J. Shanks, of St. Helen's, Lancashire, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of carbonate of soda.

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## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

House of Lords.—May 22.—Nothing took place but a conversation on the Corn Laws, in which a good deal of angry feeling was displayed on both sides.

May 23.—Nothing consequential.

May 25.—The Commons' Amendments to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners Act Amendment Bill were agreed to.

May 26.—Principally occupied in the reception of petitions for and against the repeal of the Corn Laws, and incidental discussions upon them.

June 1.—Mr. Bernal and others from the Commons brought up the Turnpike Roads Bill, the Militia Ballot Suspension Bill, the Stamp Duties (Law Proceed-

ings) Bill, the Madhouses (Scotland) Bill, the Sewers Bill, the Court-houses (Ireland) Bill, the Newry Navigation Bill, the London and Tower Hamlets Cemetery Bill, and the Ordnance Survey Bill,—The Jews' Declaration Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Tuesday next.

June 5.—The Victoria Park Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 8.—A great many petitions were presented about the Corn Laws.

June 9.—Many Bills, brought up from the lower, were hurried through this house.

June 10.—Nothing of importance.

June 11.—After much business of mere form, the Marquis of Bute moved the third reading of the Jews' Declaration Bill, and the Bishop of Llandaff moved that the Bill be read a third time that day six months, which was carried by a majority of 34, and the Bill was consequently lost.

June 14.—A good deal of routine business.

June 15.—The Bribery at Elections Bill was read a second time, and their Lordships then adjourned to Thursday.

June 17.—After several unimportant Bills had passed through various stages, the Marquis of Normanby moved the third reading of the Punishment of Death Bill, on which the Earl of Haddington moved as an amendment to the third clause, which applied to the case of rape, that an exception should be made in favour of the capital punishment, where more than one person was concerned in the commission of the offence. A debate ensued, which was afterwards adjourned.—The House went into Committee on the Bribery at Elections Bill. After some discussion, the Bill passed through Committee, all the clauses, except the fourth, being expunged.

June 18.—The adjourned debate on the Punishment of Death Bill was resumed. An amendment for exempting cases of rape from the abolition of capital punishment, was subsequently put and negatived by 64 to 60.—The Dog Carts Bill was withdrawn. The Bribery at Elections Bill was read a third time and passed.

June 22.—Her Majesty prorogued both Houses in person, by the following gracious Speech :

*“ My Lords and Gentlemen,*

*“ On a full consideration of the present state of public affairs, I have come to the determination of proroguing this Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.*

*“ The paramount importance of the trade and industry of the country, and my anxiety that the exigencies of the public service should be provided for in the manner least burdensome to the community, have induced me to resort to the means which the Constitution has entrusted to me of ascertaining the sense of my people upon matters which so deeply concern their welfare.*

*“ I entertain the hope that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the course of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed, by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay.*

*“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

*“ I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the sums necessary for the civil and military establishments.*

*“ My Lords and Gentlemen,*

*“ In the exercise of my prerogative I can have no other object than that of securing the rights and promoting the interests of my subjects ; and I rely on the co-operation of Parliament, and the loyal zeal of my people, for support in the adoption of such measures as are necessary to maintain that high station amongst the nations of the world which it has pleased Divine Providence to assign to this country.”*

**House of Commons.**—May 22.—Sir R. Peel gave notice that he should, on Thursday next, move a resolution to the following effect—“ That her Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the constitution.”

May 23.—Mr. T. Duncombe presented various petitions from Chartists and persons sympathising with them, to the number of more than 1,300,000 people, and

prayers of which were for the remission of all sentences upon political delinquents, and for the adoption of the people's charter without any the slightest alteration whatsoever. The Hon. Member, after entering at great length into the grievances of the petitioners, by stating particular cases of hardship, moved an address to the Crown, with a view to the discharge of all persons confined for political offences in England and Wales.—After a very long and important debate, the motion was negatived by the Speaker's casting voice being against it, the numbers being 50 on each side.

May 25.—Mr. Peel opened his speech against Ministers, notice of which he had given on the 22nd. After an animated debate it was adjourned.

May 26.—Nothing of consequence but the debate on the no-confidence question.

June 2.—The adjourned debate on the no-confidence motion was resumed, and the House was occupied until a late hour by several members haranguing on this important subject.

June 3.—The debate resumed, and again adjourned.

June 4.—The adjourned debate was resumed, and, after a protracted discussion, the House divided. For Sir R. Peel's resolution, 312; against it, 311; majority against Ministers, 1.—Lord J. Russell then announced that on Monday he would move that the House should resolve itself into Committee of Supply, for the purpose of moving some miscellaneous estimates, and upon that occasion also he would state the course he would pursue.

June 7.—At five o'clock the House was crowded in all quarters both by Members and by strangers anxious to hear the announcement from Lord John Russell, of the course which Ministers intended to pursue. After some preliminary matter, he said in substance, that after the late division, he felt that in this House of Commons the present Government could hope for no further majorities; it was clear that the country itself must decide the important question now pending. Ministers, therefore, would make no further struggle for the continuance of their offices, until the opinion of the country should have been ascertained.—The House resolved into Committee of Supply, and the estimates were voted with opposition.

June 8.—Much business hurried through, and Mr. Wynn's motion, ordering Dr. Webster to be prosecuted for bribery at the election of St. Alban's, was carried.

June 9.—The House went into Committee of Supply, and the Militia estimates were voted.—The Committee of Ways and Means came next; and £6,200,000 was granted to Her Majesty from the Consolidated Fund. The Ministers afterwards lost their bill concerning the Lord Chancellor by a majority of 101 to 83.

June 10.—The Danish Claims Dispensation Bill passed.—The Municipal Corporation Bill was read a third time and passed.—The House then went into Committee on the Bribery at Elections Bill, from which the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth clauses were struck out. The sixth was agreed to with an amendment. The seventh, eighth, and ninth, were also agreed to, the tenth was rejected.

June 11.—Several Bills were forwarded a stage, several passed, but mostly appertaining to local subjects.

June 14.—Really nothing of consequence ensued, and the House was counted out at an early hour, to the delay of much business.

June 15.—The St. John's Hospital (Winchester) Estate Bill was reported.—The Railways (Ireland) Bill was read a first time.—The Election Petitions Trial Bill was read a third time and passed.—The Appropriation Bill was also read a third time and passed.—Mr. Scholefield then, pursuant to notice, submitted his proposed motion on the subject of manufacturing distress, on which the House was speedily counted out.

June 16.—Nothing of consequence beyond a conversation on Mr. Warner's invention of blowing ships out of the water.

June 17.—The Bills of Exchange Bill and the Loan Societies Bill were read a second time; the Highway Rates Bill was read a third time and passed; the Offences against the Person Bill was withdrawn. A great deal of routine business was hurried through previous to the dissolution.—Sir Francis Burdett asked if anything had been done in reference to the erection of a monument to Sir Sidney Smith, to which the Government, as he understood, had pledged themselves.—Lord J. Russell said the project was not abandoned, but it could not be carried into effect at present, in consequence of the interruption in the voting of the supplies arising out of existing circumstances.

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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AUGUST, 1841.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

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*Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister.* BY CATHARINE TAYLOR.  
3 Vols.

The second volume of this pleasing, but by no means extraordinary work, has made its appearance, and is, in point of talent and the method of handling the subject, in no ways dissimilar from the first. The work is written for young, we should say very young, people; and to such, we feel assured, that it must be most welcome, for its facts are related in a pure and engaging style, and they are never over burthened by philosophical reflections, or accompanied by any remarks that could possibly set the mind the task, the troublesome task, of arduous thinking. The well-read adult will find in those volumes nothing new, therefore to him they must merely serve as agreeable refreshers to his memory. The great error in this work is, that it is overloaded with second-hand opinions—and in that respect partakes much of the craft of book-making. When the lady gets into a gallery of paintings, of course she immediately begins to talk about Rafael, the various schools of arts, Leonardi da Vinci, &c. &c., but, instead of giving us her own impressions fully and unreservedly, she offers the world the often hashed up opinions of others. If she have neither feeling for nor knowledge of the arts, she should be silent upon them altogether, and not attempt to supply a deficiency by that which is plagiarism in spirit, though it may not be so in words. Could we discover anything original, we would most certainly quote it, for we much like the spirit in which this production is written—so sociable, so mild, and so attractive. As such we cannot discover, we will, merely as a specimen of the author's style, select her description of the often-described ceremony of the Pope blessing everybody on Easter Sunday.

August 1841.—VOL. XXXI.—NO. CXXIV.

“ I will take you to the booths erected outside the colonnade in the Piazza, from which spot we were to see the Pope give his benediction. The Piazza was filled with carriages ; the soldiers formed a hollow square immediately beneath the steps leading up to the church, which were covered with thousands of people—pilgrims waiting for this blessing as the reward of their weary journey—foreigners from all parts, assembled from motives of curiosity—monks, friars, soldiers and peasants in their pretty costumes—forming a gay and beautiful picture. The Pope, attended by his Cardinals, appeared on the centre balcony in the front of St. Peter’s, borne in his chair of state, and wearing his triple crown : the vast multitude fell prostrate, the soldiers grounded their arms, and a stillness as of death followed. The Pope rose up, uttered a short prayer, inaudible to all below, and stretching out his arms, as if to embrace the whole world in his paternal benediction, made the sign of the cross many times in the air ; after which he dropped amidst the crowd indulgences granted by him ; you may imagine the rush which was made to catch these. At this moment the bells rang, the trumpets sounded, the guns at Sant’ Angelo fired, and a loud and deafening shout arose from the crowd. It was a magnificent sight—one unrivalled in the world.

“ The illumination of St. Peter’s, which takes place on the evening of Easter Sunday, is as singular as it is beautiful. At first the dome, façade, and colonnades were merely outlined by rows of small paper lanterns, their tiny lights looking like strings of gold beads : as it grew darker, these shone brighter and brighter, while the mass of the stupendous edifice was left in obscurity. This lasted an hour, when, as the clock struck eight), (one o’clock by Italian time,) a brilliant light glided rapidly to the top of the cross, and in one moment, as if by magic, every part burst into light—dome, cross, columns, all became one beautiful blaze ; the whole Piazza was illuminated, and every face distinctly seen.

“ This sudden and almost supernatural brilliancy is produced by the kindling of hundreds of fires, which are hung around the cupola at regular intervals. Large iron pots are filled with shavings, wood, resin, pitch, etc. Twenty-four men are suspended by strong ropes, passed round their bodies, from the upper gallery of the dome ; previous to their engaging in this perilous undertaking, these men are locked up in a room in the Vatican, and fed on bread and water—a precaution which is taken to keep them from all excitement, or the temptation to drink wine, since the least giddiness of head would inevitably prove fatal. At the appointed time, as the clock strikes, every fire is lighted at the same instant, and thus the effect is produced which I have described.”

We have little more to say on the subject of this work ; but shall conclude by stating that it is the work of an accomplished and well educated lady, with a nice sense of the graceful and the beautiful, and possessing a high tone of moral feeling, but without one particle of genius, and with talents certainly not above the ordinary run of those possessed by most females of the higher and middle classes, as they are developed by the mode of instruction of the present day. If the work could be established as an amusing school-book for the leisure hours of the elder pupils, it is as much as it has any right to aspire to, though not more than it deserves.

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*The Three Groats.* Translated from the Italian (*Il trè Giuli*) of G. B. CASTI; with a Memoir of the Author, and some account of his other Works. A new Edition, with Numismatic Notes. By M. MONTAGU.

“New lamps for old!” was the cry in that excellent tale in the “Arabian Nights,” and here are “Three Groats” offered for seven shillings and sixpence. The bargain, in both cases, seems to involve with it fearful doubts. We all know how pleasantly the exchange of new lamps for old turned out to him who coveted the rusty ones; but why we should give ninety pence for twelve is not so easily explained. We were ourselves for some time at a loss—so we slept over it—and who can help sleeping at the third or fourth page of this volume? We suddenly awoke with a nausea, and then the truth burst upon us. Medicine is expensive, and drugs generally very bitterly tasted. Opiates, internally administered, when too often repeated, damage the constitution. Here then is a remedy for all these evils—two hundred sonnets upon the same subject for forty-eight farthings, besides sixteen supplemental ones—is this not dealing in the wholesale way? Take ten such sonnets, at least in their English preparation, and you are fast asleep—order your servant to rouse you in spite of your drowsiness, take six more, and your saving in *nux vomica* will be prodigious. Two hundred and sixteen sonnets, each upon three groats, and upon nothing else! We may administer one or two of these upon our readers without much fear of evil consequences, but let them beware of more.

“Your letter, my Ergastes! duly got’,  
That you had charged Lesbinus to convey—  
Has given me such delight as I may say  
I never felt before, for I had not:  
Eager I read it thrice and once to boot,  
Nor can I from my hand aside yet lay:  
It seems it virtue has to pluck away  
The bitter grief that in my heart takes root.  
And I may state—that from (unsettled yet)  
The day I made that paltry Three Groats’ debt,  
Which has occasion’d me so much ill-blood,  
Till now no other pleasure have I known,  
Nor any happiness has been my own,  
But that your friendly letter has bestow’d.”

This is not amiss for once, but then

“Thou say’st that no one hitherto has found  
The Circle’s Quadrature—nor ever will:  
And, my Chrysophilus! it must be own’d,  
And—I confess—’tis undiscover’d still:  
For, altho’ some reduce it to a bound  
Of squares—triangles—and what not—to fill,  
Yet its extremities of curve around  
They cannot measure with unerring skill.



But though no demonstration has till now  
 Been given to make the Quadrature appear,  
 Perhaps some person yet will show us how ;  
 For as 'tis there—there 'tis : but so they'll not  
 (Which, on the other hand, is not less clear)  
 Find out Three Groats on me—if I've not got."

And so on, as it were, *in sæculis sæculorum*, is like placing an eternal nightmare upon a man's bosom, and never permitting him the luxury of death. How the translator got through his work is one of the prodigies that philosophy will never account for. We should opine that he is fast asleep now, or he never would have published this miracle of narcotics. We are a little inclined to think that it was produced by several hands, at long intervals, and that the thing is a speculation of the snuff-manufacturers, for the pungent excitement of the dust in which they deal is absolutely necessary after the fourth sonnet, and that too in quantities most abundant, and of a quality the most acrid. Let our friends see how it ends.

" Last night, within my chamber while immured ;  
 And, by the radiance that a rushlight shed,  
 Singing the woes I've from my Dun endured ;  
 Apollo stood before, and thus he said :—  
 ' Thou'st sported now enough—thy debt is paid :  
 If Honour's call be in thy bosom heard,  
 Wake themes that may immortalize thee—dead.'  
 Then on me stern he frown'd, and disappeared.  
 A heavy trance now o'er my senses came,—  
 The lyre fell from my hand, went out the flame,  
 And—sticking in my throat—expired the lay.  
 At last again then coming to my thoughts,—  
 ' Here now (said I) henceforth, good night ! I say,  
 For ever to my Dun and his Three Groats.' "

Will these Three Groats pass current ? or will they not be nailed to the counter for a base shilling ? or, if at all used, only available for twenty-four pennyworth of poppy juice ?

*English Melodies, and other Poems.* By THOMAS JOHN OUSELY, author of " A Vision of Death's Distræction."

" English Melodies !" Yes, the title is appropriate—everything has been sacrificed to a honeyed sweetness of versification. We think that it would be difficult to find two inharmonious lines in the volumes, and equally hard to discover one grand and powerful thought. Let us take the author's first poem, and most certainly he would not place his worst in the place of precedence, and analyze it, and the reader will soon see of what glittering common-places it is composed, bound together in the most tuneful verse. Removing the dazzle of the rhyme he says,

" Mother, thy name is far holier than aught that the man of tongue can tell." Common-place, and untrue, at least to a religious mind.

"You were a guiding star to me, and to know you was to love you well." Still common-place, and the guiding star is an incongruous and most misplaced image in so domestic a subject.

"To know you was not only to love you, but to worship you." Bad on account of its extravagance, the more especially as the assertion is generalized.

"For even now fond memory blends me with the past,"—the true Rosa Matilda style—"before grief had mocked your smiling brow." This last sentence has no legitimate sequence with its antecedent, and the next, "That love was first, but 'twill be the last," is an assertion uncalled for by the context, and nonsensical, for the love of Mr. Ousely for his mother was not because he remembered her when she was handsome, or he must have been a very bad son, but simply because she was his mother; and that his love will be "the last," is a mere flourish of the pen; for if he meant it as truth, he must have something a little more revolting than a rotten pippin for a heart. And yet, as verse go, the verse is a good verse—a verse of words, not of thoughts. It has unexceptionable rhyme, pleasant rhythm, the jingle of antithesis of sound, such as "now" being opposed to "past," "grief" to "smiling," and "first" "to last," all in three lines. We do assure the author that we have read all his verses, and that amongst them we find none better, and some worse, than the poem, if poem we must call it, on which we have commented. Should we critically examine his "Song of the Earth to the Moon," upon which we suppose that he somewhat prides himself, inasmuch as he has taken the trouble especially to inform his readers that "it was originally published in 'Bentley's Miscellany,' November, 1838," he would be astonished at the inaccurate, yet pompous common-places which he has strung together, and which, because they are tunefully-paraded, he supposes them to be poetry. The author is a most finished and delicate workman, that is, a versifier, and there is nothing wanting in him, but the proper materials upon which to expand his skill—a rather awkward want for one who would fain write himself *poet*.

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*Your Life.* By the author of "My Life, by an Ex-Dissenter."

To plead to the inanity of not having any politics at all, is a confessing that one is unworthy the exercise of civil rights, or even a station among rational beings; but to obtrude them unnecessarily is generally inexpedient, and often offensive. In a publication like the *Metropolitan*, principally devoted to the interest of the *belles lettres*, it is generally incumbent to avoid, as much as possible, all reference to those subjects which involve the spirit of party; but, in the present turbid state of public feeling, politics will mingle themselves up in most questions, and in none more so than in those which are agitated in the work before us. Though the language may be old-fashioned, and but little musical to the ears of the extra liberal, we are still faithful to our constitution, as established in Church and State, and, though we disdain being Tories, feel proud of ranging ourselves with

the noblest and the best of the land, under the banners of conservatism. Thus thinking, we cannot view the production that we are now noticing with other sentiments than those of friendly sorrow. We deplore the extravagance and violence exhibited in "Your Life," and feel assured that such writings as these will sooner exasperate to rebellion, and induce revolution, than all that Chartist ever raved about, or that democrat ever imagined. To follow out the doctrines here propounded, if they possibly could be acted upon, would be to render everything subservient to a church militant, and we should have no other constitution than that tolerated by ecclesiastical law, and no other government than an iron theocracy. The following quotations will show the spirit of this work.

"Those who love honours without labour, and privileges without merit, have also cried out for some reform of the Church dignities. They have got hold of certain figures and round sums, and because the Archbishop of Canterbury has 17,000*l.* per annum, and the Bishop of London 11,700*l.*, they cry out 'shame!' Yes, shame indeed!—but the shame is that they have *so little*. And these 'shame' criers never think of complaining that the Bishop of Llandaff has but 1,000*l.*, the Bishop of Chester but 3,250*l.*, the Bishop of Exeter but 2,700*l.*, of Oxford but 2,400*l.*, of Rochester but 1,459*l.*, of St. David's but 2,500*l.*, and of Sodor and Man but 2,000*l.*"

What is this but placing temporalities before spiritualities—the making the "pumps and vanities of the wicked world" everything, and the humble holiness of the priestly character nothing? The following will show the exigent and all-grasping spirit of this author—the italics and capitals are his own.

"Men of large fortunes must be asked for *large* contributions. Men of baronial estates and influence must be taught to feel that churches, chapels, and endowments, schools, glebe-houses, or central houses, must be erected by themselves. But this will not be sufficient. Undoubtedly the nobility and gentry of this country can do much; but far more can be accomplished by compelling parliament, compelling the government, to appropriate annually some TWO OR THREE MILLIONS extra for Church and Christian purposes. But how is this to be brought about? Let the clergy convoke at their glebe-houses the respectable, wealthy, influential, and *church-going* portion of their parishioners, and when they are too numerous to meet in the parlours, let them be assembled in the vestries or the churches themselves. Let them be taught to understand and feel what is required for the Church, what the Church is in need of; let them be made acquainted with Church history and Church statistics; let them be shown how the rights of the Church have been taken from her, how the sphere of Church influence has been diminished, how the revenues of the Church have been spoliated, and how it is proposed to remedy past wrongs and prevent future evils, and millions of signatures would be volunteered to an almost countless number of petitions to both Houses of Parliament, and to addresses to the Queen in behalf of Church extension, Church protection, and Church influence. Debates are necessary—discussions are unavailing—the dissenters are not asked to sign or to petition."

This is agitation with a vengeance, and intimidation too. The compelling men of fortune to give up parts of their estates has a little the appearance of spoliation and wholesale robbery. The three millions extra annually for the clergy, from this embarrassed and too oppressed

country, reads more like a joke than a sober proposition ; and the suppressing all discussion and debate upon measures so momentary as are these, is the way of arguing rather of a Cæsar with twenty legions, than that of a pious advocate for the truth. In another place, the repeal of the Act of Mortmain is strongly insisted upon, in favour only of the Established Church ;—in fact, it would be making our Church popish in all but the name, and much more than popish in power. Can this writer be serious ?

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*The Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland.* By W. B. Sarsfield Taylor, Curator of the Living Model Academy, Translator of M. MERIMÉ's "Work on Oil Painting," &c. &c. &c. 2 Vols.

We will not say that this skilful author has, in the present work, exhausted the subject, for the subject is inexhaustible, but he has done more for it than any other writer, whether we consider his admirable methodical arrangements, his great research, and the mass of the most valuable information which he has accumulated. There is no doubt that, in a progressing community, the advance which that community has made in prosperity will be indicated by its approximation to perfection of the various arts and sciences which are designated the fine arts, or which are auxiliary to their development. When a country becomes stationary, or has even commenced the awful march of retrogression, for a time the fine arts will flourish untouched by the increasing evils of poverty and destitution among the masses, for, at such a crisis, wealth has been accumulated in vast quantities in few hands, and it is to this fortunate portion only to which great genius and elaborate mechanism can look for patronage. We will yield to no one in our love and veneration for exquisite art in all its branches, and yet we fear that the ornamental may be cultivated at the expense of the useful in such an over-populated and poverty-impregnated state of society as that which England now exhibits. We merely state this to account for any lukewarmness which may appear on our parts, when we discuss the propriety of expending thousands of the public money upon the mere adjuncts of embellishment, and to excuse us from going so far in his most amiable enthusiasm as Mr. Taylor is often carried on this most fascinating subject. To return to this work. The preface is a most able treatise upon what is so admirably discussed afterwards in the detail. The following sound opinion from so experienced a connoisseur and so impartial a judge as Mr. Taylor must be very acceptable to our readers.

" At present the artists of the United Kingdom are not inferior to those of any contemporary school on the continent. Each of those has its peculiar features. The best of them is the French School, which pays much attention to correctness of drawing in the human figure, but does not equal the English school in colour and *chiaro scuro*. The Belgian ap-

proaches nearer to the English manner. The Germans draw correctly, but are still too minute and careful on details, and in finishing every part with a degree of finical exactness which is not pleasing to the mind, because it appears to be the product of close plodding labour. The Italian schools have no character at present in any of the arts. Spain is still worse. In Holland, and partly in Belgium, the chief occupation of the artists appears to be manufacturing forgeries of 'old masters,' of which regular cargoes are exported to England every year, and put off as genuine, upon persons who have much more money than judgment in such matters.

"In sculpture, the English is decidedly superior to every school in Europe, except that of France, where the government always keeps employed some of the ablest native artists, whilst in Britain employment in this expensive department of art is precarious.

"In architecture also our school is rapidly advancing, both in theory and practice."

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"In the art of engraving, whether in line or mezzotinto, the English school stands in the highest rank; in the latter branch, no other nation can approach them. Amongst the host of able artists in this line, those that immediately occur to us are Houston, J. Raffael, Smith, Reynolds, Lupton. The latter made a vast improvement, by introducing steel plates, instead of copper, as previously used. Charles Turner, Henry Cousins, &c. etching in the subject on the plate was another great improvement, in giving richness, by a variety of textures characteristic of draperies, furniture, &c., and the last great improvement was the application of the line tool to certain parts of the work, which gives greater clearness and a finer finish to the work. This was the invention of William Cousins, A.R.A. whose skill in this branch of art is so well known.

"In the line manner, Strange, Wollett, Sharp, Pyne, W. Byrne, &c. of the old school, rank very high. At present the catalogue of excellent artists in this class of art must be numerous, for the quantity of finely-engraved plates published annually is very considerable. Amongst these are Landseer, A.R.A., G. Doo, Pye, Graves, A.R.A., Bromley, A.R.A., R. J. Lane, A.R.A. (The Scottish engravers are mentioned in Vol. II.)

"In miniature painting, our artists are decidedly superior to those of every other country at present: witness the works of Robertson, Denning, C. Ross, Thorburn, Newton, &c. In enamel painting, where on the continent shall we find proficients equal to ours in that art,—Bone, Muss, and W. Essex? Muss was the first enameller who gave that *impasto* and texture to enamel which constitutes it a new and peculiarly English art. The enamellers of France are the best on the continent, but their work is mere porcelain as compared with that of England. The English enamellers can fire their pictures fifty times, if necessary, which accounts for the great richness, texture, and effect they display; but a French artist cannot safely venture to fire his work more than four or five times. Essex has still further improved upon Muss's system, and his works have great breadth of effect and a rich tone of colour. This artist is much employed by her majesty queen Victoria."

This gentleman also gives England the palm in staining glass, and states most truly that in wood engraving we are far superior to the rest of the world. In the sculpture of silver it also appears that we are pre-eminent; indeed, it seems that we take the lead of all other nations in everything excepting music, dancing—and, yes, we must add, cookery. Mr. Taylor, after paying a just tribute to most of our

living artists individually, which we have too much inclination and too little space to quote, then proceeds vigorously to the disquisition of his subject matter. He commences *ab ovo*, even from the rudiments of art among the savage tribes. It seems to us that the impulse towards imitation is the very first that we feel after that of hunger. It is almost the first indication of intellect in the child, and of course, wherever there is man, there there will be some of the first rudiments of the fine arts. Mr. Taylor of course gets hold of Dædalus, which brings him to Greek sculpture, that naturally introduces him to the arts in Italy. In the second chapter our author becomes more strictly historical, and we have hereafter a continuous chronicle of events, as bearing upon, or connected with, the fine arts, brought down to the reign of Charles II., and this brings us to the end of the first volume. In the commencement of the second volume the historical and chronological plan is still followed down to the reign of William IV. Indeed, we cannot think that a single thing of consequence connected with the arts is omitted in this clear and well-narrated summary. *En passant*, we must quote an anecdote highly honourable to the memory of Canova.

“In 1808, the university of Cambridge passed a resolution to erect a statue to their late representative and chancellor, the right hon. William Pitt. A very large sum was voted to defray the expense of the work, and the aid of an able sculptor was sought for to carry the resolution into effect. Our readers, with true English feeling, will take it as granted, that the directors in this affair, to whom the truly learned heads of the university had confided its management, might have found a native sculptor at that period who would have done ample justice to the distinguished subject, and added to the honours of British art. No, the learned doctors did no such thing. Their knowledge in the fine arts being most likely very slender, they concluded that no English sculptor could execute the statue; and without making any inquiry in London, they wrote at once officially to Canova in Italy, inviting him to come over and perform this work. But these profound mathematicians made a great error in their calculation; Canova was a man of true genius, and had all the high feeling which is invariably its attendant. He declined their invitation and their commission in very polite terms; but they felt justly rebuked when he, with a truly noble spirit, saved England from the disgrace of this most inconsiderate scheme, by assuring them that they need not send to a foreign nation for good sculptors, because they would find, on inquiry, that there were at that time several of their own countrymen who were of high rank in that profession. Canova thus saved, in some degree, the honour of that great university, which her own sons knew not how to sustain in this transaction.”

Yes, there can be no doubt that the cause of English art so long remaining in abeyance may be discovered in the conduct of the exclusive classes of England. The rich, the powerful, and the great, are ever foolishly endeavouring to make the lines of demarcation which they fancy divide them from their countrymen more strong and more impassable. The readiest way they have of doing this is to affect to despise them. It is thus that foreign artists of all descriptions devour, or rather did devour, all the favour and the patronage of our aristocracy. It may be depended upon that the great never supposed



that their fellow-subjects had not the capabilities of foreigners ; but they feared and hesitated to make those fellow-subjects too much their equals, by lifting them into a familiarity that must necessarily follow great success. Happy are we to know that much of this has passed and is passing away ; yet we still see too much of it in many branches of the fine arts. The remainder of this valuable volume is occupied with a history and description of the various societies, and the most eminent professors who adorn them. In conclusion, we can truly assert, that this work gives us every information that may be required on the important matter of which it treats, and is an excellent treatise by which to form the taste of any person who has yet to acquire one. The style is unaffected, and very pleasing, bearing upon it that best and freshest of impressions, the conviction of candour and of truth. We should conceive that another work upon this very important subject will not be called for these fifty years ; and when our great advancement towards perfection shall have made such work necessary, we hope the future author will do Mr. Taylor the justice to state that such advancement was, in no little degree, attributable to his having so ably roused the public attention—that is, if Mr. Taylor cares a straw for posthumous reputation.

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*George Cruikshank's Omnibus.* No. III., for July.

This is our George's third omnibus, or, if he would rather have it so, the third trip of his new omnibus, the same and indivisible. We should like this nice metaphysical point settled. However, be this as it may, the things which it carries are all excellent, and some of them first rate. The "Election Squib," which is wholly and solely the production of this first of omnibus proprietors, is a volume in itself of compressed and historical satire. This number, in the literary department, is opened by a brisk and very opportune article, entitled "My vote and interest." "The Census" no ways deserves censure, and the poem of "Life's Masquerading," by Leman Blanchard, is worthy of that gentleman's reputation. The third chapter of "Frank Hearland, or Fifty Years Ago," by Bowman Tiller, is good, but we hardly think appropriate in this exhilarating publication. It looks like a continuation minacious of three volumes—a much too heavy fare for this go-ahead vehicle. Let it be fully understood that we highly commend the story *per se*—but it is something like introducing a rich plum-pudding with the champagne and the claret. We have no right to expect a *pièce de resistance* with the dessert. We only offer this as a hint, for, after all, the *man wot drives* knows best. The "Living out of London" is amusing, and the "Omnibus Chat" various and spirited. Altogether, the affair is a decided hit. The popularity of this mode of conveyance for our wits into all manner of pleasant places, and in every variety of pleasant direction, must monthly increase. It is the best appointed and the best horsed team in the field. The only dan-

ger to which it can be at all subjected, is that of attempting to carry too heavy weights. Magnitude and ponderosity are very imposing, but not always well suited to great velocity and the touch and go trick. We take our leave of this very pleasant production for a month; but we shall be most eager to hail its successor for another trip in the realms of wit and fancy, and till then we very lovingly bid it "farewell."

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*The Manners and Customs of Society in India, including Scenes in the Moofussil Station, interspersed with characteristic Tales and Anecdotes, and Reminiscences of the late Burmese War. To which are added Instructions for the guidance of Cadets and other young gentlemen during their first year's Residence in India. By MRS. MAJOR CLEMENS.*

A very amusing work, and as untarnished by a fault as almost any with which we ever met. The narrative is for the most part that of an eye-witness and an actor, and consequently it bears upon it indubitable marks of authenticity. There is nothing very novel in the lady's description of the voyage from England to Madras, or in the episode of the nautical ceremony usual in crossing the line, but it has the recommendation of being rapid and short. Her description of Madras is faithful, and a view is taken of it, not usual but very correct. The interest becomes very powerful, when, as a soldier's wife, she partakes of many a soldier's hardships in her life in a camp. We have descriptions of what really takes place in the practical everyday life of the Anglo-Indian officer. The parts of the work which we like the least are those occupied by the love-stories—we doubt if they be true; and if true, we have no doubt but that they are so related as to appear like fictions. The accounts of localities are excellent, and certainly form the most amusing portions of the work. The authoress seems to have a high opinion of the whole system of discipline, policy, and judgment of the East India Company, and she shows cause for her assertions. But the instructions for the young Cadets alone would make this volume of the greatest value. They are just like the warnings, admonitions, and advice of an experienced father, delivered in the gentle and anxious language of a fond mother. Nothing difficult is insisted upon, nothing impossible recommended. First of all, the requisite necessities for the youth are pointed out, what to take, and what to leave—how to comport himself when he arrives at Madras, and all the routine that he will have to go through—how he is to equip himself for his first march, and the necessity of learning immediately two of the native languages is insisted upon. There is much good sense displayed in the admonitions against getting into debt in India. This appears to be the great stumbling-block to our young aspirants. She shows that debt may easily be avoided, and a gentlemanly appearance maintained upon the Company's pay and allowances. Her remarks upon the climate, and how most effectually to disarm it of its fatality and inconveniences, are admirable, and

should be familiar to every one who may seek these regions. Indeed, she has left but little unsaid, and has given a moral and physical code of laws with which every resident in an Indian empire ought to be familiarly conversant. Much as we admire this production for the amusement it offers, we are bound to say that its principal recommendation is its abundant utility.

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*The Laird of Logan ; or, Anecdotes and Tales illustrative of the Wit and Humour of Scotland.*

This is a second, an enlarged, and an improved edition of a work, the first of which we favourably noticed many months back. It appears that, since then, death has been busy with the original concoctors of this volume, and that they were all taken from the world—a world that they would have made one of fun and frolic—prematurely. These three persons were John Donald Carrick, William Motherwell, and Andrew Anderson—the first two authors, and the third an artist by profession. There is nothing very extraordinary in the biographies of these gentlemen ; and though, in some measure, they may be said to have made mirth and the exciting of mirth their occupation, they all had their full share of the sad and sorrowful realities of life. It is hardly worth the while repeating our sentiments on this work as a jest-book, but, taking it as a specimen of the Scottish idea of that in which wit and humour consist, we should say that it does not exactly coincide with that entertained by the English. We see through these pages no startling coruscations of genius, no flashes of sudden comicality, but, in their stead, a dry, sly, stealthy sort of drollery, which burns and smoulders, yet never flashes up or sparkles. They seem best adapted to please those of a grave and saturnine temperament—those who prefer the chuckle to the laugh, and who love to perform their cachinnations inwardly. It is a very pleasant book to be taken up casually, and to be dipped into occasionally, but dreadful to be read regularly. But in this it is no worse than the very best collections of jokes and bon-mots. There is this valid reason why we cannot make an extract from the volume :—if we took the very best of the few really brilliant things which it displays, it would give an unfair and a very exaggerated idea of its merits ; if we took an average specimen, we should content no one—those who have a property in the book would think us unjust, and our readers be but little pleased with the selection ; and to pick out the worst among the many bad, would be really invidious. In a word, the sentence passed by the old epigrammatist upon his own collection of good things, is nicely applicable to the clishmaclavers of the Laird of Logan, and that is our only excuse for quoting it for about the ten thousandth time—

“Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,”

which may thus be rendered as applicable to the work before us—

Some good, indifferent many, bad the most,  
Are what the jokes that Logan's laird can boast.

*The Last King of Ulster.* 3 Vols.

This is a very respectable performance, and nothing more. The introduction is by far the best part of it. It caused us to hope for something better than that which the perusal of the romance realized to us. It is sensible, but insufferably dull. Wordy, wordy, wordy—this iteration of many words over the one fact, or the one sentiment, would throw a tarnish over the surface even of fine gold. A monk is the relater of the exploits of this the last king of Ulster, and he is more than proverbially prosy. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the action of the romance relates, of course, principally to Ireland. The story opens with the escape of the young prince of Tyrconnel—almost all the ancient Irish landlords were princes—from the custody of the English viceroy (deputy the official was then called) from a prison in Dublin. He had been placed there for that strongest yet worst of state reasons—expediency. This young heir to much bog takes refuge with the Earl of Tyrone, a tamed Irishman, who had accepted from the Queen the title and a pension. However, he aspires and plots to become the king, or rather, as it is termed, the “O'Neill” of Ulster, and in due time lifts his independent standard, and, as a sovereign potentate, makes war upon his late sovereign himself. The romance does not inform us how this rebellion terminated, but treats only of the wonderful events that happened during its progress. They are too wonderful to be credible, and the great surprise to us is, how so many monstrous lies should make such very dull reading. When you see a man cut down, and the breath out of his body, you can never be sure that he is dead—even a burial won't secure him from “entering an appearance,” as the lawyers say, at some future period. And then, throughout the story, most of the personages are not what they seem, which is very tantalizing; so that the reader never can be sure of his man, or of his woman either. A little of this sort of mystification is well; but when all is mystified, it is like playing at hide and seek with shadows—very foolish and very tiresome. But there is a good deal of valuable information to be derived from all this prosy rubbish. The account of the court of Queen Elizabeth is correct, and full of good matter. The manners of the wild Irish of that wild day are well portrayed, and the description of the various scenery on which the actors are brought is by no means contemptible. The great, the weighing-down failure of the romance, is dulness. We may add, by way of a wind-up, that that which the author has heavily told, the printer has most heavily printed—the volumes are full of typographical errors.

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*The History of Napoleon.* Edited by R. H. HORNE. Illustrated with many hundred Engravings on Wood, from designs by ROFFEL and VERNET. 2 Vols.

The thirty-first number of this work has completed the two volumes of this biography, with all its embellishments and its accessories. It

is likely to become popular, and it assuredly deserves it. The author, or, if he chooses to be more modest, the compiler of this work, has all through attempted the utmost impartiality, and, in general, succeeded—a task of no little difficulty, since he has evidently so great a veneration for his hero. England had much to deplore in Napoleon as an unconquered enemy, but still more when he became her vanquished prisoner. We have mismanaged this matter dreadfully as it regards our national honour, and the position which we shall take in future history—indeed, this St. Helena celebrity has proved, in a great measure, fatal to the glory of the captors and the captive. How mean was the oppression on one hand, and how very little and petulant the opposition on the other! A great mind could and would have adapted itself to circumstances. There was something radically low in Bonaparte's contending so obstinately for the etiquette and title of emperor, when he had so completely ceased to be one, *de jure* as well as *de facto*. These remarks have been forced upon us by reading, perhaps for the twentieth time, the history of this man's last years and days at St. Helena. We can safely recommend this publication, and are sure that it will bind up in two respectable-looking volumes, well printed, and, with some exceptions, well elucidated. We recommend them to our friends, and bid it farewell.

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*The Round Table; a Collection of Essays on Literary Men and Manners.* By WILLIAM HAZLITT.

The gradually-increasing reputation of the classic Hazlitt must be the purest of proud feelings to his son, and every succeeding edition of his works proves that good taste still exists amongst us, and that in our essayists we may compete with the best writers of any age or of any country. With the exception of twelve very superior papers from Leigh Hunt, all the rest of the volume is the production of Hazlitt himself. To speak of the merits of the essays of the "Round Table" would be entirely superfluous, they having, by unanimous consent, been admitted amongst the standard literature of England. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, and is, to use the language of the trade, very neatly got up, meaning, of course, the book, and not the dedication, for the latter deserves another epithet of commendation.

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*Abridgment of Murray's English Grammar Improved; with an enlarged Appendix.* By J. HARVEY.

This is a praiseworthy little publication. It appears to be the work of a practical man—of one who knows by experience in what the common grammar excels, and in what it falls short, and as able as willing, by supplying its deficiencies, to render it still better fitted for

educational purposes. But suppressing other unimportant matter, Mr. Harvey has been enabled to add a number of very useful orthographical, syntactical, and punctuational exercises without increasing the bulk of the book, but much increasing its value, for in the minutiae of grammar continued practice is peculiarly requisite to expertness and facility. We hope to see this little work become popular in schools.

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*The Pictorial History of England; being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom.* Illustrated with many hundred Woodcuts.

This history has advanced to the seventh part, and flows onward with that agreeable and well-sustained dignity which ought always to characterize historical compositions. However, we must say that this part contains very little that concerns *the people* independently, and especially since it is almost wholly occupied by a description of the leaders of the two venal parties struggling for power. There is, also, a plentiful paucity, if we may use the expression, of the promised woodcuts—but these are minor matters (only promises should not be broken) to the real value of this work. We like its spirit, and we revere its impartiality. We think that the following scene will be interesting to every lover of civil liberty, as it led to an alteration in the still to be much altered law of libel.

“One more case of trial for libel we shall notice—a case remarkable for the eloquent speech of Erskine, which is considered to have prepared the way for the introduction of Mr. Fox’s libel bill. In the year 1784, the Dean of St. Asaph was indicted for publishing the ‘Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer,’ written by Sir William Jones. The case ultimately came on for trial at the summer assizes for Shrewsbury, in the year 1784. Mr. Erskine rested his client’s defence upon two principles; first, that the jury had the right of pronouncing whether the tract was a libel or not; secondly, that the publication of the tract by the defendant, without any criminal intent, but, on the contrary, with a sincere desire to benefit the country, could not be construed into a libellous publication. The jury returned the verdict, ‘Guilty of publishing only.’ Upon which a somewhat warm discussion ensued between the judge who presided at the trial, Mr. Justice Buller, and Mr. Erskine, as to the mode in which the verdict should be taken.

“‘*Mr. Justice Buller.*—You say he is guilty of publishing the pamphlet, and that the meaning of the innuendos is as stated in the indictment?

“‘*A Juror.*—Certainly.

“‘*Mr. Erskine.*—Is the word *only* to stand as part of your verdict?

“‘*A Juror.*—Certainly.

“‘*Mr. Erskine.*—Then I insist it shall be recorded.

“‘*Mr. Justice Buller.*—Then the verdict must be misunderstood. Let me understand the jury.

“‘*Mr. Erskine.*—The jury do understand their verdict.

“‘*Mr. Justice Buller.*—Sir, I will not be interrupted.



“ ‘*Mr. Erskine.*—I stand here as an advocate for a brother-citizen, and I desire that the word *only* may be recorded.

“ ‘*Mr. Justice Buller.*—Sit down, sir! Remember your duty, or I shall be obliged to proceed in another manner.

“ ‘*Mr. Erskine.*—Your lordship may proceed in what manner you think fit. I know my duty as well as your lordship knows yours. I shall not alter my conduct.’

“ The verdict of the jury ultimately was, that the dean was guilty of publishing, but whether it was a libel or not they did not find. In the following term Mr. Erskine obtained a rule for a new trial, on the ground of a misdirection of the judge, who had told the jury that the matter for them to decide was, whether the defendant was guilty of the *fact* or not. In the course of the same term the rule came on to be argued, and was supported by Mr. Erskine in a speech which Mr. Fox regarded with such admiration, that he repeatedly declared he thought it the finest argument in the English language. It was addressed, however, not to a jury, but to judges whose minds were made up on the question. The court answered it by a reference to their own practice, and that of their immediate predecessors. ‘Such a judicial practice,’ said Lord Mansfield, ‘on the precise point, from the revolution down to the present day, as, I think, is not to be shaken by arguments of general theory or popular declamation.’

“ In the course of his speech Mr. Erskine paid the following extremely elegant and well-turned compliment to the chief justice:—‘I am one of those,’ said he, ‘who could almost lull myself by these reflections from the apprehension of *immediate* mischief, even from the law of libel laid down by your lordship, if you were always to continue to administer it yourself. I should feel a protection in the gentleness of your character; in the love of justice, which its own intrinsic excellence forces upon a mind enlightened by science and enlarged by liberal education; and in that dignity of disposition which grows with the growth of an illustrious reputation, and becomes a sort of pledge to the public for security. But such a security is a shadow which passeth away. You cannot, my lord, be immortal, and how can you answer for your successor? If you maintain the doctrines which I seek to overturn, you render yourself responsible for all the abuses that may follow from them to our latest posterity.’ The question was finally settled by Mr. Fox’s libel bill in 1792, (32 Geo. III. c. 60,) which declares the right of the jury to find a general verdict upon the whole matter.”

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*History of British Forest Trees.* By PRIDEAUX JOHN SELBY, F.R.S.E., F.L.S., &c. Illustrated by a Woodcut of each species, and numerous Vignettes.

We have received the first part of this undertaking, and like it much. Without tautologous introduction, or the presumption of a preface, it begins at once by a description of the common lime tree. The woodcut which represents it is very beautiful. There is just enough said on the subject to satisfy the mind, and nothing tedious or extraneous introduced to swell out the text. The sycamore, with its portrait, admirably executed, forms the next subject, and it is well yet compendiously treated. The Norway and common field maple next meet with attention, which are followed by the horse chestnut—and a very gorgeous engraving we have of it. The holly and the false acacia conclude this very interesting number of a work which bids fair to attain a very wide circulation.

*The History of the British Empire in India.* By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq., author of "India, its State and Prospects," &c., &c.

This history, now brought down to the year 1759, proceeds in a very satisfactory manner. Its style is fluent and perspicuous, and although the author does not affect the imposing dignity of much philosophical research, he reasons well upon the various events which he relates, and well designates actions by their right names, after having traced them to their true motives. It will be seen, in the early part of our domination in India, upon what a very unstable footing we held our authority, and how much, how very much, depended upon mere accident. We may mainly attribute our ultimate success to firmness of purpose, and a comparative degree of honesty, which enabled us to win the respect of the most treacherous and dishonest set of little sovereigns that ever afflicted the face of the earth. There was no honour, in fact no reliance, among themselves. The English were the only people that could be depended upon, and thus, in the end, they became the umpire of their destinies. So far as we have seen, we recommend this work.

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*The Marrying Man.* By the author of "Cousin Geoffrey." 3 Vols.

This novel is remarkable for the rare quality of genuine humour—many of the characters, and of the incidents, are extremely comic. Mr. Burridge, the marrying man—a vain, surly, beauish, yet a good-hearted old fellow—is a most mirth-provoking person. Tim, his valet, is, in his way, equally good, and so are four immortal spinsters (the Ildertons). These characters are all richly humorous; and we may include an old Scotch tailor, who has the honour of arraying "the marrying man" himself. Lord Stare, Marvel Brown Dempster, Sir William and Lady Vernon, and the Tadpoles, are witty satires on the classes they represent. The story is natural and interesting, the style graceful and sprightly. We would say the satire is sometimes a little too severe, but it is less so than in "Cousin Geoffrey"—therefore we trust that this fault, in a future work, may be remedied entirely. Our limits prevent our extracting any of the parts which have amused and delighted us. We conclude with a cordial anxiety for the reappearance of so clever a writer, who should now drop the *anonyme*, and claim an approbation so well deserved. The talent displayed in "Cousin Geoffrey" had raised our expectations;—nor have those expectations been disappointed in our perusal of "The Marrying Man."

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## NEW MUSIC.

*We parted in silence.* Cavatina. Sung by the AUTHOR and Mr. FRAZER. HILL & Co.

*Farewell, thrice cherished wreath.* Ballad. Sung by Miss SUSAN HOBBS. HILL & Co.

Both these songs are from the pen of the well-known popular writer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," Mr. F. Nicholls Crouch, one of our most original and effective writers; for, no matter what the subject, whatever he handles is sure to be painted like an artist, the colouring always good, the harmony congenial to the story, and the design true to nature; a course which he appears to have marked out for himself, and most successfully, no ballads being more sought after than Mr. Crouch's, and few more effective for the concert or the drawing-room. "We parted in silence," is written for a tenor of good compass, and in the hands of Mr. Frazer we doubt not will create the effect its merits deserve; it consists of a series of movements expressive of the words, concluding with an *agitato* in nine-eighths on the title of the song, most expressive and well conceived, the nervousness of the accompaniment portraying in a marked manner the utter loneliness of the bereaved one. We greatly admire the last verse, which is full of passion, deep feeling, and sentiment: the Coda is also well conceived, though bordering on the Italian style somewhat too much, a fault unpardonable in Mr. Crouch, whose fertile as well as original imaginings would have done honour to his abilities as a clever musician, to have avoided (this of all hackneyed schools the worst) the Italian.

"Farewell, thrice-cherished wreath," founded on the Persian tradition of floating a wreath of flowers with a burning lamp in the centre down the river; words and music by Mr. Crouch. Here the composer has evidently followed the heat of his own inventive genius, and a more original ballad it has seldom been our fortune to review. It is certainly not one of the most simple, but in the hands of a good performer it will make its own effect, and win upon you, spite of the difficulty.

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*Dermot Astore.* D'ALMAINE & Co. Soho Square. An Irish Ballad, words by Mrs. CRAWFORD, being a continuation of Mr. Crouch's gifted work, "Echoes of the Lakes," and a Reply to the celebrated Song by the same popular Author's "Kathleen Mavourneen."

We have for some time been anxiously expecting a fresh series of this delightful work, and knowing the fertile source from which it originally emanated, we had pictured in our minds the Lakes of Auld Ireland, of Bonnie Scotland, of Westmorland, Cumberland, &c. &c., all affording subjects of great beauty and graphic description, in which

the composer has been so eminently successful, and whose pen, if not existence, breathes nothing but sweet sounds, and so allied to nature, that his melodies and accompaniments are perfectly charming. The one before us is an "Echo" of great beauty, deep feeling, pathos, and originality, and will go far to outstrip its famed predecessor "Kathleen Mavourneen." We are at a loss in the present instance to point out which deserves the greatest share of praise, the fair writer or the composer. Both have tuned the lyre to nature, and both have succeeded; yet without the alliance of each other the charms of both would have been lost. It is evident that both authoress and composer have been nurtured in the same school, "Nature," and that both have written under the same feelings and nervous excitement. With such an union of feelings and sentiment, it cannot be wondered at that both are in perfect keeping, and that the spell which this ballad has gathered around us in its present form, would have failed in any other hands but those to which the task has been allotted. The key is A flat, simply yet beautifully treated. We particularly admire the taste displayed in the relative minor F, from thence to C and back again to the original key, in the words

"I know we must part, but O say not for ever!  
That it may be for years, adds enough to my pain."

Mr. Crouch has expressed them most exquisitely, for it is in this kind of passages that his music goes at once to the heart. The song is written and dedicated to Miss Masson, one of our most gifted vocalists, and we are confident, in her skilful hands, it will obtain a reputation not to be easily forgotten by the real lovers of genuine melody and simple harmony. We earnestly recommend this song to musicians as well as amateurs.

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*Sacred and Moral Songs.* Words by Dr. WATTS, Music composed and arranged by E. J. LODER.

With such names before us, we were naturally led to expect a work of a superior order. Under this impression we prepared ourselves for a dainty if not a delicious repast, and rejoiced are we to state, that our meal was regaled by viands most exquisite to the taste, as well as pleasing to the ear, and that a more complete work has seldom come under our critical eye; in the selection as well as the arrangement of the different airs, Mr. Loder has evinced great judgment, deep thought, and profound skill; each poem (a picture in itself) has received additional colouring by the simple yet beautiful accompaniments given them by the composer; and though we had originally intended to particularize each song separately, we found, upon going through the volume, so much to admire, and so little to find fault with, that the former immeasurably outweighed the latter; therefore to point out a single, or may-be a few inaccuracies, would have been hypercritical. We conclude our brief notice by saying, whoever possesses this volume of "Sacred and Moral Songs," possesses a

work as full of beauties in every sense of the word as could be desired, and we are certain, as soon as its merits shall have become known to the public, it will prove one of the most popular works of the kind. No family should be without a copy of these truly charming songs.

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*Divine Lyrics. Subjects taken from Haydn, Mozart, Purcell, Beethoven, and others.* Edited by the same composer, E. J. LODER.

This, also, is a work of great beauty, and deserves a place in every library where there is a family, and although we may find fault with the setting of some of the words, still the sublimity of the subjects, and the taste displayed in the arrangement, fully warrant a due share of praise: the compactness of its size, and the beauty of its illustrations, alone command a ready sale.

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*Loder's Psalmody.*

A neat little work, which, from its portability as well as utility, will find a place in every choir throughout the country. Its great recommendation to congregational singing is, that it may be sung by one or more voices, in unisons or octaves, or by means of the chords be sung in two, three, or four parts,—a desideratum in meetings for the practice of divine harmony.

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*Handel's Songs.* Edited by E. J. LODER.

We have had so many editions of this great master's writings, that it would be a waste of time and paper to say more, than that the volume before us contains twelve of Handel's most celebrated songs, exquisitely brought out, and at a price within the reach of every lover of this our national music. Commendation is due to the editor for his task in the selection; as we think he could not have chosen twelve more favourite airs in all the voluminous composer's works. We strongly recommend this petit work to all patrons of sacred song.

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*Library of Musical Knowledge, Part VI.—Jousse's Pocket Dictionary of Italian, French, and English Musical Terms.*

A pocket volume as unique as it is useful, compiled with the greatest care, attention, and research, and will prove an invaluable source of information to the young student, more particularly in these days of invention, when words are coined and tortured into meanings which poor common sense never conceived or dreamt of. In all schools and nurseries where music is made a branch of education, the pupil should be furnished with this clever little book, at once comprehensive, concise, and truly invaluable.

*Hamilton's Primer and Class Book for the Pianoforte.*

The talented author of this clever duodecimo is too well known to the musical world to merit additional praise from us—suffice it, everything that is requisite for such a book to contain, is to be found in the Primer now under our notice, and in our opinion no aspirant for musical attainments should ever commence his or her pianoforte studies, without first providing and acquainting themselves with the merits of this highly necessary and valuable little work. To teachers in schools it will be found of essential service. It has our warmest recommendation.

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**LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

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### LITERARY NEWS—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. James's new work, *THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION*, on which he has been so long and so sedulously engaged, is nearly ready. We are persuaded it will greatly add to the deservedly high reputation of its distinguished author.

A new work, by a Lady well known in the fashionable world, entitled *ELLEN BRAYE, OR THE FORTUNE TELLER*, is nearly ready. We understand that a considerable demand already exists for this forthcoming and very promising production.

The new work which we recently announced, entitled *ISIDORA, OR THE ADVENTURES OF A NEAPOLITAN*, by the Author of "*The Pope and the Colonnas*," is now on the eve of publication.

It is a singular fact, that in the interesting art of Turning, no text-book has as yet appeared in our language. This defect is about to be supplied by a neat little volume, with numerous engravings, entitled "*THE HAND-BOOK OF TURNING*." It is understood to be the production of a gentleman attached to the art as an amateur.

A new edition of that elegant little work, "*THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS*," revised and corrected by the editor of "*The Forget Me Not*," is in progress. We know of no work so adapted to call forth the finer feelings as this, which gives voice to the beauties of nature.

Mr. Macnamara has nearly ready his Prize Essay, entitled *PEACE PERMANENT AND UNIVERSAL*; its practicability, value, and consistency with Divine Revelation. We promise ourselves much pleasure in the perusal of this interesting work. The prize of one hundred guineas was awarded to it by the adjudicators of the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace.

The recent elections have furnished abundant materials for sober reflection to men of all parties; and Mr. Buckingham, having had an opportunity of seeing the working of our system, and comparing it with that of America, has given to the world the result of his conclusions, in an *Original Sketch of an entire new plan of fixing the qualification, registering the electors, and taking their votes, so as to prevent much of the excitement, riot, fraud, bribery, and corruption of the existing system*. It is a small volume, neatly got up at a very moderate price, and, from its high moral tone and tendency, deserves extensive circulation.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

We have nothing consolatory to report on this subject. In every direction around us we find failures of great magnitude are taking place daily. Indeed, it would be difficult to mention any particular branch of business that is just now in a thoroughly healthful condition, with the sole exception of those who, availing themselves of the general distress, are aggrandizing their properties by the means of usury, under its open form, or its manifold disguises. The tea trade does not seem much to settle; but this is a trade totally against us, as it is in an article for which we generally pay in hard cash. There is a plentiful supply in hand, and but very little speculation to what there has been. Of our manufactures and of our mines we can say nothing satisfactory. Even this very day, we find that our dear friends the Belgians, ruled by our dear friend the uncle of our queen, have just taxed in increase our threads 15 per cent. In fact, everywhere foreign competition is ruining us. It would be but little interesting to tell our readers how much tallow has been sold, or that cinnamon looks up. We have only space to dwell on our chances and hopes for general prosperity, and now they are certainly not very promising. Much of our riches and affluence must depend upon the foreign and domestic policy of our future ministers. We hope that they will so act to our neighbours as to induce them to think more of cultivation of the raw materials, and to the country under their control so conduct themselves, that they may be enabled to push manufactures and commerce to the utmost, by giving them the opportunity of procuring cheap food.

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### PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 28th of July.

#### ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 170. — Consols for Acct. 90. — Three per Cent. Reduced, 90 one-eighth. — Three and a Half per Cents. Reduced, 99 one-eighth. — Long Annuities, 1860, 12—13. — Exchequer Bills, 17s. 19s. pr.

#### FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Three per Cent., Acct. 18 three-fourths. — Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-fourth. — Dutch Five per Cent., 102. — Brazilian, 67 three-fourths. — Mexican, 25 three-fourths. — Spanish, Acct. 20.

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**MONEY MARKET.**—English securities, generally speaking, are on the advance, which argues well for the opinion those very sagacious persons, the dealers in security, hold of the popularity and the future all-good conduct of the expected Tory ministry. Speculation has not been very active, nor have the immense loans asked for by foreign governments met with much approbation or encouragement among English capitalists. Austria, Prussia, Russia, and France, are all borrowing. The minor powers of Europe would follow this bad example, could they find anybody who would lend. The fluctuations of prices with us have not been great. It is no use speaking of Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilian, and Mexican bonds. Their capitals never can be paid off, and very little of their interests. English Railway shares are steady, but the market very inactive, a few of them being at a premium, and most of them at a very respectable discount. The monetary affairs in America are in a most disorganized state, and we feel here a good deal embarrassed by it. It appears that the world has yet to take its first lessons in the management of currency, and the supply of the circulating medium.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The mode of keeping these registries is as follows:—At Edmonton the warmth of the day is observed by means of a thermometer exposed to the north in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the barometer and thermometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

| 1841. | Range of Ther. | Range of Barom. | Prevailing Winds. | Rain in Inches | Prevailing Weather.                                 |
|-------|----------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|---|
| June  |                |                 |                   |                |   |
| 23    | 69-48          | 29,92-29,80     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear, rain about 1 P.M.                  |
| 24    | 65-43          | 29,72-29,64     | S.E.              |                | Generally clear, raining heavily & distant thunder  |
| 25    | 64-53          | 29,51-29,49     | S.                | ,53            | Morn. overcast with rain, otherwise clr. [in morn.  |
| 26    | 65-54          | 29,69-29,62     | S.W.              | ,215           | Generally clear, frequent showers during the day.   |
| 27    | 67-53          | 30,08-29,86     | S.W.              | ,045           | Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.         |
| 28    | 59-51          | 29,97-29,78     | S.                | ,195           | Overcast, raining frequently.                       |
| 29    | 63-49          | 29,78-29,71     | S.W.              | ,615           | Generally clear, thunder and heavy rain about       |
| 30    | 66-50          | 30,02-29,88     | W.                | ,215           | Afternoon cloudy, otherwise clear. [6 P.M.          |
| July  |                |                 |                   |                |   |
| 1     | 66-51          | 30,02-29,98     | S.W.              | ,015           | General cloud, rain at times.                       |
| 2     | 68-58          | 30,10-30,02     | N.                | ,05            | Overcast, rain in the morning and evening.          |
| 3     | 75-58          | 30,10-30,00     | W.                |                | Generally clear.                                    |
| 4     | 72-56          | 29,96-29,94     | S.W.              | ,055           | Generally cloudy, rain in the morn. and aftern.     |
| 5     | 73-53          | 30,02-29,89     | S.W.              | ,045           | Cloudy.   |
| 6     | 67-56          | 29,80-29,61     | W.                | ,41            | Morn. overcast, with heavy rain, otherwise clear.   |
| 7     | 67-51          | 29,82-29,62     | W.                |                | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, with heavy rain.     |
| 8     | 67-52          | 29,85-29,70     | W.                | ,11            | Generally clear.                                    |
| 9     | 70-45          | 29,91-29,86     | W.                | ,005           | Gen. clear, lightn. & heavy thun. with rain about   |
| 10    | 68-45          | 29,87-29,53     | S.W.              |                | Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in even-[8 P.M. |
| 11    | 61-47          | 29,47-29,20     | W.                | ,425           | Overcast, raining frequently.                       |
| 12    | 63-48          | 29,57-29,53     | W.                | ,01            | Even. overcast, rain at 1 P.M., otherwise clear.    |
| 13    | 64-45          | 29,66-29,57     | W.                | ,01            | Generally clear, a shower of rain in the aftern.    |
| 14    | 64-44          | 29,67-29,56     | S.                | ,015           | Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.            |
| 15    | 64-46          | 29,69-29,57     | W.                | ,025           | Morn. clear, lightn. and thunder, with rain from 1  |
| 16    | 62-50          | 29,92-29,80     | S.E.              | ,825           | Generally cloudy, rain about 4 P.M. [till 7 P.M.    |
| 17    | 66-44          | 29,94-29,85     | S.E.              |                | Generally clear.                                    |
| 18    | 63-48          | 29,76-29,64     | W.                |                | Evening clear, otherwise overcast with rain.        |
| 19    | 69-46          | 29,78-29,74     | S.W.              |                | Generally clear.                                    |
| 20    | 63-53          | 29,58-29,50     | S.                | ,205           | Overcast, raining frequently, thunder in the east   |
| 21    | 67-55          | 29,55-29,44     | S.W.              | ,035           | Cloudy, rain at times. [about 11 A.M.               |
| 22    | 61-53          | 29,79-29,62     | W.                | ,1             | Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.         |

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JUNE 22 TO JULY 24, 1841, INCLUSIVE.

June 22.—R. Rowley, Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing lane, broker.—T. B. Procter, Hammersmith, lunatic asylum-keeper.—J. Overton, Queen-street, Grosvenor-square, coach and harness plater.—H. Molyneux, Lombard-street, watchmaker.—J. G. Caporn, Bedford, linendraper.—D. Sharp, Southampton, attorney.—H. W. Morgan, Alford, Lincolnshire, grocer.—W. Selkirk, Birmingham, engraver.—J. Blanch, Bath, ironmonger.—J. Rawlings, Gloucester, innkeeper.  
June 25.—G. Aldred, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, bookseller.—J. Shury and J. J. Shury, Charter-house-street, engravers.—M. H. Bellemois, Pomroy-street, Old Kent-road, manufacturing chemist.—W. Mead and J. Stower, Thorney, Somersetshire, merchants.—J. Wrigglesworth, Leeds, cheese and bacon factor.—M. L. Jones, Tredegar, Bedwelty, Monmouth-

shire, victualler.—H. Sidebotham and T. Lewis Haughton, Lancaster, cotton manufacturers.—J. Parker, Manchester, cotton spinner.—B. Dawes, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, grocer.—J. Calverley, Abbey, near Knaresborough, corn miller.  
June 29.—A. L. Newton, Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, merchant.—M. R. Kymer, Winsford, Cheshire, salt manufacturer.—T. Fellman, Fore-street, Limehouse, brewer.—W. C. Bennett, sen., Whitechapel, omnibus proprietor.—R. B. Culyer, Clifton-street, Finsbury, carrier.—G. Noble, Biddick, Durham, shipbuilder.—C. Butt, Somerton, Somersetshire, merchant.—T. Snowdon, North Shields, grocer.—H. Harris, Faversham, Kent, grocer.—G. Knight, Gloucester, linendraper.—I. Evans, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, ironmonger.—L. Palfreyman, Sheffield, scrivener.—C.

Lowe, Liverpool, bulkier. — T. Collinson, Wakefield, Yorkshire, boat builder.

*July 2.*—E. Whitmore, J. Wells, J. Wells, jun., and F. Whitmore, Lombard-street, bankers.—H. Bragg, Penning's-wharf, Southwark, cheesefactor.—L. Bryant, Stamford-hill, coal merchant.—J. Brown, Minorics, upholsterer.—W. Batson and H. J. Bissell, Tipton, Staffordshire, ironmasters.—J. Robins, Winchester, bookseller.—W. Marshall, and H. Rodgers, Liverpool, ironfounders.—S. Hammett, Liverpool, licensed victualler.—H. Brownrigg, Liverpool, coal merchant.—C. Lawton, Liverpool, shoemaker.—C. Crickinay, Portsmouth, gun manufacturer.

*July 6.*—J. C. Marter, Drury-lane, linendraper.—J. W. Thomas, New Corn Exchange, Mark-lane, corn merchant.—R. Crane, Harrow-on-the Hill, draper.—J. Bates, Worship-street, Finsbury-square, coach maker.—L. A. Lewis, Fleet-street, bookseller.—J. Baggott, Worcester, licensed victualler.—W. Clare, Preston, watchmaker.—J. Milne, High Crompton, Lancashire, merchant.—E. S. Boulton and T. Addison, Liverpool, stock brokers.—C. Balshaw, Altrincham, Cheshire, bookseller.—T. Hill, Taunton, draper.—J. Taylor, Manchester, brush-maker.—W. Douglas and J. M. Douglas, Liverpool, merchants.

*July 9.*—T. Stallbrass and H. Middleton, City-road, Finsbury-square, timber and mahogany merchants.—M. W. Balfe, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, music-seller.—A. Bridson, Dublin, provision merchant.—J. S. Dainty and J. Ryle, Manchester, bankers.—J. Petley, Tewkesbury, draper.—J. Jackson, Romsey Extra, Southamptonshire, slate and coal merchant.—J. N. Lane, Birmingham, chemist.—J. Ryle, Manchester, banker.—J. Blanthorn, Shrewsbury, mercer.—W. B. Windeatt, South Brent, Devonshire, corn factor.—W. Kirk, Leicester, builder.—T. B. Cogan, Bristol, tanner.—G. Mobbs, Newland, Northamptonshire, plumber.—J. Taylor, Brighthelmstone, bookseller.—J. Jones and J. Boon, Burslem, Staffordshire, ironmongers.

*July 12.*—W. Miller, St. Martin's-lane,

Charing-cross, wine-merchant.—G. Colls, C. Thompson, and R. P. Harris, jun., Lombard-street, bill brokers.—J. S. Dainty and J. Ryle, Manchester, bankers.—R. Root, Wardington, Oxford, draper.—H. H. Downham, Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, tin plate manufacturer.

*July 16.*—M. Merentie, King William-street, City, merchant.—H. W. Prentiss, Raleigh, Essex, grocer.—J. Stammer, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, brush-dealer.—W. B. Winter, Bristol, builder.—T. Millership, Moseley, New Colliery, Staffordshire.—G. Wilson and R. Briddon, Manchester, machine-makers.—T. Jordan, Wolverhampton, broker.—J. Williams, Ledbury, innkeeper.—W. L. Prattman and M. Forster, Batterknowle Lodge, Durham, timber-merchants.—J. Atkinson, Green-bank, Westmoreland, bobbin-manufacturer.

*July 21.*—C. Daly, Red Lion-square, bookseller.—S. Hopkins, Croydon, grocer.—J. H. Barlow, Change-alley, Cornhill, stockbroker.—J. Dix, Broad-street, Lambeth-walk, licensed victualler.—H. Ford, Aylebury, grocer.—J. Newman, Lewes, Saddler.—R. Catlin, Leicester, horse-dealer.—J. Copplestone, Plymouth, grocer.—W. Cocking, Beeston, Bedfordshire, market gardener.—W. Walley, Salford, Lancashire, flour dealer.—J. Williams, Bangor, shipwright.—J. Tavis, Greenacres Moor, Oldham, grocer.—J. Bass, Brecon, draper.—W. R. Ravenscroft, Manchester, banker.

*July 24.*—W. and J. Newton, Macclesfield, silk throwsters.—W. Butterworth, Sunderland Wharf, Peckham, corn merchant.—J. Butterworth, Bermondsey, leather factor.—T. Lingham, Cross-lane, St. Mary-at-Hill, wine merchant.—J. Fox, Minorics, tailor.—J. Morris, Earl's-court, Leicester-square, cowkeeper.—C. Strutton, Nine-elms, Surrey, timber merchant.—G. Baldry, jun., Bury St. Edmund's, innkeeper.—H. Cunliffe, Green Haworth, Lancashire, shopkeeper.—B. Coleman, Liverpool, stock and share broker.—J. Green and W. Green, Wetherby, Yorkshire, timber merchants.—R. Westhead, Crosby, Lancashire, victualler.

## NEW PATENTS.

G. B. Ollivant and A. Howard, of Manchester, Millwrights, for certain improvements in cylindrical printing machinery, for printing calicoes and other fabrics, and in the apparatus connected therewith, which is also applicable to other useful purposes. June 5th, 6 months.

J. Mee, of Leicester, Frame Smith, for improvements in the manufacture of looped fabrics. June 5th, 6 months.

W. H. Taylor, of Lambeth, Esquire, for certain improvements in propelling machinery. June 5th, 6 months.

J. Gibbs, of the Oval, Kennington, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in roads and railways, and in the means of propelling carriages thereon. June 5th, 6 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for ruling paper. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 5th, 6 months.

J. C. March, of Barnstable, Surgeon, for certain improved means of producing heat from the combustion of certain kinds of fuel. June 8th, 6 months.

H. R. Fanshawe the Younger, of Hatfield Street, Christ Church, Chemist, for improvements in curing hides and skins, and in tanning, washing, and cleansing hides, skins, and other matters. June 10th, 6 months.

J. G. Bodmer, of Manchester, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for propelling vessels on water, parts of which improvements apply also to steam-engines to be employed on land. June 10th, 6 months.

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R

E. H. Bentall, of Heybridge, Essex, Iron Founder, for certain improvements in ploughs. June 10th, 6 months.

R. Adam, of Salford, Engineer, for certain improvements in hydraulic presses. June 12th, 6 months.

J. W. Wayte, of the Morning Advertiser Office, Fleet Street, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for letter-press printing. June 12th, 6 months.

J. A. Tielens, of Fenchurch Street, Merchant, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for knitting. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 12th, 6 months.

G. C. Ash, of Broad Street, Golden Square, Dentist, for improvements in apparatus for fastening candles in candlesticks. June 12th, 6 months.

E. Palmer, of Newgate Street, Gentleman, for improvements in producing printing surfaces, and in the printing china, pottery-ware, music, maps, and portraits. June 12th, 6 months.

E. Jones, of Stockport, Mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing, slubbing, roving, spinning, and doubling cotton, silk, wool, worsted, flax, and other fibrous substances. June 12th, 6 months.

A. H. Simpson, of New Palace Yard, Westminster, Gentleman, P. H. Irvine, and T. E. Irvine, both of Charles Street, Hatton Garden, Philosophical Instrument Makers, for an improved mode of producing light, and of manufacturing apparatus for the diffusion of light. June 17th, 6 months.

T. Walker, of North Shields, Engineer, for improvements in steam-engines. June 18th, 6 months.

W. Petrie, of Croydon, Gentleman, for improvements in obtaining mechanical power, which are also applicable for obtaining rapid motion. June 19th, 6 months.

J. Haughton, of Liverpool, Clerk, Master of Arts, for improvements in the method of affixing certain labels. June 19th, 6 months.

J. H. Shaw, of Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, Jeweller and Watchmaker, for improvements in setting wheat and other seeds. June 19th, 6 months.

Sir S. Brown, Knight, of Netherbyers House, Ayton, Berwick, for improvements in the means of drawing or moving carriages and other machines along inclined planes, railways, and other roads, and for drawing or propelling vessels in canals, rivers, and other navigable waters. June 19th, 6 months.

J. G. T. Campbell, of Lambeth Hill, Upper Thames Street, Grocer, for improvements in propelling vessels. June 19th, 6 months.

J. Gauci, of North Crescent, Bedford Square, Artist, and A. Bain, of Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, for improvements in inkstands and inkholders. June 21st, 6 months.

W. Walker, the elder, of Standish Street, Liverpool, Watch Finisher, for an improvement or improvements in the manufacture of the detached lever watch. June 23rd, 6 months.

R. Stephenson, of Great George Street, Westminster, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the arrangement and combination of the parts of steam-engines of the sort commonly called locomotive engines. June 23rd, 6 months.

J. Godwin, of Cumberland Street, Hackney Road, Pianoforte Maker, for an improved construction of pianofortes of certain descriptions. June 23rd, 2 months.

J. Sidebottom, of Waterside, Derby, Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing cotton and other fibrous substances for spinning. June 23rd, 6 months.

W. Chesterman, of Burford, Oxford, Gentleman, for improvements in filtering liquids. June 23rd, 6 months.

G. T. Day, of Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, Gentleman, for an improved apparatus for creating draft, applicable to chimneys and other purposes. June 23rd, 6 months.

J. H. Le Keux, of Southampton Street, Pentonville, Engraver, for an improvement in line engravings, and in producing impressions therefrom. June 23rd, 2 months.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Patent Agent, for a new and improved engine, machine, or apparatus, for producing or obtaining motive power by means of gases or vapours produced by combustion. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. June 23rd, 6 months.

J. L. Stevens, of King Edward Street, Southwark, General Agent, and J. King, of College Hill, Printer, for certain improvements in candlesticks and other candleholders. June 25th, 6 months.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—June 28.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. President, in the chair.

1. An account was read, communicated by Baron Koller, of a route but little known, called El Seranig, or El Ain, from Mount Sinai to Akabah. The route, from the majestic Wady Raha, fourteen hundred paces broad, turns under the hill of Aaron into the Wady Sheik, at first four hundred paces broad, but afterwards increasing to eight hundred paces, and running in a N.E. direction. At the tomb of Sheik Saleh the road turns northward to Gabel Arade. From this spot its general direction, to within a short distance of Akabah, is N.E. In the Wady el Ain there is water, which though not well-tasted, serves for cooking, and for economizing that brought from the convent of Mount Sinai. Rain water is also found at a place called Mashash: it is good for culinary purposes and washing, but not for drinking. The camels, however, enjoyed it, and drank with avidity. On reaching the Ras el Nagb, (head of a defile,) the way leads between two hills to an eminence from which is seen the head of the gulf of Akabah. The direction is now east, and the road descends on stony ground, and joins the Derb el Hadj, which runs from Suez to Akabah. From hence the road descends to the sea; it is from thirty to forty feet wide, cut out of the solid rock, and truly magnificent, resembling the scientific alpine routes of Europe. At intervals the dark blue sea is seen below, with the high chain of mountains beyond it.—Chalk hills, with black flints, were observed on the road. At one o'clock on the 24th of March, that is, on the Seventh day from Mount Sinai, Baron Koller pitched his tents under the palm trees of Akabah, near the fort. The whole route lies through wadies, with occasional narrow defiles, and over plains, or along dry watercourses. The vegetation is scarce and wretched, the sand fine, the rocks generally red, and the glare and heat at times insupportable. As it is impossible to abridge an itinerary, and as we have no room for details, we must content ourselves with this brief notice. Baron Koller's paper was accompanied by a detailed map of the route, and a plan of the hills and the junction of the Wadies, Raha, and Sheik, &c.

2. Some account of Texas, communicated by Mr. Maillard, purporting to be an extract from a work on that country which that gentleman proposes to publish.—There is no region in the world, says Mr. Maillard, that possesses more fertile land than Texas, and where nature has raised so many obstacles in the way of its cultivation, and the developement of its fertility. The prairies of Texas are swamps for two-thirds of the year, and the timber of the higher regions cannot be obtained without a considerable outlay of capital and labour, the latter of which will at all times be extremely expensive, and more or less difficult to obtain. The surface soil throughout the country is a mixture of lime, sand, and marl, the proportion of the latter being equal to the two former: its colour determines that of the soil, as it appears in different sections. In the elevated tracts to the N. W. it is whitish; in the prairies it is black; and in the cane prairies and woodlands it is red. Everywhere the land is rich, and adapted to the cultivation of different tropical staples. The substratum is still more diversified than the surface-soil. In the elevated regions it is a white marl, which, on exposure to the atmosphere, becomes as hard as marble; in the lands and cane prairies it is rock sand. In the alluvial country generally it is a black greasy clay, interlaid at intervals of about ten feet with a very stiff bluish marl. This alluvial region extends along the sea coast from the Sabine River to the Rio Grande, and to about thirty miles inland. The physical constitution of the atmosphere, and other natural causes, render the prairies in the lower part of Texas, along the sea-coast, worse than useless for two thirds of the year, and the prospective productiveness of the upper sections of the country somewhat problematical. The suddenness of the atmospherical changes are most injurious to health. In the beginning of Spring, March, the weather is wet and cold, the thermometer seldom rising above 45°; but towards the close of the spring, May, it suddenly becomes sultry, the thermometer rising to 95°. In summer the thermometer ranges from 95° to 105°, and the rapid progress of vegetation appears almost supernatural; while the air, teeming with insects, renders life intolerable. This is the reason of epidemics, yellow and bilious fevers. (In 1839, 65 per cent. of the population were carried off by yellow fever.) In autumn the thermometer falls gradually to 60°, and the weather becomes more congenial for a short time, when the rainy season sets in, and con-



tinues throughout the winter and the greater part of the spring, accompanied by awful thunder, lightning, and northerly winds, which search the frame with an acuteness almost peculiar to themselves. The consequence of the climate on vegetation is, that though the earth is as rich as any in the world, everything is no sooner above ground than it is matured and vanishes. The flowers are of a single day's creation, showing themselves in all their primitive and exquisite beauty in the evening; but the next day's sun reduces them to a cinder, or they are inundated with water. At the close of the rainy season the waters do not disappear, but on the contrary; for the sun coming forth, thaws the snow of the mountains in the north, and the water which results, remains pent up in the mountain valleys by the strong S.S.E. winds, which prevail at this season, till the wind, veering to the north, permits of their escape, when they pour down in torrents, not unfrequently sweeping everything before them, but never failing to continue the inundation of the lower country, from about the first of April to the middle of June. The streams east of the Brazos River rise on the confines of the immense levels in the north. Their waters come pure from the earth, but in their course become so tainted as to be at last almost pestilential. The Sabine River, the eastern boundary of Texas, rises in lat.  $33^{\circ}$  N.; its width is from thirty to one hundred feet. It is not navigable, owing to numerous sand-bars, which commence at its mouth, and occur at short intervals throughout its course. The Trinity or Trinidad River rises in the most elevated part of the "immense levels," lat.  $33^{\circ} 35'$  N., and after meandering through a great extent of thickly-wooded country, discharges its waters, more gross and earthy than those of the Sabine, into Galveston Bay. This river is navigable, and is susceptible of great improvement. Its width varies from one hundred to two hundred and fifty, and its depth from seven to forty feet, according to the season. On the east and west, and about the head waters of this river on the north, there are some interesting tribes of Indians, namely, the Cushatees, Cherokees, Creeks, Kickapoos, and Shawnees. The Cushatees worship the Sun, and are supposed to be a remnant of the Natchez, the original inhabitants of Texas. Cortes contemplated their conquest, but before he could make the necessary arrangements this people suddenly disappeared, (about the sixteenth century,) and the place of their retreat and subsequent history remains to this day an impenetrable mystery. The Cushatees live in villages of thirty or forty detached wooden houses, on the banks of Trinity River in East Texas, about forty-five miles from its mouth. They are cultivators, and are rich in cattle and horses; they, however, leave their villages in the hunting season. They are hospitable to strangers, and well conducted in every situation; they do not exceed six hundred souls; they are expert with the rifle, are brave, and faithful to their allies. The Cherokees are the most powerful of all the Eastern tribes, and outnumber all the Western tribes together. Their territory extends from about  $32^{\circ}$  N. in Texas, to the Arkansas River in the United States. The manners, habits, &c. of the Cherokees have been already described by many travellers. It is the opinion of Mr. Maillard that they will not quietly give up their territory, and that its possession will be dearly bought. The combined strength of the Kickapoos, Shawnees, and Creeks, with their fugitive tribes, may be estimated at 7,000; as they are too weak to oppose the Cherokees, they are on friendly terms with them. They have always been, and will continue to be, most troublesome to the settlers in Eastern Texas. They live in deer-skin huts at the head-waters of Trinity River and Buffalo Bayou, a portion of Texas as yet unexplored. In addition to the above tribes, another has recently been discovered on the Trinity River, about 200 miles from its mouth; they are perfectly wild, and even at the sight of other Indians they fly into the woods; their cries are most unearthly; they go perfectly naked, and use no weapon of defence whatever; they are supposed to live on roots and nuts; their numbers and origin are as yet totally unknown. Buffalo Bayou rises in lat.  $31^{\circ} 25'$  N.; its waters are deep, but have hardly any motion for nearly two-thirds of the year. It is navigated by steam. After a course of 150 miles, it mixes its waters with the San Jacinto, and other small streams, that empty themselves into Galveston Bay, on the north; Oyster Creek, a narrow stream, rises on the west of Buffalo Bayou, and discharges itself, after a course of 100 miles, into the Gulf of Mexico. The Brazos River rises in the Rocky Mountains, collects numerous tributary streams, and after many windings, empties itself into the Gulf of Mexico. Its waters become contaminated in their course with red earth, and though the banks of the river are high and bold, they are frequently overflowed, and the country inundated for many miles. The Colorado River, in Western Texas, rises in lat.  $32^{\circ}$  N.

Its course is first N.E. then due south. It discharges itself into Matagorda Bay. West and north-west of the Colorado are many Indian tribes, of which the Comanches are the most warlike. They are the most powerful tribe that has entered Texas from the west. The account which Mr. Maillard gives of this tribe is very interesting, but our space will not allow us to go into details. The chief town of the Comanche nation is situated at the foot of the San Saba Hills in Western Texas; it contains 200 houses, all built on a uniform scale, 100 feet long, 30 wide, and six feet high; the walls are of earth, the roofs flat, and covered with a whitish clay, which, on exposure to the atmosphere, becomes as hard as marble. The Comanches, both in their hunting and war excursions, move on horseback. Their horses are ill formed, but the mounted and armed Comanche is a very formidable personage. In battle, each war party is headed by one or more squaws, who, with their shrill voices, serve as trumpeters, and give the signals for the various evolutions. Their civil and military discipline is extremely strict. The chief holds his council under an oak tree, in some remote spot in the woods or mountains; and all cases of adultery, theft, sedition, and murder are punished with death. They have ceremonies in commemoration of the love of their forefathers for Montezuma. Their civil year, as among the ancient Mexicans, is divided into eighteen months, of twenty days each, and five intercalary days, which brings their system to correspond with the Gregorian. The period of fifty-two years to them is what a century is to us, but they never reckoned them by odd numbers. After the termination of each cycle, they add thirteen days before beginning anew the first month of the ensuing cycle, which shows that they are aware that the solar revolution exceeds their civil year by six hours. The language spoken by the Comanches is of great antiquity, and differs but little from that of the Incas of Peru. It is difficult to be acquired by a European, for some of our words of one or two syllables are of sixteen or seventeen with them. Thus, their term for justice is *Hamelahuscuchicuhualitzli*. Hunting, exquisite horsemanship, the use of arms, and invincible courage, (which is described by their enemies as "brutal fierceness,") are the only accomplishments of the Comanche. The Comanches still retain the art of recording events by pictures and Quipos; the latter are however used only to record the history of their wars and excursions: they consist of strings of scalps; one contains the scalps taken in the field of battle, another the scalps of spies and traitors, and the third the scalps of those who have been executed for theft, adultery, murder, &c. These people deem hieroglyphical painting an essential part of their education. They have an acute sense of justice, in proof of which Mr. Maillard quotes a passage from Mrs. Holley's 'Texas.' Next to the Comanches the Cavanabuas were the most powerful of the western tribes of Texas, but, owing to their wars with the former, their numbers were greatly reduced, so that the first American settlers in Texas found them to consist of only 450 families. These "harmless people" soon experienced the tender mercies of their Christian visitors, who with the bowie knife and rifle reduced them to about fifty; and this miserable remnant was driven across the La Roca River, where they sought and found protection under the roof of an Irish priest, at the mission of San Patricio. They formerly inhabited the whole sea-coast of Texas, from Brazos River to the Rio del Norte. There are other tribes who follow the Comanches, and may be considered as one nation, though each forms a separate community, having its own ruler, and holding its own council; their united numbers may be estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000. The Neuces River rises among the rocky mountains of Ganahuaca. It is narrow and deep, its course is uninterruptedly north and south, and it empties itself into Neuces Bay. This river was formerly the western boundary of Texas; but at the period of the Declaration of the Independence of Texas, the Texans extended their western boundary to Rio Grande, or Rio del Norte. This latter is the largest river in Mexico; its course is 1,600 miles; its waters are light and wholesome, but its navigation is seriously obstructed by sand-bars at its mouth.—The paper then goes on to describe the bays on the coast.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS, July 5.—A paper was read by the Rev. Professor Willis, "On the system followed by the Architects of the middle ages in the construction of their Vaults." The principles of vaulting and the mode of setting out the arch-stones were first laid down in the well-known treatise of Philibert de l'Orme; but it is evident that his predecessors, the architects who practised the

Gothic style, must have been in possession of a geometrical system, though it was probably very simple, as compared with the complicated problems of P. de l'Orme. To investigate the system of the Gothic architects by a close observation of their works, was the subject of Professor Willis's paper. The mode of construction adopted by the Gothic architects in their vaulting, differs widely from that of classical architecture, both ancient and modern, inasmuch as, in the latter, the vaults are formed of regular courses of cut stone; whereas Gothic vaultings consist of a series of ribs, each rib constituting a separate and independent arch, the interstices filled in with lighter materials to complete the vault. In the early Norman work of our English edifices, these vaultings are often very rude and irregular, and the several arches so far from coinciding, that it is requisite to fill up the backs of the ribs to a considerable extent, in order to level the intermediate spandrels. Yet, even in vaults like these, some geometrical system must have been necessary. The change of style in the architecture of the thirteenth century, necessitated a more careful construction, since the rib mouldings became more numerous and complicated, as the capitals from which they sprung were diminished in their capacity to receive them. This difficulty was met by the construction of a stool of solid masonry in level courses from the springing up to the point where the ribs spread sufficiently to disengage the mouldings from each other, and then they are carried over separately, and filled in as before. The mode in which the difficulties arising from the various levels at which it was sometimes necessary to spring the ribs in Gothic vaultings of this period—as, for example, in raising the lateral arches of the vaults of a church to make room for the clerestory windows, producing a great variety of curvatures in the same vaulting, all to be reconciled in the filling in, were illustrated by diagrams, without the aid of which it is useless to pursue the details. With regard to the curvature of the diagonal ribs, they were never projected according to the modern practice, to which may be attributed the want of character which marks most of the imitations of Gothic vaulting. Actual measurement has proved the diagonals of early Gothic vaulting to be arcs of circles, the centres being below the springing of the cross ribs; and the problem called by Philibert de l'Orme the "*trois points perdus*," was probably that upon which they were laid down: and it may be observed, that both the classical and the Gothic systems of vaulting were in operation in different parts of Europe at the same time, and that P. de l'Orme must have had the opportunity of being acquainted with both. The introduction of the four-centered arch simplified the vaulting in one respect, by bringing the centres of all the curves to a uniform level; but the effect of vaulting in this form is consequently extremely flat and poor, compared with the lightness and freedom of that in the earlier period. New complexity, however, had arisen with the introduction of cross lines from one main rib to another. These short ribs meet upon bosses, worked together with a portion of the divergent ribs, in solid stone; but the principle of setting up the ribs and filling in is still followed, notwithstanding the complicated form of the framework. These intricate patterns, which form a link between the simple early groins and the last phase of Gothic vaulting in fan-tracery, exhibit various degrees of success in the design, dependent upon the skill of the architect. In most of the vaults of this description, the centre compartments fall into the shape of a star. In some examples, this form has been clearly laid down on the plan, but is lost in the execution, through the distortion occasioned by the dip of the ribs or other causes; while in other instances it is unexpectedly brought out by combinations evincing consummate ingenuity and knowledge of the resources of geometry and perspective. In fan-vaulting we return to real masonry, the ribs and panels being carved out of stones fitted together. Complicated as this mode of construction may be, it is less so in reality than in appearance, being greatly simplified by uniform curvatures, and uniform levels in the springings; and the system of setting out the stones seems to have been so well understood, that it is found to be invariably the same throughout all our great fan-vaults. This system Professor Willis explained to be dependent upon certain horizontal beds on the uppermost surfaces of the intersecting stones, which it would be impossible to render intelligible without the models to which his observations referred.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The closing ordinary meeting of the session was held on Monday last, the 19th, Mr. Wallis in the chair.—Amongst the donations received, was a copy of the work on Windsor Castle, by Sir J. Wyattville's executors. Mr. H. Gally Knight, M.P., was elected an honorary member.—Mr. George

Godwin drew the attention of the meeting to a report of the committee of the House of Commons "On National Monuments and Works of Art," and urged the importance of some interference for the protection of our ancient buildings; on which same subject Mr. Donaldson also addressed the Society.—A paper was then read, "On Iron-Roofs," showing their comparative durability and extent, as contrasted with timber-roofs, by Mr. E. Hall, being the essay to which the medal of the Institute has been awarded. With respect to the use of iron for girders, as a protection against fire, it was mentioned in conversation, that insomuch as if water be thrown upon iron when heated, it is almost certain to crack; it is not so safe to employ it in this position as is generally supposed.

**ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.**—Tuesday, July 20.—Read the following papers. 1. "On the Perforation of Non-conducting Substances by the Mechanical Action of the Electric Fluid," by Mr. Crosse. The experiments cited in illustration were such as to induce the author to conclude that not only glass and the softer crystals, but even the diamond, might be perforated by a continuous stream of sparks passed over its surface; the hole would be pierced at right angles to the direction of the stream.—2. "The Effects of Vegetable Points on Free Electricity," by Mr. Pine; a sequel to a former communication, and containing arguments in support of his opinions on the subject of vegetable points as conductors.—3. "An Account of Experiments undertaken to investigate the Nature of the change of Colour of Bodies by Heat and their conducting Power," by Mr. Pollock. Further evidence in support of Mr. Pollock's views, which we have on several occasions submitted to our readers.—4. On the Method of Restoring to Weakened Magnets their Primitive Strength," by Professor Muncke (a translation.) The method is to apply to a weakened magnet as many keepers as it will sustain; and to add others as the power is returned, until it be restored to its primitive force.—5. "A Translation of an Account of Experiments made with a Grove's Battery," by M. De la River. This paper relates to the subject of the striking distance, and the rotation of the flame. The author conceives that it is not the flame which is acted on by the magnet, but a series of molecules of carbon passing between the charcoal terminals.—The Secretary submitted to the Society Mr. Week's register of the electrical state, &c. of the atmosphere during the month of June—Adjourned.

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## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

**Animal Magnetism.**—We learn from the newspapers that an extraordinary exhibition of the powers of animal magnetism took place in the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, under the manipulations of a Monsieur Delafontaine from Paris. The lad upon whom the experiments were performed seemed as insensible to pain as if he were dead, and even passively withstood stunning strokes of electricity and galvanism.

**Fall of Fish, &c.**—Not in the market, but according to the "Sheffield Patriot," on Thursday fortnight, during a heavy thunder-storm at Derby. The rain, mixed with pieces of half-melted ice, fell in floods, and, stranger still, multitudes of small fish and frogs descended with the torrent. The fish are stated to have been from half an inch to two inches long, and a few considerably larger, one weighing three ounces. Some are of the species called suttie-backs, with spikes on the back fin. These were from the size of a horse-bean to that of a garden-bean; and many, both of fish and frogs, were picked up alive. Similar phenomena have frequently occurred, and been accounted for by the action of whirlwinds on waters inhabited by the animals so transported.

**Aden.**—"The observations of the mission which left Tajurah on the 24th of May will be so much the more interesting as it is composed of men of science. I think you will agree with me in saying that the prospect of benefits to England and to science is great, when exploration is confided to the following gentlemen:—Captain Harris, the African traveller, Envoy or principal; Captain Graham (Bheelman); Captain Horton, her Majesty's 47th regiment; Lieutenant Barker, India

navy; Dr. Kirk; Dr. Scott; Dr. Impey; a geologist, and botanist, and a draughtsman, with a guard of honour (Europeans). With such men of zeal, ability, perseverance, and every requisite quality, success is pretty sure. The mission is sent upon a proper scale: their baggage and presents require 300 camels and 30 mules, and from Aden the gentlemen were well mounted on horses; the arrangements for them were all attended with success, and they experienced neither difficulty nor detention. Knowing you feel an anxiety regarding Aden, I will as briefly as possible state its improvements. Aden, when we took it, had rather under 600 inhabitants. By a census taken last month, it was found to contain 8268, independent of troops and followers, which amount to near 4000 more, and it is daily increasing. It has a large bazar, which is well supplied,—indeed, everything in plenty; we have just commenced the construction of a regular cantonment and town, so that in three years it will be quite a large and civilised place. A permanent and strong entrance is half finished at the pass, which is to mount twelve pieces of cannon, and would trouble any force to take it. Along the heights, from the pass to the sea in Front Bay, there is a ten-feet permanent wall, with about ten guns mounted on it. These north defences are in addition to the field-works which extend across the peninsula, mounting twenty-three pieces of cannon. A good road is far advanced from the point of the harbour to the town, and seven villas are already erected at the entrance; indeed, every part of that point is taken upon ground-rent. My cottage is a very comfortable one, a Bombay bungalow, with two additional rooms, outhouses, stabling, &c. In the town we are to have a citadel, martello towers, &c.; and Seera is to mount eighty pieces of ordnance. The greatest labour is to level Aden, for it is covered with ruins. The inhabitants must be removed from their present irregular lines into the streets. Only fancy my counting the number of horses belonging to gentlemen here, and finding seventy, besides mules; and as the centre broad road is completed, we may soon expect to see some smart vehicles rolling along it. These trifles have a good effect, and the character of the place will advance from an uncivilised village to a civilised town. The Arabs, after their defeat in three attempts to retake Aden, have remained quiet. The only troubles now remaining arise from the treachery of the Sultan and the insolence of the upstart Sheriff of Mocha, who had the impudence to cut down the British flag—would that his head were broken with it!"—Extract of a Letter.—*Lit. Gaz.*

**EFFECTS OF WIND UPON THE ATMOSPHERE.**—The following laws have been deduced from extended experiments by Kamtz and Dove. 1. The barometer falls under the influence of the east, south-east and south winds; the descent changes to ascent by the south-west wind; rises by the west, north-west, and north winds; the ascent changes to descent by the north-east wind. The law is deduced from observations, made at Paris four times a day, at first for five years, then for ten years, 1816-25. 2. The thermometer rises by the east, south-east, and south winds; the ascent changes to descent by the south-west wind; falls by the west, north-west, and north; the descent changes to ascent by the north-east wind. This and the following are believed to be based upon observations made at Paris and London, and have been confirmed by observations of Kamtz himself during four years. 3. The elasticity of aqueous vapour is increased by the east, south-east, and south winds; its increase changes to decrease by the south-west wind; it decreases by the west, north-east, and north winds, and its decrease changes to increase by the north-east wind. 4. The humidity of the atmosphere decreases relatively from the west wind, passing by the north to the east, and increases, on the contrary, from the east by the south to the west.

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